

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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Number 13

ALUMNAE OFFICE SETS HOMECOMING DATES

'28 Plans Reunion

With the opening of school for the new year, the alumnae office announced that 1934 Homecoming will be held over Easter week-end. This year the dates fall on March 30, 31, April 1, and at that time the school will be hostess to its former students.

The Homecomings have been held every spring since 1929 and each year has proved larger and more successful. Last year, 1933, the attendance reached the staggering height of one hundred. This record was far above any of former years and proved the old proverb "The more, the merrier."

The Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association who, with the school, sponsors the homecomings, has as its members all former students of Ward-Belmont College and Ward-Belmont School. The invitation is extended back to the campus has already been sent out so that they may have their plans, and plans are being considered here for their entertainment on that week-end.

A special feature of this year's homecoming will be the reunion of the class of 1928. A special letter from Viola Jay Moriarity (Mrs. Moriarity), '28 president, has gone out to the members of that class urging them to renew the friendships of six years ago and gather for the gala reunion this Homecoming. This is the first time the class has planned a reunion at Homecoming time and the Association is sure that it will be a great success. The plan will be followed by the classes at other Homecomings. This announcement is made in the HYPHEN at this time so that the students and faculty may know of the plan and urge any of their friends who were former students to come back and visit Ward-Belmont. The Association will also welcome any suggestions for the Homecoming program and any aid which the members of the school could give. Homecoming is of importance not only to the Association but to every girl who is a member, and who one day will possibly be a "Homecoming alum" herself.

DE COU PRESENTS DREAM PICTURES

Ward-Belmont and many Nashville students were again entertained Tuesday evening, January 9, by the Branch of De Cou's "Dream Pictures." This was the seventh year of Ward-Belmont appearance and his first appearance in Nashville. His "Dream Pictures," which are exquisitely colored slides, give an instruction as well as entertaining glimpse of foreign lands. The lecture which accompanies the slides is delivered in a vivid conversational style. Mr. De Cou gave not only explanation of the pictures, but also gave little side-lights as to custom, and real-life observation of the lands shown.

These pictures are not of the ordinary travel type, but are unusual pictures actually taken by Mr. De Cou. These slides are also remarkable for their brilliance and accuracy of color. The "Dream Pictures" of this year are of a fascinating neighbor country, Old Mexico. Scenes of Mexico and the country surrounding it are shown. Of especial interest are the tiled fountain, the Aztec temple and the curious and stone carvings found in Indian excavation. Many particularly beautiful scenic views are also included, accompanied by sections of Spanish and Indian music.

MISS IDA E. HOOD, BELMONT COLLEGE CO-FOUNDER, DIES



Miss Ida E. Hood, noted educator who, with the late Miss Susan L. Heron, founded Belmont College in 1890, died Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at a local infirmary following a brief illness.

Funeral services were scheduled for 2:30 o'clock this afternoon at Christ Church, with Dr. E. P. Dandridge and the Rev. J. Francis McCloud in charge. Burial will be in Mt. Olivet Cemetery. Pall-bearers are Runcie Clements, Dr. John Barton, V. M. Lewis, Judge John H. DeWitt, C. A. Craig, H. K. Howse, J. H. Parkes, L. L. Gamble, Marshall Hotchkiss and Ezell Craig.

Miss Hood was born near the outskirts of Philadelphia at the ancestral home of her parents, Edmund and Sarah Anne Hunter Hood. She came South in 1884 and associated herself in teaching with her former schoolmate, Miss Heron. For two years she taught at Tennessee College in Franklin and later she and Miss Heron became connected with the faculty at Martin College, Pulaski, where they taught for five years.

They came to Nashville and organized Belmont College in August, 1899, acquiring the old Acklen home. Upon the advice of Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald the old name "Belmont" was retained for the new school which was opened in September, 1899. The school developed under the direction of Misses Hood and Heron until in 1913, when it was merged with Ward Seminary as Ward-Belmont School. It had 375 pupils, representing practically every state in the Union.

Upon the merging of the two institutions, both of which had been devoted to the education of young women, Misses Hood and Heron retired, and a few months later took an extensive European tour.

Miss Hood retained her active interest in the institution until the time of her death and also retained her contacts with "her girls" whose lives she had influenced through her years of teaching.

After their return from their trip abroad Misses Hood and Heron built a home in Belle Meade Park, but since the death of Miss Heron in 1920 Miss Hood had made her home with (Continued on page 8)

DR. BARTON, YEAR'S FIRST VESPER SPEAKER

"Am I seaworthy for the voyage of 1934?" was the question placed before the student body when Dr. John W. Barton spoke in the first Vesper service of the new year. He presented the analogy between the ship that sails the sea and any part of life.

"How is your character? Is it ready to meet some of the storms we will encounter?" asked Dr. Barton. He emphasized the fact that character and what one really means the most.

Dr. Barton pointed out that just as there is a difference in the capacities of ships, there is also a difference in the capacities of people. "You can make the capacity of your ship what you will. Put into the crafts all the elements that are worthwhile. Transitory things must make for permanency," he reminded the students.

"Let us take each storm that comes . . . and see if we cannot withstand that storm. Let us honestly face the difficulties of 1934."

"I beseech that each of you as we go through the New Year may start on this voyage and say to the troubled waters 'Peace be still.' Connect your spirit with the Infinite Spirit, in order that the voyage of 1934 and the voyage of life be a worthy one."

DEAD WEEK ANNOUNCED

Dead Week starts January 22, and lasts through January 27. The purpose for this week is for the preparation for exams. Because of this the privileges of the girls have been somewhat restricted. Girls are not allowed to have any evening privileges whatsoever. The afternoon privileges are not affected in any way.

REV. BARR, CHAPEL SPEAKER

"Christ is the Christ of the Sword as well as the Prince of Peace," said Rev. Thomas C. Barr, assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, when he spoke in chapel on Wednesday, January 10.

"And He is the Christ of the Sword, because He is the Prince of Peace," he explained. "The Christ of the Sword has got to come in first and cut out our avarice and greed before we can have peace."

"You have probably read of the sort of Christ the Germans are believing in," Reverend Barr pointed out. He reviewed their demands for a strong, powerful, virile Christ going forth to war.

"There is a Christ who is not a pale, weak Galilean. Jesus was a man in the fullest in the highest sense of the word. He was a Christ of the Sword. The sword He wielded was a sword of moral power."

Y. W. C. A. EVENTS

Sunday, January 14
8:30—Sunday School.
2:00—Play hour at Tennessee Children's Home.
3:00—Play hour at Junior League Home.
6:00—Vespers, Music and Meditation.
Tuesday, January 16
7:00—Committee visit to Vanderbilt Hospital.
Thursday, January 18
7:00—Committee visit to Old Ladies' Home.

SENIOR-MIDS DANCE AT ANNUAL OPEN HOUSE

Members of the Senior-Middle class were guests of the school at the second annual dance given in the honor of the Freshman college class, Thursday, January 12. Dancing was in the large dining-room which was tastefully decorated.

In the receiving line were: Jean Stewart, president; Elinor Reed, vice-president; Juanita Roberts, secretary; Carolyn Conklin, boarding treasurer; and Elizabeth Gray, day student treasurer. Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Benedict, Miss Sisson, and Miss Saunders.

The floor committee consisted of the following: Day Students—Janet McFadden, Emily Taggart, Kathryn Kennedy, Sara Womack, Helen Powers, Emmamary Harnell, and Elizabeth Henderson. Boarders—Sara Jane Ponder, Betty Hill, Louise Robinson, Judith Berry, Mary Alice Paine, Virginia Shaw, Thelma Martin, Jane Hodges, and Mary Hobson.

COLLEGE SOCIAL PRIVILEGES CHANGED

Announcement was made by Miss Sisson a few days previous to Christmas vacation that with the start of the school in 1934 social privileges for college students would be changed.

The Senior-Middles were granted new privileges at the request of Presidents' Council who felt that all college students should have like privileges. The Senior-Mids have two privileges a week, but are allowed to go to church and towns in groups of two, unchaperoned, and to study until eleven o'clock.

This latest change in the Blue Book follows several other recently revised rules. Several years ago students were allowed to wear make-up on the campus except during classes. Last year a rule was passed allowing students to wear moderate make-up off the campus. In 1932 ankle socks were allowed, the Senior-Middle Open House was begun, and a tea dante was given for the Junior-Middles. This year the custom of club open houses is new.

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SENIORS VICTORIOUS IN CHALLENGE GAME, 41-33

On Tuesday, December 12, the Seniors challenged the Senior-Mids to a basketball game to be held the following day. Vic Kiedel gave the challenge for the Seniors and Jean Stewart accepted for the Senior-Mids. Following the challenge and acceptance a short pep meeting was held. On Wednesday the game was held. A large crowd attended the game to cheer their respective teams. The Seniors were supreme throughout the game. Not once did the Senior-Mids have the lead. The first half ended 29-19. The Senior-Mids came back in the second half to score more points than did the Seniors, but they were not able to overcome the lead the Seniors had taken. The final score was Seniors 41, Senior-Mids 33.

The lineup:

Seniors	Pos.	Senior-Mids
Glander, Berry	R.F.	Moore
Coulter, Shaw		
Funk	L.E.	McKenzie
Shaw, Coulter,		
Smith	C.F.	M. J. Foote
Bosserman	C.G.	Downing, Page,
		Taylor
Pyeatt, Kiedel	R.G.	Taylor, Berryhill, Downing
Anderson	L.G.	Findlater, Berryhill

HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL ANNOUNCED

The high school honor roll for the month ending Monday, December 8, has been announced. It is as follows:

FIRST YEAR

Jean Burk, Susan Cheek, Nelle Edwards, Ann Carolyn Gillespie, Elaine Haile, Virginia McClellan, Dorothy Proctor, Carmencita Torrey, Jane Vance.

SECOND YEAR

Grace Benedict, Matilda Gibson, Sarah Goodpasture, Marion Hill, Lucile Johnson, Barbara Leake, Ellen Martin, Mickie Perry.

THIRD YEAR

Sylvia Cohen, Mary Ann Farris, Lyrabeth Fitzpatrick, Ann Huddleston, Elizabeth Love, Josephine Neil, Frances Rose.

FOURTH YEAR

Mary Louise Bearden, Andrena Butcherfield, Elizabeth Butts, Virginia Carson, Martha Craig, Louise Douglas, Carolyn Eskridge, Margaret Greene, Henrietta Hickman, Katherine Price, Landis Shaw, Louise Stanley, Sybil Sudowitz.

CHINESE COURT LIFE DESCRIBED

A glimpse into the higher circles of Chinese life was given the Ward-Belmont girls when they were addressed at the chapel hour on Monday morning by Mrs. Harold S. Smith, interpreter in the royal Chinese court from 1907 to 1912. Her talk consisted largely of impressions and descriptions of events that she had seen in her years of residence in China.

Mrs. Smith gave a glowing account of the death and funeral of the old Chinese Emperor and Empress which occurred early in 1907. Her description of the repainting of all street signs a royal blue, the royal mourning color; of the hundred days mourning that was empire-wide, during which time no woman wore make-up, no man shaved, and no music or feasting was allowed; of the imperial funerals with their 4,000 especially-selected pall-bearers, and the parade of all the Chinese crack regiments were most vivid.

She also related an account of her audience with the new four-year-old Emperor a few years later. Her word pictures of the palace grounds

and of the people of the court were very interesting.

Other reminiscences of Chinese court life followed, to conclude with the story of the Little Empress who, while she had not ruled directly, had won a throne in the hearts of the people.

ALUM ENTERTAINS IN CHAPEL

The students were entertained in chapel, Friday, January 5, by a former student of Ward-Belmont, Miss Ophie Colley. Miss Colley was allotted the difficult task of cheering up about two hundred and fifty homesick boarders, but she succeeded in fulfilling this task admirably.

Playing the piano, and singing in a deep, husky voice, Miss Colley soon had her audience singing along with her, rather feebly at first, but gaining in strength as they sang. Miss Colley's original presentation of "Don't You Remember" was an immediate hit, as were the old favorites, "Lazy Bones" and "Goodnight Little Girl of My Dreams."

Everyone enjoyed the program immensely, and its delightful informality was one of its most charming qualities. The school hopes that Miss Colley will return—and soon.

PRESIDENTS ENTERTAIN AT INFORMAL DANCE

Presidents' Council entertained the entire school and the faculty at an informal dance in the tea room, Saturday evening, January 6.

The dance did a great deal to dispel the blues that were hanging low over the school this past week-end. All those who attended the dance declared that they felt much better afterwards and had had a grand time.

The special songs for the evening consisted of several songs, "Everything I Have Is Yours" and "I'll See You Again," sung by Isobel Coulter, and "Don't You Remember, Dear?" sung by Delores Smith and Isobel Coulter. Ruth Robinson concluded the program by playing "Philippine Blues."

The tea room was open for business—hamburgers and cokes being greatly in demand. The music was furnished by Mrs. McBride's brother, Mr. Bob Cason, who played everything and anything requested by the girls.

MISS VAN, SUNDAY SCHOOL SPEAKER

Bob Durand, vice-president of the Y.W.C.A., presented Miss Ruby Van Hoozer as the Sunday school speaker on January 7. Miss Van Hoozer chose as her subject "Security." She effectively told of the benefits that one receives from a life that is lived with a feeling of God's presence which guides one securely to his goal.

Martha Rucker was the violinist accompanied by Ann Shaw at the piano. The prayer hymn was sung by Mary Eleanor and Stanley Elizabeth Clay.

PREPS URGED TO ENTER ESSAY CONTEST

Miss Annie Allison wishes to announce the fifth annual essay contest conducted by the Gorgas Memorial Institute. The contest is open to all high school Juniors and Seniors. The subject is "Past Benefits and Future Importance to Man of the Control of Disease-Bearing Mosquitoes." A list of rules and prizes may be secured from Miss Allison. Miss Allison is quite anxious to have some of her high school students try out, as she feels that there are many that will write worthwhile papers on the subject.

LOOK WHAT JANUARY BLEW IN!

Greetings, O maids with January birthdays! You come in for a double

share of hard luck and headache, what with recovering from vacation and preparing for finals; but you have lots of fun, too, with your suppers, mid-winter dances, etc.

The old name for January, *Januarius*, was the first month of the year. It was *Januarius* or "After Christmas." It was also called (very unthinkingly) the wolf-month. The name of the Anglo-Saxons who originally gave the name was that during that month the wolves were hungrier than at other, and ate more people.

Your birthstone is the garnet, which stands for constancy, and your birth month, the inspiration, which means true friendship.

Your luck will come to you through ink running onto paper, and you should fall into one of those fits of depression so common in January. The remedy is a little slip of paper, with ink blum on one side and some somebody on the other.

Here's to you, January's maids, the luck in the world; you'll need Virginia Bradshaw, Rena Berry, Carroll, Viva Lee Davis, Sarah Duffen, Mary Jane Foote, Muriel Hil Buford Hayter, Janie Ruth Har, Marjorie Hill, Frankie Marbury, Georganna Martin, Virginia Rickey, Martha Rucker, Cecile Seitz, Ann Shaw, Martie Suman, Ganel Stuart, Frances Sumner, Mozele Trout, Marjorie Wells.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

This week the Inquiring Reporter went out on the trail of a new idea. She stalked people around the campus and through the halls asking, "Would you think of having an action ticket, which could be bought at the first of the year, and would take the place of paying a dollar for the dollar for the 'Athletic Association' a dollar for the 'HYPHEN' etc. These were some of the answers which she finally tracked to the lairs:

Nell Betty Anderson, when asked could be weaned away from her game of tit-tat-to, replied:

"Good idea—it would help a lot to get everything all paid off at once!"

Jeanette Knowles said that she thought a ticket would be all right if you were going to join everything, but she thought it would be better to have a fee at the first of the year, which would include club dues, too.

Lydia Fountain, we caught in the book room contemplating space. She said: "A good idea if you had to belong to everything. It would swell for Freshmen 'cause they sort of join everything anyway, but for Seniors—well."

Carolyn Conklin said: "Let's suppose I think it over and tell you after supper." After supper she thought it would be a swell idea, to help a lot in getting people to join their dues quickly.

Miss Van Hoozer was calmly waiting through Middlemarch when she sprang the question at her—"Well, have heard it discussed at Peabody and some other places where they have it, and they say that while it makes things very much easier some ways, in others there is a definite loss. You see, it does away with the element of personal choice. People who join an organization because they want to are apt to be much more enthusiastic members than people who simply belong because they have paid their dues."

Miss Morrison was not to be fooled, but Cayce, Jane Pulver and Mrs. Hoozer were having some kind of a conference in her office, thought that would be a good idea, but that reason it had not been done before was that it would do away with the enthusiasm for the various organizations which was aroused by the campaigns.

When the reporter broke into a perfectly respectable English class to shout her question, Georganna Martin, Thelma Martin and Jane Hody all shouted with one breath: "Swindle!"

PREP PATTER

We have codies of material which gathered in by traipsing around all the Christmas parties with a book concealed in our muff. The thing wrong with the above passage is the fact that we have no notes and no muff. We lost it in the sh of 22—Remember? Anyway, kept ears open and our mouth only closed, and learned some very interesting facts.

One of the more hotcha items which was phoned in to us by one of demon reporters was the follow-

One of those men about town (you know the type) had a date one evening with one of the prettier redheads of our Alma Mater. The next morning, his school pals discovered a long dead hair on his coat. We started to mention his name, or at least to say, "Remember?" But he said, "However, don't think it'll always be like if you ask us not to." We know the principals involved, and we can't figure it out.

And Eleanor Bailey again provides us with a paragraph or two—Just before the holidays began, we were invited to a party on the Sabbath eve. On being informed that the next issue of the HYPHEN would appear before Christmas, she cried with joy and exclaimed, "Then I can be myself Sunday night!" Teddy, veddy compromising, doncha think?

And you should hear the delightful melody that Vanderbilian made about Andrena Butterfield! It began in 1933, with the theme song of certain radio program—"You'll hear Andy Calling . . ." (Oh, well, it won't embarrass anybody, for the word would give the whole thing away.) Then it goes on and on in words of popular songs, interspersed with some highly original conversation, until Son graduates from Vanderbilt, and Daughter from Ward-Belmont—Oh, to be ingenious instead of ingenious!

(Editor's note—Please don't make typographical errors, or the whole thing will be spoiled.)

Mary Louise Torrey has picked out another good-looking collaborator. He's the brother of a former Ward-Belmont who sometimes visits the home place for lunch. They do the later creation, "Advertising Blues," quite well together. As we neared before punned, "land Sykes, what happened to the other one?" This song hit is not likely to be a hit or a fox-trot, but a Polka-A. Get it? We expect no end of things on account of all this free publicity. If gets accepted for Cap and Bells for anything like that, we want two tickets, third row orchestra, and an escort provided, etc. And if we don't get 'em, we are going to raise a howl! The power of the Press!)

And Landis Shaw has also been doing things! As we were watching the New Year in with three friends, a burst Landis, escorted by a handsome youth, and asked for two night shirts. (Calm yourself, it was a scavenger hunt.) We collected ourselves and hunted for the desired article, whereupon they rushed off, but we learned later they got in two hours late and lost the prize. Some other items on the list of things they had to get were two tomato cans and a worm. We wouldn't have come back at all.

There were more lovely parties during the holidays! We can't mention all of them, but we can and will talk about some. Teresa Howley's at home, where we saw everybody in town, started off the season, and Josephine Neil's tea and Grace Benedict's luncheon followed after. We tried to make off with one of the little reminder that decorated the tables

at Grace's, but we weren't quite able to do it. Then that same afternoon, we had a tea, where it was hard to believe that the gorgeous creatures that flattered in where the same drab people whom we had seen creeping around the campus in the harsh gray dawn.

Next was Elizabeth Love's luncheon at the country club, and Mamie Howell's tea and buffet supper. And then was Landis Shaw's open house for her visitor, Nancy Sewell, and Pat Herbert's, Ardith Mettenet, who captured many of the local swains' hearts. Then Laura Whitson's breakfast, and Pat Herbert's tea, which she, herself, couldn't attend on account of the flu, graced the social calendar. And after that there was a lovely dinner at the Noel Hotel, where they had the cutest placecards, and everybody took the ferns from the center of the table and stuck them into one long-suffering character's salad.

Mary Louise Torrey (whose handsome brother came down, uniform and all, from West Point, for the Christmas holidays) gave a bridge-luncheon, and didn't make us play bridge. We have an inferiority complex about the game, and we're terrible at it. We don't know yet whether she did it out of kindness to us or kindness to our partner.

Rebecca Clayton, Jane Bagley and Margaret and Martha Greene entertained at tea (not the same one). At Margaret's, Hippy Bearden, who exposed us all quite cheerfully to German measles, was serving and refused to give us a second helping of nuts (or nuts, in the vernacular). Camille Stone and Susan had on the duckiest little hat with rhinestones and a veil! We could say something about the lovely dress Hippy had on, but after the rotten way she treated us, we won't. This was the first Christmas in years that Susan has stayed at home, and she remained on account of all the parties. But the irony of fate, or the fatality of iron, or if you prefer to be mysterious and short, "Kismet!" intervened, and she languished in bed with the chicken-pox half the time. But Camille was up and around, and blossomed out in gardenias. We must find out who sent them. It would make a good paragraph some day.

And speaking of flowers, Carolyn Eskridge had on a different corsage every time we saw her, which was often. All those admirers treated her right this Noel. And what we've been leading up to all this time, we got a poinsettia near Christmas. It has been one of our stellar ambitions to get a potted plant, and when someone gave us one, our joy was unlimited, unbounded, and untrammelled. (We wonder where we found those three words. They express it very well, don't you think?) But don't let our affection for things in pots discourage you. Any orchids will be gratefully received. The next thing that we got that we love most dearly is a Teddy bear. He's our mascot, so if you see us on the campus with a big bad bear, don't be alarmed. It's only little Alphonso (or do you like Elmer better?)

And since nobody else will print our poems, we're going to inflict one of them on you. We wrote the little ditty during the holidays, but bitter remembrances spurred us on.

Opus No. 436½, to be sung, read, or recited in E major, C sharp, or F minor.

(Inspired by a Chemistry test.)

O, sing a song of hydrogen
And chromium and nitrogen,
Of tin and zinc, aluminum,
Of chlorine, and of sodium,
Of thallium and thorium,
And terbium and thulium,
Magnesium, iron and iodine,
And silver, cobalt, fluorine;
O, sing a song of mercury,
Potassium and SO,
I'd rather do zoology
No wonder I can learn no more!

COLLEGE SHOPPER

Don't scold if these ideas are a sure proof of one columnist's lack of money—and sense! This week you can come on a shopping tour that won't be one bit practical, for who knows if it's books, housefurnishings, shoes, gloves, dresses, or lamps you're interested in! After reading this you'll be fitted for Canada, Cuba, or a swim in the surf—and goodness knows that's not probable. But people crave to go south at this point, so since these fashions will probably be in our future spring wardrobe anyway, window shopping might be a good idea, at that!

The best in jewelry is to be barbaric and semi-precious. Shells for brooches, massive bracelets in crystals and diamonds and amusing hat ornaments in crystal and silver. Life's Little Problem at Christmas dances probably was your tiara, if you were brave and wore one at all. Now they're being concocted—and just a little too late for the Senior-Mid. dance—of flat gold leaves to the Mark Antony, or bands of soft feathers to match one's curls.

Sensible evening shoes for weekends are brown satin sandals; a nice warm, lightish shade of brown that goes with everything save black. You'd never again say, "But there's no room in my trunk" when you see these.

Mid-season formals are dramatic knockouts—perky frills, sunray pleats, and mermaid fins of stiffened fabrics. Gossamer chiffons have pleated trains and capelets and ruffles galore, topped off with feather and ribbons. Oh, and the grander the occasion, the longer the sleeve, in direct opposition to the old established way! Early-morning sleeves reach barely to the elbow, and by nine-thirty at night sleeves are right down to the tips of one's finger. But that's only for very formal affairs, so never fear yet awhile!

Brims on spring hats look as if a strong March wind caught them in the making, for they stand straight up from the head! Sailors, felts, and crocheted straws, Mexican felts, sou'westers, Don Quixote helmets, Evangeline caps, and most anything you could imagine! Rather provoking—most of them!

Printed gloves help out mid-winter fashions—usually of suede cloth with a black or blue design on a white background.

If somebody back home is thinking of your wardrobe—and that's what they will do soon, if not already—mention the fact that these smart desirables can all be washed. White wool scarf, sweater, and a Norfolk knit jacket; a darling impractical turtle-necked sweater under an orange jacket with navy ski pants; a white chamois jacket (we'll be needing those); striped wool mittens, seersucker evening dresses (again); white flannel dress and wool cardigan; and sports we could think of, minus bathing suits and shorts. Sales are going at full blast right now, in anticipation of spring clothes arriving! Do your shopping before exams!

T. C. DANCE LAST DANCE OF '33

The gym was a gala scene on Saturday, December 9, for the T. C. Club during their annual King's and Queen's Ball.

Those in the receiving line were Mary Marjorie Lincoln, president; Miss Shackleford, sponsor; Betty Randle, Mary Ann Evans, Betty Abry, and Dorothea Tebbis. Mary Patterson was chairman of the invitation committee and Betty Randle of the decoration committee.

For the specialty the King, Betty Randle; the Queen, Mary Marjorie Lincoln, and the court took their places on their thrones to observe a dance given by Wilma Harrell, Martie Sherman, Jane Meyer, and chorus.

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EDITORIAL

TOGETHER WE STAND!

Happy New Year! The HYPHEN staff takes this opportunity to wish you the best for the coming year, and to tell you as well what we have planned for your paper during the time yet remaining in this year.

We have a truly bigger and better paper planned for the rest of this year. We have worked awhile and have seen our mistakes. Now, we will try to remedy the faults, to add good points, and to give you your paper as you would really have it.

At the beginning of the school year we emphasized the fact that without the help of every one of the students on the campus, we could not hope to entirely accomplish our aims. Again in the new year we ask you to please let us know what you really think of the HYPHEN, what you want to see on its pages.

Again we repeat to you—it is your paper. We publish it for you. Only when you take the part in the paper that is really yours can a success be attained. A half plus a half makes a whole. The whole is necessary.

When we ask for comments, constructive opinions to help us, we really are sincere. But, the only way you can put yourself in a position to make such comments is by reading the material presented in the HYPHEN.

We are trying hard to please you. Let us know if you like it. If you do not, let us know why not and what you want changed.

H. L. '34.

DR. JOHN WYNNE BARTON

It was announced in chapel on Tuesday, December 12, that Dr. John Wynne Barton had been chosen the new president of Ward-Belmont School.

Dr. Barton has been vice-president of Ward-Belmont since 1926. May we quote the following article which appeared in the HYPHEN on Saturday, October 2, 1926, upon Dr. Barton's acceptance of his new responsibilities at this school:

"Ward-Belmont has a new Vice-President, Mr. John W. Barton, who is a Trinity College and Columbia University man. He took his M.A. degree at the Columbia University and has done much of the required work for a doctor's degree from there, besides taking post-graduate work in the University of Chicago. In addition to his academic training, he has had five years' practice as a teacher and a school administrative officer before coming to Nashville.

"For six years Mr. Barton has been associate agent for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in charge of the Methodist Publishing House, at Nashville. His work in this capacity has been most successful and has been highly praised by those familiar with it.

"There is probably no one who in so short a life has entered more fully into the life and work of Nashville than has Mr. Barton. He is a fine platform speaker and his chapel talks are much enjoyed and appreciated by students."

(Continued on page 7)

CAMPUS COLUMN

GREETINGS!! And may I wish for you now the best of luck throughout the New Year! Something tells me we're going to need a little bit of luck within the next few weeks. I don't mean to be a "wet-blanket" on this paper, but did you know Exams start the last of this month?

I find it pretty hard to be light, giddy and gay this first printing. Maybe a good many of you feel the same way. Let's all snap out of it and help each other when things look so terribly blue that you want to fly home to the family.

Things began happening right off this year.

Welcomed the editor of this worthy newspaper back to our circle early Sunday morning. Mighty glad to see Helene is back. Eva Charity Ohlaver also came on that morning, and Viva Lee Davis was one of the early risers who went down to meet them. Must be great when you can get the President of Student Council down to meet you!!

Also, Rena Berry came in last Sunday afternoon. Such notables as Sylmme Warren, Marje Jacobson, Ruth Nehls, Miss Pulver, etc., were down to meet her.

Sorry to say that Patsy Shorndorfer has injured her knee and cannot participate in any social gatherings! Sad, Patsy!

After all the dancing during the holidays, six couples managed to stand up until the dance was over Saturday night. We couldn't bear to see the Presidents' dance "flop."

A multitude of cokes and hamburgers were consumed during the evening, Saturday. Everybody seems to be getting right back into routine.

Glander and Ruth Nehls (had you heard, Ruth Isobel Wasobel Tacks 'n Nehls?) were right there with that old skip and jump which seems to be a specialty of Glander.

And did you see the mob going downtown Saturday afternoon? The campus really looked desolate, and all that rain! Was I happy when I waked up Wednesday morning and saw the sun coming over the trees! It still looked a bit sooty, but I could tell it was there.

Wanted so badly to ask all the girls about their latest "throbs," but I didn't have the nerve. Knew for sure I'd put it all in this column, and then I'd lose all my old pals. Would like especially to ask Bomke about Roy, and Clara Enloe about Hiram!! I already know about Ann Shaw's James (I almost called him Jimmy!!)

Can't say anything about the Senior-Mid dance Thursday night. I have a feeling, though, that some of them are worried. Take a tip from me, girls, and don't worry about the boys—they're just as worried as you. It's new for some of them, too.

Sorry I haven't seen more of the campus than I have. Next time I'll keep my eyes open. Can't wait until we have another formal party—at least the new clothes will give me something to write about.

I've got to go now. I mean the paper has to go to press. (Where would I go anyway?)

I'll see you.

EAGLE FEATHER

CHORDS

From some inspired harp, whence lingering first strike a golden note of music, other tones of harmonious richness, blending out of that first magic tone. From a casual word may come many-hued tones, born that temperamental portrayer of beauty called "Imagination."

Silver. Under the sheen of minute slips of diamond, a wee fairy slides through drops of dew, her silken shimmering in a stolen ray of silver moonlight. And hidden petals comes the perfume of tuberoses.

Largo. Somewhere on an amiable rambling, old English lane, an ivy-robed chapel is buried among the trees. From the dusky organ loft float deep, resonant, reverberating notes, filling each darkened niche, melting through stained windows into the hazy sunlight, and losing the selves in the drows of passing bumblebees.

Candelabra. The long drawing-room is filled with a ling laughter; low, well-modulated voices murmur pleasantly in the heavily perfumed air, and yellow candles from the crystal chandelier shed their brilliance on a polished cherry wood. Before a gold-leaf mirror "My Lady" satin train twines to a sheen of gold in the flickering glow of the brass candelabra.

Rhythmic. Far in the jungle, an ominous beating drums, louder and louder, screaming and snarling; a frenzy of rhythm in black, shiny, sweating backs of half-savages. Down the Congo, the forbidding message beating through keen senses, throbbing—throbbing—throbbing—

Chords—harmonious tones, in sympathy with the soft noise struck chords of lovely and lasting richness be of a single, lonely word.

MARY LOUISE BEARDEN
Penite

NOTES ON THE PROCEDURE AT TEAS-
OBSERVED DURING THE HOLIDAYS

You say to your hostess—"A charming frock," And you greet her guest with a bow and smile. You ascend the stairs and remove your wraps, And come down again in a double file.

You accept a plate and a cup of tea And sandwiches round and square are passed. You take some nuts and a piece of cake, And reserve the green mint ice till last.

Then you hail your friends with a "Hello, there—I've a trade-last for you; make haste; come here," And, "Didn't we have a fine time last night?" And, "What are you doing tomorrow, dear?"

"Two teas and a breakfast, I'm sure of that, And a dinner at seven, I think, no doubt— Could you come by at five and pick me up? It's such a rush that I'm just worn out."

You ascend the stairs and put on your wraps And come down again in a double file. You say to your hostess—"A lovely time," And you leave her guest with a bow and smile.

H. HICKMAN, High School '34

STORM

Storm goes clad in dark gray cloak
With raindrops her dress is pinned;
Her eyes are the flash of the lightning's stroke
And her hair is long tendrils of wind.

M. Y. '35.

COUNTRY SCENE

The murmuring brook with cozy nook
Is winding on its way.
The whispering leaves of old oak trees
On branches twist and sway.
The chatting squirrel quickly hurls
Himself from limb to limb
While cumulous clouds in fleecy shrouds
The burning sun does dim.

O beautiful peace with campfire lease,
Thy calm, alluring face
With sweet love enhanced holds us entranced.
To thee I slow my pace.

NANCYANN SCHMID '35.

FOG (Apologies to Carl Sanburg)

The fog comes
On little cat feet
Above examination time
It sits looking
O'er desk and chair
On silent haunches
And then moves on
And sometimes stays.

A. H. '35.

(Continued on page 7)

P-S-S-T-I

"Did you ever see so many dreams walking" as there were the past holiday season at dances, teas, luncheons? We know you didn't ever, so we won't wait for an answer.

You girls really did things in a big way this Christmas. We couldn't begin to write up all those functions in a manner worthy of their grandeur, but we'll just mention a few. We saw Jane and Josephine Neil receiving practically all you girls at tea one afternoon. The "rolled-skip-stiff" was good, Jane, and the blue dress and gardenias were lovely as was the whole affair.

At a tea at a Duke girl's home we saw "Lib" Glasgow, Jane Meadors, Jean Enley, Grace Benedict, Claudine Smelser, Millie Clements (with the quiet white feather question mark right in the top of her hat!), and Anne Loftin.

Anne Whitmore had quite a brilliant function, too. She says ask somebody else what happened and what was said, 'cause she merely received. Juanita Roberts, Mary John Atwell, Jane Bagley, and Betsy Proctor had functions, too. We're sure there were scads of others, but you'll have to rush up and tell us about them like the above did!

We hereby acknowledge also that we saw all those pictures of all that were in the papers and thought they were grand.

Mable Ann Herbert was the bright and shining light at the Kappa dance as president of the sorority. The Thetas had one, too. Janet McFadden, "Lib" Henderson and Marjorie Connor were very much in prominence as officers of that sorority.

Oh, yes, all you looked too divine at the S. A. D. dance and also at the S. A. P. dance! (I guess that remark covered a multitude of details!)

There was a gym dance on the second of January to welcome the boys back home. All the heretofore long-faded town girls brightened up a bit and Bev. Stone brightened up more than a little bit. Her ecstasy came some "time" before the second. (Get the quaint pun on "time"? Ask Bev. what time it is!)

Marjorie Connor just can't find a lipstick that won't come off. That's nice for school regulations, but it does come off so on er—handkerchiefs.

Ernestine Terrell seems to like extremely southern climates. No wonder, if they are so favorable to big stones and houses and furniture!

Janet McFadden and her telephone calls were very much enjoyed by her. We'll tell more when we hear more.

Why does Lillian Walters leave home so much on Sunday nights?

Emily Taggart had so much news turned in about her that it was hard to decide which to use. Anyway, we want to know if all "camps" are temporary? Is the pin to hold a certain one "Camp"?

There seems to be much discussion as to a certain K. A.'s opinion as to which is more useful, an evening bag or evening gloves. Believe Katherine Kennedy and Mary Brugh could enlighten us. By the way, why does Kennedy blush when she hears people talk like Joe Pinner?

Elizabeth Keith Glasgow ("Lib" to you) gets written up in the town gossip column so we won't bother to tell about losing her shoes. Ask General Nash!

"Lib" Henderson's date had a little difficulty with parking for a dance last Friday night. Others at the dance that had no parking worries or any other worries seemingly, were Eleanor Reed, Sally Womack, Elizabeth Neils, "Lib" Glasgow, Anne Loftin and Dot Jones.

Lucille Ford, Margaret Dorris, Margaret Swaney and Frances Earles have a good system when it comes to finding all the dope on people, so we can find out anything.

If you want to see Virginia Freeman mad, ask her if she likes "Caot."

ch roses? She likes all other kinds, so be certain to ask about the above brand.

Alice Williamson seems to be an authority on newliveds. She says it's because of her brother's recent marriage, but we're not so sure about that.

Claudine Smelser watches for the postman and when he brings that certain letter she gets mad! Ask her the cause.

Did you know that:

Evelyn Boyd plays a saxophone?

Eleanor Cleghorn has the cutest little watcha-call-it for her hair?

Frances Murrey has a new hair cut?

There's a man-hater society being started on the campus? Two Seniors and a well-beloved teacher are already strict adherents in principle—we don't know about practice.

Helen Power, Sally Womack, and Emily Taggart were coaxed for that floor committee job?

Elizabeth Grey tells us all this gossip!

THINGS I NEVER KNEW

Well here we are, back on the scene of college and high school activities once more, none the worse for that holiday. How much do we know about world affairs, or was there time to read the morning paper?

President Roosevelt last week welcomed Congress back to Washington and did these things, among others: addressed both houses of Congress in joint session; sent to Congress a budget message which contained none of the optimism customary in such messages (the budget will be balanced in 1936 after our national debt reaches a peak of \$31,000,000,000); told Democratic Congressmen to stick to recovery legislation and sidetrack all other proposals; accepted the resignation of William Woodin as Secretary of the Treasury and swore in Henry Morgenthau, Jr., as Woodin's successor; and lastly, worked on a gigantic national plan for public works which would extend over 25 or 50 years. So much for Washington!

Out in California recently the people on the coast were experiencing a counterpart of the storm that Noah weathered. Disastrous floods took the lives of fifty persons as dry valleys became rivers in a few minutes and towns were washed away.

Foreign news comes from China that troops and bombing planes of the Nationalist government moved on Poochow, capital of rebellious Fukien province, in hopes of settling the uprising.

Cuba is to have a new president after May 22. Roman Sam Martin announced his plan to resign from office after the assembly meets.

The Communist party last week outlined changes in its organization and in the government of Soviet Russia which are designed to increase efficiency and to tighten the grip of the party or the government.

Poor Germany is on friendly terms with the belief that thinking is a sin. Hitler has abolished freedom of speech and freedom of press, and has done all he can to destroy freedom of thought by making bonfires of such books as he believes are out of harmony with his inclusive philosophy. Incidentally the Nazi regime is hostile to foreign thought.

There is a new Amendment to our Constitution, titled the "Lame Duck" Amendment, which states that Congressmen elected in November may only three or four months before taking office, whereas before, office was taken a year from the election date.

That last remark of Mr. Rogers is a good one. "The thing that makes an ambitious nation is not what it's cracked up to be. We are certainly glad Mr. Roosevelt announced that we had about all the country we wanted. In fact he suggested that if we could get a decent offer, he would let some of it go. That's the way your columnist feels about this right now, yet hoping—and doubting

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MAIL-BOX

Hubert, Minn.
Jan. 10, 1934.

Dear Boots:

By this time you should be back at school comparing notes with the rest of the girls, as to your respective vacations. No doubt it was a good one.

Before I go any further, may I make a suggestion? I think that it would be a very swell idea if you'd manage to grab a few minutes to answer my last letter. What do you think?

The holiday season is practically a thing of the past, and things here have resumed their usual somnolent and torpid attitude. In fact, it is getting so that this dear old town will soon be a fitting target for the old gag about someone dying in the street and not being found for a week. Well, it's not quite that bad, but all in all—well, just try living in a small northern town in the dead of winter sometime and you'll see how it is.

I was in Minneapolis the other day and saw Bangs. That girl is sort of going to town. Ninety-nine and one-half in a chemistry final isn't to be sneezed at any time, but when you are taking chemical engineering! Well!!

Did you know that she is to be queen of engineers' day? She deserves it, though. She has had to take it on the chin a number of times, especially in Foundry class.

It seems that at first the boys were very nice about doing the heavy part of the work for her, but that didn't go so well with the teachers, who doesn't think girls should take engineering anyway; and he informed Bangs that she was in class to work as well as the boys. The day I was there he made her carry a bucket of white hot molten iron heated to about 260 degrees Fahrenheit from the furnace to the molds without mask or gloves. It was a dirty trick, and the whole class applauded when she finished.

Well, that's about enough for this time. If your holiday was as strenuous as I have reason to believe, you possibly haven't completely recovered, so I'll sign off now and save the rest of my news until after you have answered my last letter. A verro swell idea!

So, until then I'll steal novelty away like a tent-folding Arab and merely say "Au Revoir."

Bob.

LITERARY LORNETTES

"The ten best books of the year, rolled into one," so *Anthony Adams*, by Hervey Allen, was hailed in a recent magazine. It covers three con-

tinents, three generations, and three months of constant reading to share the wide range of experience and to savor the imbedded flavor of its romance. Underlying Anthony's search for adventure we find (if we don't scan) evidences of the search for his soul. Here is a wealth of characterization, moods, and instances. As would be expected, its record could not be left perfect—William Lyon Phelps lays it aside saying it is the "biggest bore of the year." There is no doubt that one's interest wanes as the right-hand pages wane.

Incredible! But, nevertheless, true. If everyone in the world were six feet tall and a foot and a half wide and a foot thick, then the whole human race could be packed in a box measuring half a mile in each direction.

If that box were taken to Grand Canyon and gently pushed from the brink, there would be a bang and a splash and that would be the end of humanity. No one would be left to know of the human sardines lying at the bottom of Grand Canyon.

From the minute Sun Van Loon opens his story, *Mother Earth*, you begin to realize how small your idea of the earth is and you'll be amazed at the immensity of the universe and the smallness of man.

It's just one thin book among all the others in the Recreational Reading Room, yet it's brimming full of youth's thoughts and idealism. Larry was just an American boy with a literary twist. You'll catch his spirit in the letters, themes, diary, and poems of his that have been reprinted. You'll never forget the last chapter when Larry rides into the setting sun never to return.

Oh, the life of an author! Alec Waugh, author of *Hot Countries*, laments the fact that the author of a travel book never dares return to the settings of his story. In such a case the suspicious stares are unbearable and society exclusive. Waugh's vivid descriptions of the tropics are pleasantly relieved from monotony by humorous incidents during his travels. Much is said of the beauties of Ceylon, Haiti, Siam, and Tahiti and of the carefree natives. Waugh excuses the apparent listlessness of the natives because "life is so easy in the tropics. Food is found close at hand; clothing and shelter are not essential. These are the people of God."

I wonder how many people know that the body of Edgar Allan Poe lies in a grave on the side of an old church in Baltimore. Upon its tombstone is inscribed *A la memoire d'Edgar Allan Poe, eternellement cher dans les coeurs de ses amis Francais*, (eternally dear in the hearts of his French friends), a fitting tribute from the French Literary Society.

There is no tribute from his own country, America!

THE DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Thursday—

Back to school again, to be greeted with driving rain and tears to equal the rain drops! Oh, golly! I don't believe I ever saw such a dismal spot in my life. If anyone even so much as looked at me, I was willing to break into sobs. However, here I am, and here I stay.

Ummh yummh, did I ever have a perfectly goloopious vacation! Johnny at the train to meet me, 'n everything! I'm afraid it was too heavenly. Oh, well!

Cornelius says Charles still loves her, more and more even. And was I thrilled to hear about Mugs Morris' engagement! Pottsie says that her vacation was just the last word, because that big Norman football man was home, too. This love business must be pretty serious. Of course, Johnny's and mine is purely Platonic. We're just good friends. But even the Preps have those cow-like eyes. I was giving Betty Frantz' frat pin an extra polio, but she was so nonchalant about it that it must be serious.

Anyway—we had the usual chapel. The Senior-Mids discussed the use of their social privileges. Oh, golla! Fancy going downtown without a chaperone! I can't wait!

I spent a gay afternoon trying to unpack. People kept wandering in and offering futile suggestions. I went to Gail Lawrence's room and took note of her fancy tapestry. But the two things I covet most are Jane Hodges' animal, and MacKenzie and Clara Enloe's huge Georgia Tech banner. (I almost forgot the Egyptian wall-hanging in Hershey's room. Someday Hershey is going to turn up with that decorating my lovely wall.)

It seemed awful to have to sleep on hard old school pillows, again, but be strong, my soul! Mother is sending my own nice, "softasgoopahfeathahs piddow!"

Friday—

The girls who missed their trains began to come rolling in today with sheepish faces. Carolyn Sutton missed by ten minutes. Would I could have missed mine, but I was there at the station half an hour ahead of time! That's the fault of my prompt unpacking.

A gal named Ophie Colley came and sang prodigiously in chapel this morning. She must have been a bit disappointed by the rather sickly voices which were raised in mournful tones all over the chapel when she urged us to sing. As for me, nay, (that's the trouble with me, I do neigh. Tuck says it hurts her ears to hear me sing).

Did Tuck have fun while she was home on her vacation! She collected four different frat pins, and has each owner writing her specials professing eternal adoration. What a woman!

The only blessing I could find in having to leave Johnny, and family, of course, was that I should be listening to Tuck snore. She has the cutest little whiffle! Sometimes she talks in her sleep, but she never says anything interesting, darn it!

We are going to town tomorrow to try out our privileges.

Saturday—

Well, we certainly picked one sweet day to go to town! Rain, rain, rain, until I thought I should turn to water and trickle mournfully down the gutter. Tuck and I had real luck, though. Just as we whipped out of North Front a street-car came bulging around the bend, and we climbed aboard, dropping our pennies gayly all

over the floor. We messed around downtown for about two hours, and then just caught a car back to school. I'm sure if there hadn't been some Seniors on board we should have gone cheerfully past the school, but as it was we arrived safely, although wet to the skin.

Council gave us a dance in the tea room, and Tuck and I whistled down just in time to hear Isabel Coulter and Smith warble a couple of tuneless ditties. The floor was in superior condition, and we had an elegant time.

Sunday—

Whoever was responsible for the outrage of ringing the bell at seven instead of seven thirty, is going to be eternally killed if Tuck and I ever get our hands on him. To think that I could have had a whole half hour more sleep fairly makes me writhe inwardly.

Tuck and I burned downtown to church on a street car, arriving there only about forty-five minutes before church began. Experience keeps a dear school, so they say, and certain it is that fools like Tuck and me will learn in no other. Next time we are going to arrange it so that we will probably be late.

Tuck got a radio for Christmas; so that now there are no more fights as to who shall listen to what, and when, and why. I listen to the symphonies, and she listens to the jazz, and we get along beautifully.

More kids have changed rooms and room-mates! Kathryn Hawley, scornful Founders, is now living in Pembroke. Goodness, it would take a week to tell of all the changes, and this page is almost the size of one of those line-a-day things.

Speaking of Diaries, some one presented me with a five-year Diary. I've put it away in silks and sachet (oh, goody, goody, poetry!) to give away next Christmas. I need copious pages in my Diary; so I'm glad daddy's office puts out these great, big memorandum books. I got a new one for the new year, and Tuck says it's probably a good thing, because my old one was so full its pages fairly burst.

To Vespers, where everyone had their Sunday evening weep, and then to the domicile, where Tuck and I unpacked our trunks, set out our pictures, and got the general confusion out again.

Monday—

And still it rains! Who was it who said "sunny Tennessee"? His error. Or else he didn't live in Nashville. Which reminds me that I must start giving my opinion of Nashville, on account of my New Year's resolution not to speak everything in my mind.

Great day, children! Tuck has a scourge in her room. I am a monitor! She is quite sad about it, but she is a worse viper than I, because she is a *Merrinac!*

I went over to the library and studied Biology earnestly, completely failing to make either head or tail out of what is a gametophyte and why. Tuck wanders wistfully around asking everyone if they know, and she does, alas! And exams are staring us in the face. Johnny said he would still love me if I flunked.

Tuesday—

It continueth to rain! And my heart is heavy within me, in spite of the new formal which I got for the Senior-Mid dance. I have had no mail for two days, and I am beginning to suspect a distinct coolness on the part of my family. Also Johnny, the beast! He only writes spasmodically. Branson de Cou (that name fascinates me) and his "Dream Pictures" gave us an evening of splendid entertainment, but I fain would have studied—oh, yes? I have a lovely history report to make out, and one thing and another, and Tuck is enjoying a cold which I'm not. I ram nose drops down her nose against her most vigorous protests, but it doesn't seem to do any good. Oh, well!

To bed, finally, where I shall probably see Branson de Cou all night.

REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"Eskimo"

Director W. S. Van Dyke spent more than a year in the frozen north getting this saga, and the result proves well worth the effort. Native actors, speaking Eskimo (here's your chance to brush up on your Eskimo language) enact a tale of conflict with the white man's law, enforced by the mounted police. The hunting scenes, and a chase through an ice field provide stirring entertainment. Magnificent photography. English captions translate the Eskimo speech.

"After Tonight"

Intrigue and counter-intrigue! You just can't trust anyone with a war going on. Constance Bennett, whose latest starring vehicle was "Bed of Roses" comes back in this one as a little Russian spy whose heart gives her away. It seems as if Austrian officer Gilbert Roland is going to have to shoot his sweetheart, but there is a smashing climax which makes it into rather a good story.

"Berkeley Square"

The picture made from the tremendously successful play of last year. Leslie Howard, who starred in the version presented on the legitimate stage, is again the hero of the cinema. He is ably assisted by Heather Angel, pretty British ingenue. The theme of this weirdly tense play is that Real Time is nothing but an idea in the mind of God. It is about a present-day young man, who while still retaining knowledge of the present steps back into the past, and finds himself able to prophesy events with uncanny accuracy. He is supposed to be his ancestor, engaged to his cousin, Kate Pettigrew, but in love with her sister, Helen. This love is not supposed to be in history's pages, and he realizes that he can't change events that he knows have already happened. So when he comes back to the present he breaks with his fiancée, Betty Lawford, and decides to hold to his love for Helen, who still survives in time.

"Arrowsmith," by Sinclair Lewis.

This is the story of Martin Arrowsmith, a physician of the highest quality. This love story shows us the value of true love between Martin and his wife, Leora. Leora is a very interesting character, a woman who constantly strives to make of her husband a great man.

We see the many hard struggles Martin has. Starting out as a country doctor, he gradually works his way up until he becomes a health crusader. He goes to the West Indian Islands to fight a plague. There he is head of the medical institution. Always we are conscious of the undying efforts of Leora, not only in connection with Martin's success, but, also, in the people around her. Thus, through the aid of his wife, Leora, Martin reaches the goal she has set for him. H. H.

PEP MEETING HELD

During chapel on Tuesday, December 12, the Senior class challenged the Senior-Middle class to a basketball game to be held on Wednesday, December 13.

Victoria Keidel, president of the Athletic Association, delivered the challenge. The challenge was accepted by Jean Stewart, president of the Senior-Middle class.

Following the challenge, a pep meeting was held. President's Council sitting on the stage was introduced to the student body. Viva Lee Davis, president of Student Council, presented the school pep song to the students. The singing was led by Delores Smith and accompanied by Mrs. Hall.

The pep song was sponsored by President's Council, who felt that a song appropriate for sports would be worth while. It was a song that had been used some years ago. Copies of the words were given to all of the girls.



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EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 4)

Dr. Barton was born in Overton, Rusk County, Texas, on October 25, 1892. He received his A.B. degree from Trinity University, Texas, in 1913, his LL.D. degree in 1927, and his A.M. from Columbia, in 1914. He has also studied at the University of Chicago.

During the World War, Dr. Barton was a private and later a captain in the United States Army, serving in France during 1917-1918.

His interest in schools is shown in many ways outside of his activities on the Ward-Belmont campus. He is a trustee of the Peabody College for Teachers and the Scarritt College, both Nashville educational institutions. In 1928-1929, Dr. Barton was president of the American Association of Junior Colleges.

Dr. Barton also participates in many civic affairs of Nashville. He is a member of the board of directors of the Community Chest, and was vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce in 1931.

Last, he is president of our own Ward-Belmont.

HOMESICKNESS

Homesickness seizes the best of us—we can't help that. But we can stop being homesick if we try, I suppose. (I'm free to confess I haven't tried yet.) They do say that an antidote of lemons will help seasickness; you could try that.

But that brings us to the question of whether seasickness is at all like homesickness. I mean, one is physically ill when he, she, or it (cats, dogs, goats or other animals) is in (on) a boat or airplane, or some such similar place. And then we (being they, or he, she, it, etc.,) suck lemons, if we happen to have any handy. If we don't we just suffer. So, carrying through the analogy, or homology, or biology of the two diseases, I venture to say that, not having any lemons handy—and they cost five cents in the tea room—we shall just have to suffer.

And once we have made up our minds to suffer, how we do it! Let anyone so much as mention vacation and the tears well in our eyes. Let anyone so much as mention this time last week, and we burst into sobs. And let anyone even whisper the word "sweetheart" and—good night! You'd better be careful, though, because I've heard that someday you run out of tears, and think how awful that would be!

Can you imagine sitting down all ready to give vent to your utterly disregarded and injured feelings in a good howl or two of rage and despair, and not having any tears come forth? The very thought is worse than sucking lemons!

But if you will insist on using up all your tears here, and are willing to forego the pleasure of a good, old-fashioned cry for the next year you are away from home, I shall have to give you my sure cure for all blues.

The recipe is very simple. You merely lie flat on the bed and roar loudly into your pillow until your face is all red and screwed-up, and particularly blotchy looking. Next, let the tears roll down each cheek, making the mascara on your eyelashes mix with your rouge. Then go and stand in front of your mirror and examine yourself very closely. You'll have to admit that you're a pretty messy-looking spectacle. The rest is easy. You'll get to thinking how perfectly horrible you look with black and red streaks all down your face, and the tears still making puddles on the floor; and the next thing you know, you'll be laughing. Or else your roommate will. And once that is accomplished you will have saved at least two gallons of tears toward next year. Try it and see if I'm not right.

M. Y. '35.

EAGLE FEATHER
(Continued from page 4)
THOUGHTS

Some thoughts, like rivers,
Clear and rapid,
Running in the highlands,
Draw others to them
As they rush on
Through green and wooded lanes;
Replenished by silvery springs;
Destined to reach the sea.
Other thoughts, like rivers
Running slowly and muddily
Through the lowlands,
Branch out incessantly
Into swamps and flats,
Slowed down by logs and weeds;
Destined to become nothingness;
Or die in a stagnant pool.

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BOOK REVIEWS FOR LIGHT HUMOR

"Happy Days," by Ogden Nash.

A cock-eyed book of verse by a master de-bunker, Ogden Nash. There is a keen edge of satire running through all of the poems, only half of which have any meter. One complete poem is the following couplet:

"Children aren't happy with nothing to ignore,
That's what parents were created for."

And the rest of the book is equally as absurd. Most of the pieces appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, and "Songs For A Temperature of One Hundred and One," and "Artie, the Life of the Party" are already quite famous.

You could get an enjoyable evening out of this, and Soglore's illustrations will keep you in gales of laughter. "My Life and Hard Times," by James Thurber.

"The New Yorker" is now known to have a very humorous person on its staff, a man whose untutored drawings and hilarious tales of misfortunes and queer relatives have brought down the house. His latest published volume of pictures is "The Seal in the Bedroom" which is certainly well worth anybody's time, and this new one taken from the "New Yorker" and illustrated by himself is a distinctive acquisition to American humor. He seems to be unique in his field.

"Archy's Life of Mehitable," by Don Marquis.

As you remember, Mr. Marquis' famous cockroach cannot work the capitals on the typewriter, or the punctuation marks, so all his verse comes out as is, with no commas, no periods, and no quotation marks. This one is every bit as funny as its predecessor, "Archy and Mehitable," and its penetrating satire combined with genuine fun is as humorous as anything you will read today.

H. H.

"The Parie That's Not In The Guide Books"—By Basil Woan.

Basil Woan is an exciting as well as an interesting person to have to show us the evils and goods of Paris. With him we see the curiosities, the mysteries and every-day life. We see the best reviews, the most exclusive night clubs in Montmartre or the Latin quarters and the Parisian underworld. While making the rounds to these places we will stop in Henry's for a drink or better still the Ritz for a cocktail. Maybe we have had luncheon at Cira's or dined at the Crystal Palace, where we met the most noted of Parisian Society. And while talking to Basil between courses we learned of the fashions in the Basis, and the races at Longchamps.

In so many words, here is a book that will be enjoyed by a person who likes to go places, do things and see things. Just let Basil "Come up to see ya sometime."

**MRS. IDA E. HOOD, BELMONT
COLLEGE CO-FOUNDER, DIES**
(Continued from page 1)

her cousin, Mrs. W. M. Leftwich, and Mr. Leftwich, on the Franklin Road. She had been a member of Christ Church for many years and formerly had been active in religious work. She was also a member of the Centennial Club.

Survivors are a brother, Charles Hood, and a sister-in-law, Mrs. E. C. Hood of Sioux City, Ia.—Nashville Banner, Saturday, December 30, 1933.

Funeral services for Miss Ida E. Hood, co-founder of Belmont College, now Ward-Belmont, and for many years a leader in women's educational circles in the South, were conducted this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at Christ Church by Dr. E. P. Dandridge, rector, assisted by the Rev. J. Francis McCloud. Burial was at Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

Miss Hood died Friday afternoon

at 2:30 o'clock at a local hospital after an illness of two weeks.

The death of Miss Hood severs one of the last connecting links with early school history of the city of Nashville. She, with the late Miss Susan L. Heron, purchased the old Academy estate and there opened Belmont College in 1890. Miss Heron died in 1920.

Miss Hood is remembered by hundreds of alumnae of old Belmont school and other women's institutions with which she was formerly connected.

She came to Nashville from Pulaski, Tenn., where she had charge of Martin College for five years. Previously she had taught two years at Mrs. Clark's School for Young Women at Franklin, Tenn.

After the consolidation of Ward Seminary and Belmont College in 1913, Miss Hood and Mrs. Heron went to Europe. They were in Germany when the war started. After some difficulty in securing homeward passage they returned to Nashville and made their home in Belle Meade Park until the death of Miss Heron.

Since then Miss Hood has made her home with her cousin, Mrs. W. M. Leftwich, and Mr. Leftwich, on the Franklin Road.

Miss Hood was born in Philadelphia and obtained her education at the old Shumaker's College of Oratory in that city. She came south to teach at the Franklin school.

She was a leader in Christ Church for many years. She was also a member of the Centennial Club.

Survivors are a brother, Charles F. Hood, and a sister-in-law, Mrs. E. C. Hood, of Sioux City, Ia. Runcie Clements, Dr. John W. Barton, V. M. Lewis, Judge John H. De Witt, C. A. Craig, H. K. Howse, J. H. Parkes, L. L. Gamble, Marshall Hotchkiss and Ezell Craig will serve as pall-bearers.—Nashville Evening Tennesseean, Saturday, December 30, 1933.

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"Face in the Sky"

JANUARY 17 - 18

"Brief Moment"

JANUARY 19 - 20

"Mayor of Hell"

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, January 20, 1934

Number 14

R. BARTON DISCUSSES NATIONAL EVENTS

That no president has ever been as much power as has Roosevelt, is the theme of Dr. Barton's talk in his chapel on Friday, January 19. Some people think that too much power has been given to Roosevelt, and time will tell whether this is true or not.

As soon as Roosevelt was elected president Congress granted him the power to declare a bank holiday; the law was really passed after Roosevelt had already declared the holiday, and the Congress did by making it a law to make it legal. This was the first startling thing that Roosevelt did; there have been many others.

Dr. Barton went on to say that shortly after Roosevelt took office, Congress passed the National Economic Act. This act determined the reduction of the cost of living and gave the government the right to regulate salaries.

Dr. Barton next explained the much-discussed Farm Relief Act. He told that the Act was passed in order to stop the unusual flow of production so that farm produce would be worth enough to make production worthwhile. When there is an over-production of grain or cotton it becomes cheap, and up until the time that the Act was passed farmers were making almost nothing on their products.

Other acts which show the expanding power of the president, as explained by Dr. Barton, are the Federal Relief Act to aid the families of the unemployed, and the Tennessee Valley Act. The third of these acts and the one which touches us all in the way or another is the National Recovery Act or the NRA, by which wages and hours are fixed by the government.

Dr. Barton closed his talk by telling that it is hard for us now to tell whether what the president is doing is to help the country or not, but that he believes that there is a better way ahead and that Roosevelt is helping to bring it about.

DRAMATIC INTERPRETATIONS PRESENTED

Dramatic interpretations of Shakespeare and Lessing were given by Mr. Max Montor during the chapel hour on Monday, January 15. Mr. Montor, who was born in Vienna, and has studied in conservatories abroad, was engaged to give dramatic readings in the various schools of America.

Mr. Montor quoted from Shakespeare's "Shylock," the scene where Antonio asks Shylock for the money. In discussing he quoted the Parable of the Three Kings from "Nathan the Wise." Both of these passages were presentations of the characters of Jews, and were excellently done. In conclusion Mr. Montor gave "Der Erlkönig," by Goethe, in German. This was given so that the students could have an example of German intonation.

Y. W. C. A. CALENDAR

Sunday, January 21
8:30 Sunday School.
2:00 Play hour at Tennessee Children's Home.
2:00 Play hour at Junior League Home.
6:00 Vesper Service.
There will be no regular committee visits at night because of dead week.

COLLEGE EXAMINATION SCHEDULE

January, 1934

College classes are scheduled for examination according to the periods at which the class regularly meets for recitation. The following classes have been scheduled irregularly:

		Art History 1 (5th period section)	
		Bookkeeping	
		English 1	
		Home Economics 17	
		Psychology 21	
		Religion 13	
Saturday, Jan. 27.....	1:00	Home Economics 17.....	Acklen
Monday, Jan. 29.....	8:30-11:30	Library Methods	
		Friday sections	Chem. Lec. Room
		Other sections	Library
	1:30-4:30	Psychology 21 (all sections)	Study Hall
		Bookkeeping	Heron
Tuesday, Jan. 30.....	8:30-11:30	All MWF-1 classes	Classrooms
	1:30-4:30	All TTS-1 classes	Classrooms
Wednesday, Jan. 31...	8:30-11:30	English 1 (Miss Herron)	
		English 1 (Miss Lydell, Miss Ransom)	Chem. Lec. Room
		English 1 (Miss Pugh)	Study Hall
		English 1 (Miss Rhea)	112
	1:30-4:30	All MWF-2 classes	210
Thursday, Feb. 1.....	8:30-11:30	All TTS-2 classes	Classrooms
	1:30-4:30	All MWF-3 classes	Classrooms
Friday, Feb. 2.....	8:30-11:30	All TTS-3 classes	Classrooms
	1:30-4:30	All MWF-4 classes	Classrooms
Saturday, Feb. 3.....	8:30-11:30	All MWF-5 classes	Classrooms
		Art History 1 (5th period section)	200
		Religion 13	114

REV. PUGH, VESPERS SPEAKER

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee unto me." With this statement Rev. Prentice Pugh opened Vespers Sunday night, January 14.

"When a condition of hopelessness exists, God sends a messenger of hope. In His personal love for us. God is more than the Creator and Father, and His personal love bestows something on His people.

"And besides being personal," said Rev. Pugh, "God's love is also perpetual. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, yet my word shall never pass away.'"

Rev. Pugh stated that God's love is also powerful. He illustrated this by telling of the Apostles who, although widely scattered, managed to spread the seed of Christian faith in the breasts of a heathen people.

"We have the assurance of a personal love," concluded Rev. Pugh. "It must not only be personal, it must be perpetual, and then you have a love so powerful it will draw people."

PARTY PLANNED FOR VANDERBILT "Y" CABINET

A committee has been appointed and plans are rapidly being made to entertain the members of the Vanderbilt Y.W.C.A.-Y.M.C.A. Joint Cabinet, which consists of forty-three boys and girls. This event will take place soon after examinations, but more about that later.

NOTICE

Although one college examination is scheduled for Saturday afternoon, January 27, the Saturday morning classes will meet as usual for recitation.

J. E. B.,
Office of the Dean.

SEEN AT THE SENIOR-MIDDLE DANCE

The Senior-Middle Dance is now just a memory and a very pleasant one at that. Dancing began at eight o'clock and many girls were already there—others came just a little later and by 8:30 everyone was there having a perfect time. It really was a gorgeous sight to see so many beautiful dresses—and such an array of colors, enough to rival any rainbow, ranging from white to the deepest shade of red imaginable. It is impossible to mention all the different dresses; all were attractive. The new long-sleeved evening dresses were very much in evidence. Some of the girls wore evening hats, an especially attractive one of silver sequins, and many black hats.

The usual "line" used by the girls at the dance was either "Where are you from?", "Where do you go to school?" or if that failed one could always fall back on the orchestra as a topic of conversation.

The party was pronounced by all the Senior-Mids as very, very successful.

U. OF CHICAGO TO FEATURE PLAY BY FISH. '32

From Chicago comes a bit of interesting news concerning a former student of Ward-Belmont, whose play, "Painted Masas," written in a play-writing course at the University of Chicago, under Professor O'Hara, has been chosen from the class to be presented in the annual Playfest held at the University. The young authoress is Dorris Fish, '32, well-known here for her literary abilities while she was in school and known by those now on the campus as the writer of the Ward-Belmont Sonnet Sequence presented the beginning of the year in Eagle Feather in this paper.

Miss Fish was editor of the 1932 Milestones, was a member of the Del Ver Club, and was president of the Wordsmiths in 1930-31.

SENIOR-MIDDLE ANNUAL DANCE HELD

Thursday evening, January 12, marked the second Ward-Belmont Senior-Middle Open House. Dancing was in the large dining room from 8:00 to 11:30. Francis Craig's orchestra played.

In the receiving line were: Jean Stewart, president; Elinor Reed, vice-president; Juanita Roberts, secretary; Carolyn Conklin, boarding treasurer; and Elizabeth Gray, day student treasurer; Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Benedict, Miss Sisson and Miss Saunders.

The floor committee consisted of the following: Day Students—Janet McFadden, Emily Taggart, Kathryn Kennedy, Sara Womack, Helen Powers, Emmartha Harnell and Elizabeth Henderson. Boarders—Sara Jane Ponder, Betty Hill, Louise Robinson, Judith Berry, Mary Alice Paine, Virginia Shaw, Thelma Martin, Jane Hodges and Mary Hobson.

FATHER FLANIGAN SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

"The Art of Living" was discussed by Father George J. Flanigan, D.D., principal of the Father Ryan High school, when he spoke in chapel on Wednesday, January 17.

"There is no doubt about it that the greatest thing in life consists of knowing the right philosophy of life," said Father Flanigan.

"To my mind character is one of the most important parts of life. It makes us different from anyone else," he continued.

Father Flanigan then gave the three fundamentals for a successful, noble life. Self-mastery, strength of character, and will power are important factors.

"The foundation of a good character is to have high ideals. While you are here in your formative years, form high ideals. Aim high.

"It is very easy to make good resolutions. We must carry out these good resolutions," said Father Flanigan.

JUNIOR LEAGUE HOME PLAY HOUR

"Tarzan" is the hero of the hour, and if you don't believe it just go out to the Junior League Home and see how many little children want you to read Tarzan to them. However, Sunday, January 14, these children had a complaint to make, even in the midst of showing their Christmas presents, and that was because the Ward-Belmont girls hadn't been to see them in four Sundays!

The children got all their new toys out to show to Anne Shaw, Isabel Coulter, Virginia Ferguson, and Miss Van; then everyone had to play with the new games and dolls. Virginia read to the little boys, at their request; Isabel played with the little girls; while Ann happily went from room to room entertaining them all. They spent much time singing and playing for the children.

CHAPEL CALENDAR

Monday, January 22
Joint Harp and Organ Recital—Miss Frances Hunt Jackson and Mr. F. Arthur Henkel.
Wednesday, January 24
Devotional Service.
Friday, January 26
Dance recital by Ward-Belmont Girls.

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BOARDING AND DAY PRESIDENTS' COUNCIL HOLDS MEETING

A joint meeting of the Day Student and Boarding Student Presidents' Council was held Monday evening, January 15. The two councils had dinner at the school and then adjourned to the Del Ver Club house where they discussed various school problems. The subject of the evening was "Citizenship," and talks were made by Rena Berry, Victoria Keidel, Lydia Fountain, Marjorie Jacobson, and Ann Huddleston.

At the close of the evening a general discussion was held. Closer relations between the Day and Boarding students are expected from this meeting. Members of the councils present were:

Boarding council: Viva Lee Davis, Alice Vivienne Hill, Lydia Fountain, Victoria Keidel, Mary Louise Bal-siger, Helene Loeb, Marjorie Jacobson, Mary Marm Lincoln, Helen Larimer, Jane Carroll, Roberta Munger, Jeanette Kassel, Virginia Winslow, Marjorie Zaug, Rena Berry, Mary Frances Banker, Jean Stewart.

Day council: Ellen Bowers, Ann Huddleston, Jane Meadors, Jane Vance, Dorothy Jones, Elizabeth Henderson, Janet McFadden, Anne Loftin, Mabel Ann Herbert, Elizabeth Glasgow, Virginia Carson.

EXPRESSION NOTES

On Thursday, the eleventh of January, at the home of Mrs. Samuel Orr, the following expression students of Miss Townsend gave a program for the Campbell Chapter of the D.A.R.: Readings—

"Their Only Child."
"Mammon and the Archer."
Willie Hume Bryant
Two Short Plays (Studies of Love)—
"Long Ago"—1776 (Romantic Love)
Reginald Nancyann Schmid
Angelina Julia Acheson
"Now" (Modern Love)
Joan, golf champion Marion Farr
Billie, golf devotee Jean Stewart

The Expression School will also give a set of character sketches after exams, and so delightful are the burlesque efforts that even low grades will not keep your laughter back.

On Thursday evening, the following girls will give a program of short stories in the city:
The Prince of Illusion Arlyne Milligan
The Maker of Rainbows. Helen Pillow
Midshipman Easy Jean Weiss
Afternoon Call Rosella Lee Lewis

And on Friday evening these girls will give a program for the Old Ladies' Home:
Faith's Shirt Carolyn Bryant
Joy Ride Jean Stewart
Au Revoir Marion Farr
Their Only Child Jane Haftenberg
The spring holds many interesting plays, recitals, and exhibits of stages for the department. The Seniors, Misses Combs, Cooper, Frye, J. Jones, M. Jones and Kelley, are busy on arrangements for their individual recitals in March and April.

W.-B. GIRLS ATTEND INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION

You may have known that something very "Industrial" was in the air when you saw Mary Jane Dulaney and Gail Lawrence leaving the campus on Friday night, January 12, before dinner. Since Mary Jane is chairman of the Public Affairs Committee and Gail is chairman of the Membership Committee, they are consequently members of the Student Industrial Commission, which is composed of Peabody, Scarritt, Vander-

bilt and Ward-Belmont girls and girls representing eight industries of the city. Last Friday evening, January 12, Lydia Fountain, "Y" President, and Miss Van accompanied them to the Y.W.C.A. Building where the meetings are held.

They reported a most interesting and beneficial evening. After dinner there was a continuation of their last discussion which centered upon the NRA. Each industrial girl present told how the NRA had affected her work. And in every case the hours had either been shortened or wages increased or both. Another meeting will be held on the second Friday night in February.

TENNESSEE CHILDREN'S HOME PLAY HOUR

"Here they come! Here they come!" shouted the children at the Tennessee Children's Home, Sunday afternoon, January 14, as Eva Ohlhaber, Harriet Ostergren, Carol Goodenough, Marian Lowe, Carolyn Sutton, and Ruth Potts arrived. Although the girls have been attempting to forget that there ever was a Christmas, the children immediately showed them the Billy goat and cart that Santa Claus had brought them. And were they thrilled! But Christmas isn't over

yet for those children because they are going to have some new curtains for their playroom. Eva showed them the samples Sunday and you can imagine how excited they were picking out curtains for their "house." Eager little children crowded around the six girls as they went out into the yard for an hour of delightful play.

VIVA LEE DAVIS. SUN- DAY SCHOOL SPEAKER

Viva Lee Davis carried us to the land of knights and giants in her story, "Knights of the Silver Shield," which she told at Sunday school, January 14. The central theme was the reward for one's faithfulness in the tasks that are assigned, no matter how small. Just as Sir Roland of old, received the golden star in the silver shield for guarding the palace gate, so are people today rewarded for tasks fulfilled.

Immediately after Sunday school there was the regular Cabinet meeting. At this time, Judith Berry formally became chairman of the Old Ladies' Home Committee, filling a vacancy caused by Ganel Stuart's resignation from that office. Although the cabinet deeply regrets the loss of Ganel, Judith is indeed welcomed.

EXAMINATION SCHEDULE—HIGH SCHOOL, 1934

TUESDAY, JAN. 30, 8:30-11:30
English I—
1st period, Miss Hay108
3rd period, Miss Ordway109
English II—
4th period, Miss Souby110
2nd period H. S. Lib.
English III—
3rd period, Mrs. Souby110
4th period, Miss Ordway109
English IV—
All classes H. S. Lib.
Miss Pugh, Miss Ransom, Miss Morrison
(Overflow to 108)

TUESDAY, JAN. 30, 1:30-4:30
Bible—
Miss Van Hooser
Public Speaking—
Miss Winnia
Chemistry—
1st period, Miss Cooke
5th period, Miss Cooke
Biology—
1st period, Miss French H. S. Lib.
5th period, Miss French H. S. Lib.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31, 8:30-11:30
History I—
1st period, Miss CasebierAA6
5th period, Miss HayAA3
Mod. History—
5th period, Miss CasebierAA6
Am. History—
2nd period, Miss HargroveAA5
Eng. History—
4th period, Miss McElfreshAA4
Miss Cason in hall of AA.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31, 1:30-4:30
Chemistry—
1st period, Miss Cooke
5th period, Miss Cooke
Biology—
1st period, Miss French H. S. Lib.
5th period, Miss French H. S. Lib.

THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 8:30-11:30
Algebra I—
3rd period, Miss MajorAA5
5th period, Mrs. ShackelfordAA4
Algebra II—
5th period, Mrs. ShackelfordAA4
Geometry—
All classes H. S. Lib.
Miss Ordway and Miss Grizzard
English 6th Grade—
Mrs. McCallAA1
English 8th Grade—
Mrs. McCallAA1
Mrs. Souby in hall of AA.

THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1:30-4:30
French I—
2nd period, Mrs. FountainAA
5th period, Miss MorrisonAA
French II—
4th period, Miss MorrisonAA
(Miss Morrison's class)
4th period, Miss HargroveAA
1st period, Miss McElfreshAA
French III—
3rd period, Mrs. FountainAA
(Overflow in AA3)
Spanish I—
5th period, Mr. DonnerAA
Spanish II—
3rd period, Mr. DonnerAA
8th Grade Spelling—
Mrs. McCallAA
Miss Major in hall of AA.

FRIDAY, FEB. 2, 8:30-11:30
Latin I—
4th period, Miss Cason109
5th period, Miss HargroveAA3
Latin II—
1st period, Miss Cason109
(Miss Cason's class)
1st period, Miss HargroveAA3
(Miss Hargrove's class)
Latin III—
2nd period, Mrs. McCallAA2
Latin IV—
4th period, Mrs. McCallAA2
8th Grade Arithmetic—
Miss MajorAA1
Miss Ordway in hall of AA.

FRIDAY, FEB. 2, 1:30-4:30
Physiology—
3rd period, Miss FrenchAA
Sociology—
3rd period, Miss EwingAA
8th Grade History—
Miss CasebierAA
Mrs. McCall in hall of AA.

SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 8:30

Conflicts (please notify Miss Allison's office of all conflicts).

CLUB CHATTER

Club meeting was most interesting last Wednesday. Betty Bryant took the club about her trip to Europe, and Miss Hortense Hart, '32, an ex-member of Agora, sent some candies which were served afterwards.

The English teachers met in the club house Monday afternoon for tea and discuss exam questions. It's a pity you couldn't have been notified earlier.

Juliet Tatum was very busy Sunday taking pictures of the Agora club and a few of its members for the *Testones*.

Zaug seems still to have the knitting craze. Power to you, Marge!

The A.K.'s started the new year in the best possible way. Their president and vice-president gave a dinner for the discussion. It was a turkey night after vacation. It was another one of those fine chicken dinners!

At the last meeting the Seniors discussed Psychology. Wonder what Miss Morris would have thought had she heard the discussion. It is believed that the majority of the seniors believed all they were told.

The A.K.'s had fun yelling Saturday night!

"This Outdoor Club sounds like the answer to our question of 'What shall we do with our Saturdays and Sundays,'" says the A.K.'s as they take time to sign for it.

Tuesday night of January 9, Myrtle Warren, Dot Glander, Marge Robinson, Ruth Nehls, and Helen Farmer gave a surprise dinner for Anna Berry on the occasion of her birthday at the Del Ver Club. At any rate, it was to have been a surprise, but they had to tell her in order to get her down there. It was a small affair, for there was a chicken dinner with trimmings.

Saturday night the Del Ver basketball team had dinner down at the club house. They had large steak sandwiches and peas. They said that after eating all of that they couldn't play, but did you see them—?

The F.F.'s had their first club meeting Wednesday night in the clubhouse. Plans and suggestions were made for the club dance which is to be given February 17. The members were reminded that before Christmas a kitchen shower was given in which many new and useful kitchen implements were donated and which are now ready for use. They were also reminded that gifts given at the Christmas party were accepted with happiness and joy by the children of the colored orphanage who were delighted with all the toys and trinkets. The meeting adjourned and the rest of the evening was spent in discussing the foregoing basketball games.

There was plenty of rejoicing among the Osiron's Saturday night at the close of the Osiron-Penta Tau game. That's the way to start a season, girls!

These Saturday night suppers at the Osiron house have grown to be more or less a habit. It is said that Mary Ellen Stokes, Kitty McKenzie, Mary Driscoll, Pargie Young, Clara Daloo, and Rachel Hailey can produce a meal, even though Clara does burn the cocoa.

Lurline Alexander and Jennabeth Jones have become quite skillful in humoring the Osiron radio. All of which proves that practice makes perfect.

Although getting back to school was a little hard to take, it did seem nice to hear about "Cliff," "Billy," "Claude," and "Paul" again.

At the regular meeting of the club on Wednesday, the Penta Taus had a marshmallow toasting, and Katharine Hawley played several piano numbers. All in all, this meeting was a very enjoyable one, especially since it was the first meeting of this new year.

Although the Penta Taus didn't win

their basketball game, they had fun getting ready for it, for instance, the trying on of crazy suits. Hayter had an accident and tore her suit badly. It would have been too bad if she had been called into the game.

The Tri K's met last Wednesday night for an explanation of Parliamentary Law. To have been such an orderly meeting, there was a great deal of amusement. The report of the treasurer, Mary Jones, was especially enjoyed.

Alma Lunderman, a Tri K from last year's ranks, returned to the campus Wednesday and was greeted by the old crowd at club meeting. Come again, Alma!

Bids for the club dance came out on Monday, and the Tri K's are surely proud of artistic Katrina.

Then, groups of earnest workers for the Tri K dance have been busily occupied week-end evenings at the club. Scissors do wear blisters on your fingers.

The T. C.'s are mourning the loss of Betty Abry, their past secretary. However, Fred Prince, the newly elected officer, promises to keep the minutes in the old Abry style.

The T. C.'s lost to those very active X. L.'s in their first game of the season, Saturday night. The next game scheduled for them will be on Wednesday, when they will meet the Eccowasins. Those Purples say, "Watch out!"

Smith and Ruth Robinson came over to the X. L. Club last Wednesday night to sing and play. The X.L.'s enjoyed them. They were much better than the radio!

Have you heard? Georganna Martin had a birthday. The rumors about the cake her Mother sent are just too good.

The Outdoor Club is a grand idea. Several X.L.'s joined.

PREP PATTERN

This week, our fan mail was as tremendous as usual. By tremendous, we mean not less than one letter containing not more than seven insults. In response to numerous requests, we have decided not to print anymore of our poetic efforts. Even though it breaks our heart (laugh, laugh), we must please our public. If we don't stop this soon, we'll get in one of our ironical moods; we feel it coming on. And when we're in one of those moods, we are apt to denounce hamburgers, hockey, and hemoglobin as being opposed to the NRA, etc. We're peculiar that way.

We hear Jane Hovey is planning to desert us for Florida, the land of alligators, palm trees, sand, ocean, and mosquitoes. We always see visions this time of year of a beach littered with delectable jelly-fish and sea-weed, and soft, warm, blue water with white caps rolling in, and green trees and green grass and sunshine, and then we turn rejuvenated out into the glorious fog and the lovely downy soot of Nashville, and creep back and forth in a temperature of zero and a car that is on the verge of freezing every minute even though it does have alcohol to warm it up, which we can't say for ourself, so we freeze.

And we've also heard that Susan Cheek is going to Florida after exams and then later she is going to have a house party, some of the bicky members being Virginia McClellan and Nancy Houghland. OmyOmyOmy! Someday we'll hire an auto-gyro and fool everybody and fly somewhere, first taking some sandwiches and coolas along for lunches, and a magazine in case we get stranded in the wilds and have to hitch-hike back.

In our chemistry class the other day, Ruth Morton, Bonny Hager, Alice Overton and we waxed enthusiastic over the lovely odor of phenolphthalein, a liquid that turns some things pink. We joyfully bounded

over to Miss Cooke, who is certainly long-suffering, since she has to bear all our dumb questions and confided our secret to her. And she nonchalantly remarked, "Oh, yes, the alcohol in it." We'll turn out to be a loathsome toper, yet.

We hear that Virginia Carson is an aunt, or maybe uncle, now that she has a nephew. She seems all thrilled over it and has bored us all to tears telling us how much it weighs, *et cetera, et cetera*. We just can't understand her wild enthusiasm.

At the Vandy-Clemson basketball game we yelled our hearts out. It was so exciting! We certainly envy the way the boys can dribble all up and down the floor and walk around. If we move one foot, it's a personal foul and we're politely reminded that we will probably be kicked out if we get too noisy.

At the M. B. A. game, Ellen Martin seemed to be enjoying herself and the company of her companion, who is, we have on good authority, quite nice.

Speaking of local basketball—the Angkors won a 35-3 victory over the Triads, and the Eccowasins beat the Aristons, who were rated as one of the four best teams in school.

What brown-eyed Junior caught what boy under the mistletoe Christmas night and what did she get in return? (Add impertinent questions).

When Presidents' Council tried to meet last Monday afternoon, they got all mixed up. The Proctor was rushing frantically around in and out of the faculty consultation room hunting for the other members. Another was sitting in the Biology room waiting for someone to come to her. Others were wandering sadly through the halls and over the campus trying to find out where it met. They never did all get together.

Peggy Dickinson's tea Saturday afternoon did a lot to brighten the past holiday slump. Scads of people were there, Shirley Caldwell, Judith Davis, Anne Huddleston, Mamie Howell, Jane Bagley, Mary Ann Tarris, to mention a few, and Shirley Leake and Ellen Martin were some of those serving.

Camille Stone, Marion Hill, Grace Benedict and we left the tea together and rushed out to a party where we danced and danced and ate turkey buffet supper and thoroughly enjoyed ourself.

What high school Senior said that the only thing she liked about football was the huddle? Her friends have never quit razzing her about it yet.

Have you heard about the new society SF POMGTO that has been formed? I'm a chosen few know the real meaning of those mystic letters, and what an explosion there would be if it became general knowledge. So far, its work has come to practically nothing, but the members work night and day, 24-hour service in three shifts. Margaret Greene wants to form another society with a "light change in the letters." Maybe you can guess what it is.

Margareta Craig is one of those industrious people who bring knitting to school. Such enterprise! Just a knit-what—but she knows we envy the accomplishment.

What Sophomore girl is called Clara Bow by her friends—and why?

We have heard lots about Juliette Craig, mostly from Martha Beasley—and my goodness, we simply can't believe it!

What girl, in high school (not this school, but she has a lot of friends here) got married not long ago? A romantic elopement, at that!

You of course know about the society that has been formed among

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members of the high school, the S. A. P.'s. It has been going on for a long time now, and in spite of the name, is a great organization. Polly Ann Billington, Matilda Gibson, Betty Rye, Elizabeth Craig, Carol Cole, Jane Meadors and Shirley Leake are members, and ask one of them what kind of a time they had at Shirley's Saturday night. Oh, we find out things, all right!

You probably heard that famous quotation from Pope, "At every word a reputation dies." Well, we're run out of words, and you've run out of reputations, so we'll stop.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of
Ward-Belmont.

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EDITORIAL

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we present to you a letter that was sent us in response to the editorial which appeared in last week's HYPHEN. It is indeed gratifying to have such a prompt reply to our plea for personal comment on the paper.

Jan. 15, 1934.

Dear HYPHEN Editor,

I was inspired by your last editorial to send in a few comments, which I think express not only my opinions but also the majority of the Senior-Mids.

Why can't we have a more personal and intimate write-up of campus happenings? You'd be surprised how many interesting and amusing occurrences take place in the halls, tea room, and classrooms that if written up would represent campus life. We like to remember and keep clippings of this type. Facts alone aren't what we want and the write-up of our big, successful, extraordinary, and other suitable adjectives, open house is a good example. Why, we should have had at least a whole column about the outstanding Senior-Mid event!

Only the staff has anything to do with the HYPHEN now and we would like to feel free to submit our contributions in making the paper more interesting and tributary of the school and school days. What about a contributor's box? And we do so like "The Diary."

A "SENIOR-MID."

We should like to answer at this time some of your questions and to also consider your suggestions. Shall we take them in the order in which they have been presented?

You ask for more personal and intimate write-ups of Senior-Middle activities. We are only too glad to have such articles in the HYPHEN. We sincerely wish the paper to be as representative of you as of any group on the campus. Each hall has a representative for the Campus Column. The Senior-Middle class has a HYPHEN representative. Many of the features that appear in the paper now are handled in by non-members of the staff. Remember this privilege of contribution is open to any person on the campus. It is up to the Senior-Mids to take advantage of it. However, we shall try in the future to give you what you want but, of course, we need your help.

No doubt you are uninformed as to the entire situation, or such a suggestion as the one concerning the open house would not have been offered. The HYPHEN goes to press on Wednesday afternoon. You can readily see that an article concerning a dance held on Thursday cannot appear in the paper until the following week. You will notice the information you desire in this issue.

You say you do not feel free to make contributions to the HYPHEN. You should. We have never yet refused to print any worthwhile and appropriate contributions which have been handed us. The fault lies in the lack of contributions. And, incidentally, there is a Contribution Box. It is the box which is on the wall by the package room. Perhaps you do not know that for several weeks we ran a Contribution Box in the HYPHEN, in which students might feel free to express their opinion of the paper. However, utter lack of interest in this column forced us to abandon the idea. At any time renewed interest in such a column should appear, we should be more than glad to run it. One cannot have a Contribution Box without having the contributions to print.

We, the staff, really appreciate this letter. We would welcome more like it. I hope you will soon see results from your suggestions. We shall endeavor to do our best to do what you have asked. Help us. Thank you again, and let us have more letters like it.

H. L. '34.

(Continued on page 5)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Cheerio! *Bon Jour!* How!! (that last is Indian—ask Cack or Mary Findlater). I hope when you read this you won't be in a fog such as this while I'm writing. The sun is just peeping through—looks more like a moon than anything. Who knows, maybe it is and I'm crazy. Well, so much for that—let's see who's on the list this week:

Best one I've heard: Friend, the Inquiring Reporter, asked one of the Senior-Mids (she lives in Pembroke) what she thought of the HYPHEN, should anything be changed or added? With a deep "uh" (got that word from a friend, too) the said girl replied: "Good Lord!—er, er, why I never read the HYPHEN!" Shame, shame!

Did you notice any change in the expressions of certain Senior-Mids on last Friday morning? Any mention of the dance brought forth funny little sighs and what-not. Can't get over Jayne Priest with her five young men at intermission—however did you manage? It must be an art, Jayne!

Also heard Helen Downing had quite a good time. Is it true, Helen? But it didn't take her mind off her game when she played basketball for the X. L.'s Saturday night.

How does Lucille Ensley "rate" having a date in Rec Hall on Saturday night with a certain interne from Vanderbilt?

Have you seen the way Nancy Ann and Margaret have re-decorated the "extra" room? It is really very swank! You must come—and see it sometime.

Things I never knew 'til now:

Train pulled into station Christmas. Everybody off when Dolores dashed madly on again, yelling: "My orchids." Consequently, she rode out of the station and was gone—no luck, reader, the train came back in about ten minutes. Gave the girls a scare, though!

Congratulations this week to Katrina Van Benschooten for the interesting invitations in black and white for the Tri K dance!

Have you noticed the new way Louise Houk is wearing her hair? Looks quite nice, Sally!

Did you see the A. K. game Saturday night? That Gilbertine Moore and Kitty McKenzie make a peach of a pair of basketball forwards. And did you see "Kid" Knowles go for those baskets? Can't see how one so little can be so good!

Slymme Warren and Jeanette (Kid) Knowles have a proposition to make to anybody who is interested. Just come in, anytime, and ask to see the "gold-filled" coat hanger. Better hurry, though, as it goes to the lowest bidder!!

The close of this week brings us nearer to that time which most of us more or less dread. Never have I seen such concentrated study on the part of all the girls in the library. Which reminds me, wonder just what Polly Gay was reading that was so funny last Tuesday night in the library?

The fog has lifted so I guess I can get over to the office without much trouble. It's time I closed anyway, don't you think? I've filled the column.

I'll see you.

EAGLE FEATHER

THE WASHRAG

Everybody's ears
Have to be washed every day,
So they'll always hear
What grownups have to say.
And I don't think I'd mind
About my neck one single speck,
If the corners of the washrag
Wouldn't dangle down my neck.
Mother pulls my collar down,
Rubs the washrag good with soap,
Tips my head and starts to wash.
While I close my eyes and hope
That the corners won't hang down;
Or else take another track,
Then to coldly trickle 'round
On my shoulders or my back.
If I knew only who
Makes washrags
That we buy,
I should ask them couldn't they
Make round ones if they try.
Then you see I wouldn't mind
About my ears one single speck,
Cause the corners of the washrag
Couldn't dangle down my neck.
N. SCHMID, '35.

A PICTURE DONE IN BLACK

Black velvet roofs—
Stretching into rain-drenched night,
Lighted holes in banks of bricks,
Steel blue streets without ends—
Void of humanity—
They express my moods that play tonight.
Ghostly pictures of memories
Well up on my mind's window,
Drizzled with treasured recalls;
Crimson treasures—
Crimson fades into vermillion,
Dark wines into dusky purples,
Into oxford grays sinking into blackness;
Soft choking velvet blacks;
Black Moods—
RENA BERRY, '34.

SANDS OF LIFE

Boundless sands reach before me,
And spit back stifling waves of heat.
Without hope I keep trudging on
'Til far off there looms a cool oasis.
I strive to reach the shade,
Hope dies, forlorn, within me,
As the dream melts before my gaze.
LYNN.

Soft, soft,

Those who would
Walk here must
Walk in reverent
And solemn thought.

A single stream of light
Comes through the
High-barred windows.
It falls
In silent splendor
Across the low, white
Altar.

Strains of organ music
Fall upon the ear
Of the Mourner
His far corner. He lifts
The face toward Heaven.
There in the sweetness
Of the lilies
He finds
Peace for his weary soul.

M. JONES, '34.

MY SENSE OF HUMOR

Why Big Folks laugh at things they say,
Is very strange to me.
They're not so funny, not at all,
So far as I can see!

The things that make me giggle so,
Are silly, Big Folks, say,
Good gracious! What they laugh at
Is as silly any day!

It's funny just supposin' that
I had a baa sheep's nose,
And owley eyes and donkey ears,
Ho! Ho! Now, just suppose!

It's funny to suppose our cow,
Instead of saying, "Moo!"
Should rise up straight and wave her hoof,
And say, "Why, how d'y do?"

It's funny just to laugh and laugh
At nothing, don't you see?
If Big Folks cannot understand,
Why, what is that to me?

N. SCHMID, '35.

EDITORIALS (Continued from page 4) EXAMS

Examinations, particularly of other people, can be very interesting things. If they are your own it is a little harder to see the funny side, but after all, twenty years from now they will make very little difference one way or another.

Webster says that an examination is: an *inquiry* (Where is the term paper which was due today?); an *investigation* (What did I do with the notes I took in class last week?); an *inquisition* (Miss Brown, what were you thinking of the day I explained the business cycle?); a *scrutiny* (of numerous blank pages); a *research* (search and research your memory for the things you thought you knew and have forgotten, or never knew and hoped you remembered).

Also an examination may be: a general term for testing and searching (if you have gotten your work carefully every day all term, but who has?); it may be a judicial inquiry which often suggests severity or hostility (that no doubt accounts for the vicious glare you get when some deeply absorbed student is interrupted; she's just practicing); a searching inquiry to determine a given point (we know, a straight line); or a minute and critical inspection (of the desk to see if any of those who passed, or didn't pass, before you have left any useful traces); or a laborious and learned investigation (there is no doubt about the labor, and we'll hope for the learned).

At any rate it appears that examinations were well named, and Daniel Webster has given us a large and varied choice of synonyms and definitions with which to describe our lovely finals. Also, in case you are still interested "final" comes from the French word *finis* which means limit or end.

CHECKING OVER THE NEWS OF THE WEEK

Roosevelt sent to the Senate a special message advocating the ratification of the St. Lawrence waterway treaty with Canada, and asked Congress that the government guarantee the principal of \$2,000,000,000 in farm bonds. He has recommended that railroads and public utility companies establish sinking funds to provide for systematic retirement of their public debts. This recommendation stimulated the stock market. We don't know what his policy is, but Roosevelt conferred several times with government officials on the question of commandeering the gold held by the Federal Reserve Banks, and announced that he was satisfied that he had the right to do this. A statement will probably be made this week.

The House, Tuesday, passed a private license liquor control law for the District of Columbia, voted for a gag rule to prevent amendments to President Roosevelt's economy program, and Friday passed a reapportionment bill carrying the economy law extension.

The Senate apparently has made up its mind to penalize nations which have defaulted in war debts to the United States. High excise taxes to liquor coming from duty-defeating nations were added. The administration frowned. Thursday the Senate rescinded its action and sent the bill to the White House where it was signed. Again the Senate took another slap at governments whose debts are in default—"No financial transactions with any government which has defaulted."

Banks last week learned that when the Reconstruction Finance Corporation bought their preferred stock it also acquired a voice in their management.

Exploration of the Antarctic is not progressing well in this 1934. Lincoln Ellsworth experienced such serious damage to his plane that that planned flight may have to be abandoned. Byrd and his expedition have been unable to even get to the Antarctic yet, an ice pack having blocked their ship. Yet Byrd has made several flights from the ship toward Little America.

China made great progress last week against the rebellion in Fukien Province, capturing the key city of Fochow, while Germany has found

dispute in the Nazi and Anti-Nazi church question. More than 6,000 pastors oppose the degrees of the Reichsbishop.

In listening to Winston Churchill speak from London, England, I cannot but think how marvelous is this invention of Marconi's over which we hear ocean waves, fervent voices, and the comments of other nations. Churchill says, "Though we are in debt, we are paying our way, and that is more than America, or any other country can say. Yet never has England been so defenseless. I desire for us as strong an air-power as our Lady had a navy in the days when Britannia ruled the seas." How much better we see our own virtues and our wise doings than we see the failures, yet why speak of navies and air forces today—are we not looking toward a future in which America can say that her faith in a leader and the future is so great that the name Roosevelt is on the lips of every one of us.

ENTER MADAME

Miss Sara Jane Ponder, better known as Sage or Sally, is from Louisville, Kentucky. Ask her if it's a good town—maybe, I'll get you into trouble. Still she'll forgive you if you go to sleep in the midst of the description. Really, I mean no offense, Sal.

Well, this is Sally's second year at Ward-Belmont and she is a Penta Tau, and does she like W.-B. and Nashville? Last year, some of us thought she would be "miding a cottage for two," with a certain young contractor in town, but alas, we were fooled and "Jimmie, the lawyer" is heading the list—still in front, Jimmie—no wonder, I think you would be with your six feet and four inches. We appreciated the gardenias for the dance last week, and we always enjoy those big red roses you send.

But back—she'll never have to worry about getting fat—she doesn't eat enough—then, too, she is too energetic to ever gain much. So—don't hit me very hard—I'm weak from a day of exhaustion and I just C. T. I. (7) (guess).

Sally likes to do things that are fun; remember last year at the Derby? Sally is a good girl who can cheer you up when you are way down with the blues. Please go around to see her when you need a dose of cheers.

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"Vanessa," by Hugh Walpole.

Vanessa was one of the most beautiful women in England. The Herries (her family) were one of the prominent families of England. This is a great love story that Walpole has taken from past history and put into modern times, manner, and ideas of modern characters. It is a story involving Vanessa and Benji, the rascal of the family, a descendant of William, the financier.

"Anthony Adverse," by Herve Allen. "Anthony Adverse" is taken in the latter eighteenth century. Anthony was born in the Alps; he was reared in Italy and spent his youth in the West Indies, Africa and America. There are exposed to the experiences of his journeys of the heart and mind. We are conscious of the colorful pictures brought before us in his travels. This is one of Allen's best results. One of his other works was "Toward the Flame."

RENA BERRY.

REVIEW OF CURRENT PICTURES AT NASH- VILLE THEATRES

"Roman Scandals," with Eddie Cantor.

This one is estimated to have cost Goldwyn \$1,000,000 to produce, and here's what he got for his money: (1) A story which follows this general outline—Eddie is a grocer's boy in the rather American town of West Rome; then a food-taster to the Emperor Valerius, which is somewhat disagreeable as the Empress Agrippa, sends most of her husband's food with arsenic. There is also a chariot race in which Cantor is successfully pursued by the Roman Army. (2) Four songs, three sung by Eddie and one by Ruth Etting, one of which, "Keep Young and Beautiful," is already a hit and the others are likely to be. (3) Two dance sequences, elaborate even for Busby Berkeley. (4) Scenes filled with beautiful girls at slave markets, palaces, and Roman baths. (5) Eddie Cantor. All this adds up to a spectacular, funny sequel to "Whoopee" and "The Kid from Spain." The cast includes: Eddie Cantor, Gloria Stuart, Ruth Etting, David Manners, Veree Teasdale, Alan Mowbray and Lee Kohlmar. Don't miss it. Very strongly recommended.

"Little Women."

Movie version of the Louisa May Alcott book for girls. By the excellent screen adaptation and dialogue, it loses some of the overwhelmingly saccharine sentimentality of the original story, and emerges a personal triumph for Katherine Hepburn as "Jo," most dynamic of the March sisters. The story has smiles as well as tears, as a family of four girls finds life taking them from the girlhood they loved into womanhood. You will appreciate the picture's charm, and you will feel the joys and sorrows of the family as keenly as they because of the characterizations of the perfectly selected cast and the very

true picture of the 1860's and '70's in the North. Cast includes: Katherine Hepburn, Frances Dee, Joan Bennett, Jean Parker, Paul Lukas, Edna May Oliver, and Douglass Montgomery.

Your critic tried five separate times to read the book and could never finish it, but even with this dismal failure, we strongly recommend the picture, which is much better.

H. H.

WORDSMITHS

The Wordsmiths met Monday night, January 15, in the Osiron club house. An informal business meeting was held at the beginning of the session, at which time several vital matters were discussed. It was decided that a play, written by one of the members, should be presented in chapel some time soon, at which time the dates for the second semester Wordsmiths try-outs would be announced.

The members of Wordsmiths want to urge everyone who feels the slightest urge to write, day students and boarders alike, to hand in contributions for these try-outs.

MAIL-BOX

Minnesota U.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Boots:

Now that I surpass co-operation in industry, you surpass all phases of plane and spherical trigonometry. I sure got rotten marks, but at least I wasn't among the 60 per cent of freshmen engineers who flunked out of this institution.

We had a very peaceable week after you all went back to school. I messed around town, saw everybody, told everybody good-bye, and finally got on the train in a drizzly rain, and departed. No more family, no more luxury, no more leisure until June 18!

Right after we passed the Iowa-Missouri line snow appeared, and I got an awful stiff neck trying to sleep and look at the snow, too. Gene was at the station and I was very glad to see him. Minneapolis looked fine to me—all snowy and clean. We ate breakfast and fooled around downtown, finally getting up enough courage to come get my grades. Such a relief to find that I am still a member of my class! I went to "Dinner at Eight" that night. To me it was a picture of lost sequence, and I don't mind admitting I was bored stiff with the picture. Saturday afternoon we went to "Poil de Carotte," a picture all in French. Although I couldn't understand a word of the conversation, I got more out of this "Silas Marnerish" picture than any I've seen for ages.

Yesterday work began again, though I believe my schedule is not so terrible as last quarter. I'm still taking 20 hours, although Dean Irwin says that that induces the "Law of Diminishing Returns."

Well, be a nice child—remember that you are a favorite luxury of mine.

BANGS.

P. S. It has snowed every day so far—but it's not too cold.

P. P. S. What a funny trig paper this turned out to be.

THE DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

Wouldn't it be nice if it would stop raining once in a while? Life does seem so full of its little complexities, and what with good old exams creeping on apace the weather really is suited to my disposition. But I always have had a most unaccountable weakness for sunshine.

All the Senior-Mids went to town this afternoon to get their hair prettied up for the dance tomorrow. At club tonight everyone got together and compared notes on what they were going to wear. We were enjoying a nice social hour when Duke and Vic Keidel burst in upon us to announce the formation of some kind of club or other. Vacations, weekends, and what-not! I joined in the mad hope that we might go to Chattanooga.

After club Tuck and I forewent the pleasure of studying Biology to wash each other's hair, but we got to playing with the shower and some rather disastrous results occurred. Tuck set my hair and I set hers (we had previously borrowed all the available curlers on the hall) and now I know that I shall not sleep at all comfortably. But then, comfort must be sacrificed for Art's sake. (I wish it were Johnny's).

Thursday—

Oh, my—the great event! I waited for it impatiently all day long, and now that it is past and gone my feet are tired and so am I; but I simply must put down everything before I forget it. First of all there was that appalling stag line of girls—the boys would be late! Second, and perhaps most important, Francis Craig and his laddies played, and they had the cutest little jigaboo who sang and danced. Third, those ravishing dresses! Judy Acheson in some kind of red lacquered stuff heads the list. Mary Ann Evans in white was stunning. Did I burn when a laddie I was dancing with said he thought Carolyn Coneklin looked so smart with her curls piled sky high behind! Credit where credit is due, though; she did, and that only made it worse. Lou Robinson looked more angelic than usual in her pale blue. Sally Womack looked adorable in red satin. (I thought the day students were splendid to all us poor boarders.) Oh, dear, if I start in on clothes I never will get done, but everybody looked so absolutely swish that it's no wonder the boys were cutting in—when they did.

I danced with the *sweetest* dancer. He really capered, what I mean. I felt very empty diddle refreshing with him because he was *good-looking*. But leave it to Tuck to get a perfect owl! Glasses, red hair, buck teeth, and everything. Tuck looked so miserable!

Ah, well, all good things must come to an end some time. A few hours spent in wearing out a perfectly good disposition, one elegant train, and two useful feet bring only memories—but what memories!

Friday—

The morning after the night before, *et comment!* Never have I been so sleepy in all my born days. Tuck and I decided that we guessed it was worth it, though how we would have liked to sleep through that breakfast bell! Time and tide wait for no man, and neither do the bells of Ward-Belmont.

All I heard all day was: "Wasn't he the most gorgeous dancer?" "Well, did you see the pill I was stuck with?" "Oh, I wish we could have another!" And so on, *ad infinitum*. I couldn't get my mind down to studying again, and it is probably a very good thing that tomorrow is Saturday, else I should surely die. This has been the longest week I ever saw. Tuck and I went over to the library after classes and tried to study—to no avail. Nancyann Schmid is in love, as is

Judy Berry. It couldn't have been that they found *him* at the dance—and so soon after Christmas holidays! I should think it would be wonderful to be in love. Which reminds me that Johnny spread himself for the most heavenly corsage ever.

Saturday—

No chapel, thank goodness! Practically three-fourths of the school packed its grips and went in to town to lunch. Tuck went merrily off and left me to my washing in peace. I felt unusually generous, so I washed up some of her things. She wept with joy when she saw what I had done.

And they closed the library for Saturday afternoon! If that isn't a dull idea! And right before exams! Now Tuck and I are sure to flunk our Biology.

After dinner we went over to watch the basketball games. Little Rachel Hailey played splendidly for the Osmonds. Everything went so fast that I can't remember anything about anything. But then, I never was good at playing or watching basketball. The referees bother me. They always rush about with these determined expressions on their faces, and tweet vigorously on their whistles until they nearly drive me into a state of frenzy.

I had to be on duty after light bell—I love to say that, it sounds so important—but everyone was disappointingly good.

Sunday—

Thank heaven for Sunday! Get up half an hour late and go to bed an hour early! I think that's simply splendid. I do love to go to bed early. Tuck and I managed to get to church a little later, this time, but I still don't see how some people manage to get in just on the dot. It must be a system.

Tuck and I sat around and talked each other to sleep this afternoon. It makes me very annoyed to sleep in the afternoon because then I want to keep right on sleeping and I can't do it.

Sleeping always makes me hungry; after I had eaten three plates, consumed four knives, six forks, and two glasses, Tuck led me away to Vespers where I nearly went to sleep again. And if I don't stop now I shall go to sleep while writing, which would be quite annoying.

Monday—

Woke up choked to death by the fog and smoke of another of Nashville's charming days. Much to my surprise, however, the weather cleared up admirably and became so sparkling that I was quite overjoyed.

We had a grand chapel this morning. A gentleman recited passages from *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Nathan, the Wise*, by the great German, Lessing. He also gave Goethe's stirring poem, "Der Erl Konig" in a manner which brought me to the edge of my seat. The poem sounds a great deal better in its original German than it does translated.

I saw Lattie Graves leaving chapel with a wistful look in her eyes. "Wouldn't it be great to be able to talk like that in real German, without having to bother to learn?" she sighed.

Tuck and I hustled about in the library trying our vainest to get something accomplished, and as usual failed.

Tuesday—

Oh, me! What a day! It even snowed, just to show that it really does snow in Nashville once in a while. But I never did see such funny-looking snow. Such fat, wet, flakes, they were! And they melted the moment they touched the ground. Rather un-inspiring, I thought. Jane Wilson was going around in a tizzy. It was the first time she'd seen any snow since 1929, and was she impressed!

Dr. Barton spoke earnestly and sadly in chapel this morning asking us please to notify the school when we

were going home. This buzzing home business is getting to be pretty boring, I'm beginning to think. If a few more go, we'll have a lot more room to whip about in, anyway. I should think it would be a lot more exciting if someone were to fall out of a window, or steal the clapper in the bell, or play "Merrily We Roll Along" on the chimes. Tuck and I debated for a long time about putting ink in the swimming pool, but we hated the thought of spoiling the tiles.

P-S-S-T-I!

This column is only published when the need arises, that is, when the wagon gets loaded with dirt. Therefore, it's going to be short this week, because everybody has been really good!

The Senior-Mid dance created quite a stir for a few days before and after it took place. From Wednesday morning on, hair began to curl and everyone walked around with wet heads! Thursday the curls fairly took the campus, and the straight-haired, dirty-headed Seniors sat back and took notice.

You Senior-Mids really deserved notice Thursday night. We weren't there so we can't give all the details. We heard that you outdid any Saks Fifth Avenue style show in dress and put the Lucky cigarette ads in the shade as to charm. Here are a few snapshots we've been able to gather from here and there:

Virginia Smith has a new rival since the night of the dance. The man in the case is "Thatch," and the other woman is a certain Florida boarder. Mary John Atwell had to leave a bunch of boys waiting until after supper. Emoryne Hartnett, Helen Power and Sally Womack say they'll never mend all the breaks they made or win back their friends from enemies made that night. They admit they're "punk" match-makers. Alice Williamson has been doing a lot of "newlywed talk"—well, she had on the bride's dress the other night. It looked like one, anyway. In spite of the fact that Nina Flippen and Elizabeth Neel had on gorgeous flame dresses, they almost lost their dates to one over-conscientious member of the floor committee right at the beginning. Juanita Roberts was practically a bona fide gardenia, but she really was precious in that pink muff and dress. Katherine Mills was so charming in that blue velvet that the boys didn't even wait for introductions! Sally Pardue found some strange attraction in the orchestra. We heard it was "Fee Wee," but think it was the saxophone player. Marie Murrey had everyone thinking she was a boarder. Jane Neil's dress was goodlooking, but we think she really should have worn that under-shirt to please her worried grandmother. Patti King looked like Patti "Queen" in all that beautiful white. Places were draped in black to honor the absence of Ann Whitmore, Melinda Jones, Nelia Chambers, and Patty Chadwell. We hope their colds are better. Well, believe it if you want to, that's the excuse they turned in.

Gloria Brackstone says it was a good dance and she oughta know. She had a good time.

Patty Chadwell has been complaining that she doesn't rate this column. We'll have you satisfied, Patty. You only get in the paper about once a day for some outstanding achievement—Why have lesser ambition?

Jane Briggs made a heart-breaking record in Birmingham. Munger says she's not going to ask her again, cause she's afraid of her power now! Kennedy (Edith) also made a disastrous visit to Franklin last weekend. The B. G. A. boys are complaining.



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L. TRI K, A. K., ANGKOR UNDEFEATED

Second Round Games Finished

With the Eccowasins defeating the Agoras by a 32-21 score the basketball tournament opened Friday, January 12. The game was rather listless, but was somewhat of an upset as the Eccowasins had been underrated.

Pos.	Pos.	Aristons (21)
Williams	R.F.	
Chadwell	L.F.	
Smith, V.	C.F.	
Jones	C.G.	
Brueh	R.G.	
Boyd	L.G.	

The second game was between the Agoras and Angkors. The Angkors were superior throughout the game. The final score was 35-5.

Pos.	Pos.	Angkor (35)
Chadwell	R.F.	
Reinke	L.F.	
Hickman	C.F.	
Stone	C.G.	
McClellan	R.G.	
Esleridge	L.G.	

On Saturday night the five boarding schools played. There was a large crowd out to watch their respective teams. The F. F.'s and Tri K's played the first game. The game was tied by fouls on both sides. The F. F.'s won 34-18.

Pos.	Pos.	Tri K (34)
Funk	R.F.	
Carroll	L.F.	
Coulter	C.F.	
Bosserman	C.G.	
Boyd	R.G.	
Pyeatt	L.G.	

In a very poor game the Del Vers met the A. P.'s 49-7. Glander was the outstanding player of the game.

Pos.	Pos.	A. P. (7)
Colleston	R.F.	
Wells	L.F.	
Marbury	C.F.	
Balsiger	C.G.	
Stillmanks	R.G.	
Vanderbilt	L.G.	

In another slow game the A. K.'s met the Agoras 35-10.

Pos.	Pos.	A. K. (35)
McKenzie	R.F.	
Moore	L.F.	
Smith, D.	C.F.	
Keidel	C.G.	
Wardowski	R.G.	
Holcombe	L.G.	

Judging from the score, one of the best games of the tourney was the T.-Osiron. The Osirons finally emerged ahead. Final score being 17-

Pos.	Pos.	Osiron (17)
Geibel	R.F.	
Zweifel	L.F.	
Low	C.F.	
Robbins	C.G.	
Rall	R.G.	
Hailey	L.G.	

The X. L.'s showed their traditional form by defeating the T. C.'s 18. Shaw played a splendid game forward for the X. L.'s.

Pos.	Pos.	T. C. (18)
Randle	PoF.	
Meyer	L.F.	
Sherman	C.F.	
Pryor	C.G.	
Huson	R.G.	
Patterson	L.G.	

The Angkors again showed great form when they defeated the A. P.'s on Monday, January 15. The final score was 32-5.

Pos.	Pos.	A. P. (5)
Colleston	R.F.	
Marbury	L.F.	
Leake	C.F.	
Balsiger	C.G.	
Stillmanks	R.G.	
Vanderbilt	L.G.	

The Aristons completely outplayed the Agoras to win 40-12.

Pos.	Pos.	Ariston (40)
McFadden	R.F.	
Conner	L.F.	
Terrell	C.F.	
Jones	C.G.	
Boyd	R.G.	
Earl	L.F.	

In a very exciting game the Triads barely nosed out the Osirons in one of the closest games of the season. The game was rather messy and was not marked by any outstanding play.

Pos.	Pos.	Triad (26)
Price	R.F.	
Hovey	L.F.	
Herbert	C.F.	
Roberts	C.G.	
Latta	R.G.	
Martin	L.G.	

The Del Vers and the Tri K's played the most exciting game of the season to date. The spectators were in a frenzy throughout the game. Both teams were unusually rough and both fought hard throughout the game. The Tri K's finally nosed the D. V.'s out by the score of 35-33.

Pos.	Pos.	Tri K (35)
Funk	R.F.	
Carroll	L.F.	
Coulter	C.F.	
Bosserman	C.G.	
Boyd	R.G.	
Pyeatt	L.F.	

The T. C.'s beat the Eccowasins 25-21. The game was close as the score indicates, and proved exciting to the fans.

Pos.	Pos.	T. C. (25)
Meyer	R.F.	
Warrock	L.F.	
Sherman	C.F.	
Longworth	C.G.	
Huson	R.G.	
Pryor	L.F.	

The A. K.'s overcame a large lead to beat the F. F.'s in the last quarter 31-27. The F. F.'s were leading 15-12 at the halfway mark. The A. K.'s were handicapped by the loss of McKenzie.

Pos.	Pos.	F. F. (27)
Banker	R.F.	
Mathis	L.F.	
Footo	C.F.	
Horstmann	C.G.	
Sutton	R.G.	
Hudgins	L.G.	

By a 70-14 score the X. L.'s defeated the P. T.'s. The X. L.'s displayed excellent floorwork throughout the game. This is the largest score piled up thus far in the tourney.

Pos.	Pos.	X. L. (70)
Milan	R.F.	
Shaw	L.F.	
Berry	C.F.	
Anderson	C.G.	
Berryhill	R.G.	
Downing	L.G.	

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NOTICE

Senior-Middles carrying less than the customary amount of college work (five six-hour courses) and Seniors who need a few additional hours to meet graduation requirements should examine the list of electives posted on bulletin boards.

Your particular attention is called to such courses as the following, which are strictly one-semester subjects:

Commercial Law.
Expression 16.
History 16.
Psychology 12.

All others on the list began in the fall, but are open also to additional enrolments at this time.

Students who wish to enter any one or more of the four studies enumerated above are urged to make arrangements at once so that the office can determine the days and hours for each course.

J. E. BURK,
Dean of Faculty.

SENIOR-MIDS GIVEN PERSONALITY TESTS

Personality tests were given to all members of the Senior-Middle class on Thursday, January 11. They were sponsored by the Dean's office.

The personality tests are called the Thurston Personality Schedule and are edited by L. L. Thurston and Thelma W. Thurston, members of the faculty of the University of Chicago. These tests are given each year to the Senior-Mids to enable the various teachers to know their students better, and thereby be able to give them better instruction.

TRI K DANCE THIS EVENING

The Tri K Sailor Jamboree will take place on the Gynasium Schooner, Saturday, January 20, at eight o'clock. Martha Pyeatt, who is chairman of the dance, is ably assisted by Katrina Van Benschoten, invitations and lighting; Margaret Louise Boyd, decorations; Jean Munsie, refreshments; and Winifred Marsh, special dance number.

CURRENT PLAYS

The curtain rises on our New York stages. It is the winter of 1934, and has every promise of being a good season.

Eugene O'Neill has written a play without a plot—a very popular one, *Ah! Wilderness!* All I can discover is that it is about a young man, Richard Miller, who had a drink with a lady in the back room of an ancient saloon. This Miller family is very important, and George M. Cohan helps out in one of the leading parts.

All Good Americans, by Laura and S. J. Perleman, starring Hope Williams, who plays the part of a fashion writer, living a life between Patou and the "boites," while waiting for a marriageable American to happen along. The lines are sweet and clever, having nothing to do with the situation. But, since reviews state that

there is little situation, hence no play, this is a perfectly legitimate practice. The cast is excellent.

The Dark Tower, by Woolcott and George Kaufman, is a murder play filled with Svengali and hypnotism to make the marital life of a young actress slightly perverse. Again we read that *Mistress Woolcott* and Kaufman know how to write better plays.

The Double Door, by Elizabeth M. Fadden, presents a Victorian melodrama with a bride, a family vault and pearls, and no literary value. Mary Morris is one of the best characterizations of the season.

The Green Bay Tree, by Moraine Shairp, is, according to New York fine acting and, to London, daring. A Mr. Dulcimer, who rather hates women and thinks they clutter up the world, has an adopted son who falls in love with a lady dog-doctor. They call it drama!

Mary of Scotland, by Maxwell Anderson, presents Helen Hayes, Philip Merivale and Helen Menken. This is the masterpiece of them all—with only a few dull spots, a very few. The author has achieved the distinction of having the best since Dryden, in the use of the English language as a means of transmitting live drama from one side of the footlights to the other. Helen Hayes portrays a Mary who might have queened it all over Scotland. Even minor parts are played by actors who have long had their names in lights. This is the play most talked about, and certainly one with an unusually distinguished cast.

Her Master's Voice, by Clare Kummer, starring Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews, will provide an unimportant evening, but certainly an enjoyable one. *Men In White*, by Sidney S. Kingsley, with Alexander Kirkland, Luther Adler, Margaret Barker, and J. Edward Bromberg is the dramatizing of a hospital. *Peace on Earth, Sailor Beware!* *She Loves Me Not*. *Ten Minute Alibi*. *The Pursuit of Happiness*. *Three and One*. *Tobacco Road*, and *The School for Husbands* are the others.

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, January 27, 1934

Number 15

JACKSON AND HENKEL GIVE JOINT RECITAL

One of the most interesting musical programs of the year was the joint recital given Monday, January 22, in the school auditorium, during the regular chapel hour, by Frances Jackson, harpist, and F. Arthur Henkel, organist.

Both musicians have made successful teachers at Ward-Belmont. Miss Jackson was a certificate pupil here, after she took private lessons in Vienna, completing her course. Mr. Henkel is a graduate of the Metropolitan College of Music and has been pianist in many churches since that time.

It was quite an unusual program that these two particular instruments could be blended together in such a masterful presentation of the compositions.

Contabile Sonata Pathétique Beethoven
Communion in G Baliste
Pargo—New World Symphony Dvorak
Morceau—L'Arlesienne Suite Bizet

YESPERS SPEAKER TELLS OF WESLEY HOUSE

Mrs. Smith was the Yespers' speaker on Sunday evening, January 21. She spoke on the work done at the Wesley House here in Nashville. At the beginning of her talk she introduced six little girls whom the Wesley House have in their kindergarten. The children sang a few songs and showed the girls a game which they play in their everyday work. Then Mrs. Smith explained the activities of the Wesley House to the girls.

"It is one of the three Methodist settlements in Nashville," she told her audience. "It is not an orphanage, but a place where underprivileged children may get the advantages not offered them in their own homes."

Mrs. Smith said that most of the children come from American homes and in most cases the parents love their children and it is only through ignorance that they are not cared for in the right way. At Wesley House there is a Baby Clinic to which the parents may bring their child and have him examined and find out the right sort of care for him.

The children at the settlement are clean and well-dressed. In most cases their mothers make their clothes with the material given them by the Red Cross. The mothers are taught how to sew at the House.

Wesley House sponsors many clubs. There is the Mothers' Club mentioned above; then there are the Tri Reserves, and an orchestra for boys and seven-year-olds. Then on Thursday nights they have an Open House for older boys and girls where they can have dates and enjoy a pleasant evening of games and various organized amusements.

This settlement is run by four housewives and numerous volunteers. Mrs. Smith said "In a way it is depressing work, but that side of it diminishes when one is able to help those in need."

SUNDAY SCHOOL

"The Challenge of Life and How We Shall Meet It" was forcefully presented to those attending Sunday school, January 21, by Katrina Van Benschoten. Afterwards Isobel Coulter sang a beautiful prayer hymn, accompanied by Anne Shaw, pianist, and Martha Rucker, violinist.

REST BEFORE THE BATTLE

Of course, by now you are fully convinced that exams are on their way and that there is no possible way of stopping them. But, then, who wants to stop them? They're just one of those inevitable things that come along with school.

But, to get back to our original subject: We, the staff of the HYPHEN, knowing your utter dismay at the realization of the nearness of the exam season, offer to you in this issue of your paper some recreational reading. We hope you'll like it. More than that, we hope you read them.

If you see some things you particularly like, won't you let the young

authors know that you read their works and enjoyed them. You know yourself that encouragement means a great deal. Too, if you like this idea of having more literary work in the HYPHEN, let us know and we'll see if we can't do it more often. But, the very best of all would happen if some of you who write and have never had anything in the paper would send us some of your efforts by house-mail or through the contribution box.

Take some time off and read these literary efforts turned out by fellow students. It'll sort of rest you up for exams.

A final word: Good luck to you all next week!

Morrison, Patsy Schorndorfer, Martha Pyeatt, Mary Jones, and Katrina Van Benschoten.

At nine o'clock out came the penguins, one by one, to do their clever strut, after which the guests, who were seated around the deck, were served salad, coffee, beaten biscuit, and rum cake and ice cream in the shape of a ship.

Martha Pyeatt was dance chairman and was assisted by Katrina Van Benschoten, invitations and lighting; Jean Munsie, refreshments; Winifred Marsh, special, and Margaret Louise Boyd, decorations.

HYPHEN PICKS MYTH VARSITY

With the basketball season drawing to a close, many are the thoughts and guesses that have been thought and guessed as to the personnel of the first and second varsity basketball team. The HYPHEN staff—that is, those who are basketball-minded—met and voted by more or less secret ballot on their choice for varsity. We are presenting the results of that vote—nine were present—and congratulate our friends who made these wholly mythical HYPHEN Varsities.

First	Pos.	Varsity
Ann Shaw	R.F. Dorothy Funk
Gilbertine Moore	L.F. Mary Jane
Isobel Coulter	C.F. Dorothy Glander
Grace Bosserman	C.G. Nell Betty
Beverly Stone	R.G. Ruth Nehls
Catherine Brown	L.G. Victoria Keidel
		Dorothy Jones

PENSTAFF CLUB MEETS

The Penstaff Club met Friday, January 19, at four o'clock in Mrs. Saby's room. In the absence of the president, Margaret Greene, Mary Louise Bearden presided.

Plans were discussed concerning the possibility of holding a mid-year contest. The membership is now twenty-two, with a possibility of twenty-five, which can allow only three more to be taken in. A majority was not present, so it was decided to vote on the question at the next meeting, which will take place February 10.

After business was discussed, contributions by several of the members were read; themes: "My Scribble-Book," by Bonny Hager; "The Sleepy Village," by Carol Cole; "Discord and Patchwork," by Mary Louise Reinke, and "Yuletide Greetings!" by Henrietta Hickman. Poetry completed the program. "Waiting," by Martha Craig, and two short humorous poems by Henrietta Hickman.

RABBI MARK, WEDNESDAY CHAPEL SPEAKER

Rabbi Julius Mark of the Vine Street Temple spoke in chapel on Wednesday, January 24, on the subject of "Immortality on Earth."

"There is no immortality which we might enjoy on earth," said Rabbi Mark. "We are all physical and mental offsprings of those who lived before us. In the veins of us all there flows the blood of people of countless generations. We are the product of their thinking, acting, living."

"But are those without children denied immortality on earth?" questioned Rabbi Mark. "No. They can bring their personalities to bear on others. Every human being leaves some influence on society. 'The evil that men do lives after them.' God visits the iniquity of the fathers and mothers, too, to the third and fourth generation."

"But the dead live on not merely through evil; they also live on through good. And through good they live on to the thousandth generation of those who live justly. We are the inheritors of those who died. The dead live on through the influence they exert on others."

"In our social and moral life," he said, "there continue to live the great men of the ages. That is the immortality of earth. We can't all be great, or philanthropists, but we may all have the opportunity through our relations with society to immortalize ourselves."

"We live on through our children and the lives we lead in the communities in which we live," concluded Rabbi Mark. "That is the immortality we can have if we will."

SPANISH CLUB REORGANIZED

The first meeting of the newly organized Spanish Club was held before Christmas at the home of Mr. Thomas Donner, sponsor. The club members enjoyed a social evening playing Spanish bridge.

The following officers were elected at the second meeting of the club, which was held on January 20, 1934: Jeanette Knowles, president; Mary Findlater, vice-president; Mary Hobson, secretary-treasurer. At the conclusion of the evening, Spanish games were played.

The members of the club are the second- and third-year Spanish students and all first-year students whose grades average B or over. Monthly meetings will be held. The club was organized for the purpose of bringing the Spanish student together so that they could develop practical conversational Spanish.

JANUARY BIRTHDAY DINNER HELD

On Thursday evening, January 25, the birthday dinner honoring the ten girls born in January was given. It was the first of the year the table was decorated with horns of plenty filled with red and white roses and ferns. Mrs. Rose and Dr. and Mrs. Barton were host and hostesses. The following girls were present: Mary Jane Moore, Cecile Seaman, Muryle Hall, Mary Buford Hayter, Georganna Martin, Rena Berry, Ganel Stuart, Viva Lee Davis, Jane Carroll, Frances Summers, Virginia Bradshaw, Ann Shaw, Christine Jill, Sara Draper, Virginia Richey, Frankie Marbury, Martie Seaman, Marjorie Jacobson, Marjorie Wells.

SCHOOL ATTENDS ITURBI CONCERT

The Community Concert Association presented Josi Iturbi, Spanish pianist, Tuesday evening at the War Memorial.

Iturbi was born in Valencia in 1895, studying first in the conservatory there, then in Barcelona under Joaquin Malcata, last at the Paris Conservatory from where he was graduated at seventeen with first honors. In 1919 he accepted a position as head of the piano department in a conservatory in Genoa, a post once held by Liszt. He remained in Genoa for four years until his concert work allowed him no further time for teaching. Today he is the idol of every audience that has heard him.

The Spanish pianist, possessed with as much personality as virtuosity, arrived in this country for the first time in October, 1929, sailed again for Europe in January, 1930, and in a little more than three months had made his name a household word in musical America.

His "grand" interpretations and skillful technique will long be remembered by the Nashville music-lovers. His playing was of rare beauty, grace and brilliance.

Caprice, for the departure of his beloved brother J. S. Bach
Sonata, E Major, Opus 109

..... Ludwig Beethoven

Fantaisie-Improvisation Frederic Chopin

Two Mazurkas Frederic Chopin

Polonaise A-flat Frederic Chopin

Plantes, ou la Maja et le Rosignol E. Grandos

(The Maid and the Nightingale)

Jardins sous la pluie

..... Claude Debussy

(Garden of the Rain)

Paisson d'or Claude Debussy

(The Goldfish)

Feux d'Artifice Claude Debussy

(Fire Works)

2 Etudes d'execution transcendante Franz Liszt

TRI K'S GIVE NAUTICAL DANCE

The Tri K's and their guests set sail Saturday, January 20, at eight o'clock for a pleasure cruise on the good ship K K K. Gaily flags floated for the occasion from the mast which was one end of the gymnasium with the skipper's wheel. A most alluring crescent moon shone brightly in the west and stars twinkled in the heavens.

The guests were assisted over the gang-plank by two sailors and were received on deck by Jane Carroll, Miss

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BASKETBALL GAMES CONTINUED

The last of the scheduled games were played on Monday, January 22. The Tri K's were the only ones of the group to go into the semi-finals along with the X.L.'s, A.K.'s, and Angkors.

The Aristons made the Tri K's fight every minute and the outcome was in doubt until the final whistle. The Tri K's finally forged ahead and won 37-31. Pyeatt at guard played the most outstanding game of the day.

The starting line-up follows:

Tri K (37)	Pos.	Ariston (31)
Funk	R.F.	Conner
Carroll	L.F.	Chadwell
Coulter	C.F.	V. Smith
Bosserman	C.G.	Jones
Boyd	R.G.	Earls
Pyeatt	L.G.	Brugh

Referee: McKnight; Umpire: Anderson.

The F.F.'s barely nosed out the Eccoasins in one of the most exciting games of the tournament. The final score was 34-32. The Eccoasins led until the last few minutes of play. Foote for the F.F.'s and Polk for the Eccoasins were the outstanding players of the game.

Lineup:

F.F. (34)	Pos.	Ecco. (32)
Banker	R.F.	Polk
Sherman	L.F.	Clements
Sutton	C.F.	Smelser
Foote	C.G.	Billington
Horstmann	R.G.	Ford
Bogue	L.G.	Dickinson

Referee: Morrison; Umpire: McKnight.

In the last game of the day the Del Vers beat the Agors 64-7. The game was very slow and neither team showed its usual form.

Lineup:

D.V. (64)	Pos.	Agora (7)
Larimer	R.F.	Crowell
Knowles	L.F.	Keyport
Glander	C.F.	Tibbetts
Brown	C.G.	Grandstaff
Nehls	R.G.	Huey
Pace	L.G.	Kaeser

Referee: Cayce; Umpire: Caldwell.

BASKETBALL STATISTICS

Some interesting basketball statistics have been formulated by the Physical Education on the basis of the games in the three scheduled rounds of the tournament—that is up to but not including the semi-finals.

During the games a close record is kept of the work of all the forwards by recording all attempts at making baskets and free throws, and, of course, all of those made. Guards are checked on by considering the number of baskets the person they are guarding make and so on, which enables the department to reckon very closely.

The statistics to date (Wednesday morning) stand as follows, with the six forwards who made the highest percentage of goals named.

	Tries	Goals	Percentage
1. Ann Shaw	107	61	57 %
2. Dorothy Glander	63	31	49.2 %
3. Gilbertine Moore	53	24	45 %
4. Mary Jane Foote	72	30	42½ %
5. Mary Elizabeth Polk	48	20	41.4-5 %
6. Isabel Coulter	72	27	38½ %

These figures may change with the playing of the semi-finals and finals, of course, as they have changed with each successive round. At the end of the first round Isabel Coulter led; at the end of the second, Dorothy Glander was high; and at the end of the third Ann Shaw had topped them both.

The figures on the free throws tried and made are as interesting. Isabel Coulter and Gilbertine Moore tie for first place, each with four made out of nine tries. Mary Elizabeth Polk comes next with seven made out of sixteen tries.

SWIMMING MEET. SATURDAY EVENT

Today brings Ward-Belmont one of the most outstanding events of the sports season in the annual Swimming Meet. It will be held this afternoon at 2:30 and everyone is urged to meet to spur the entrants on to victory.

There are, this year, twenty-nine entrants which will make it one of the largest meets held in several years. Another interesting fact about the meet and which is bound to make it better is that those who have been out for the meet have had to keep their own check on their attendance record. That is to say the Gym office has not kept track of it and reminded them of it. The attendance was checked shortly before the meet and all but three were eligible.

Those who were eligible are: (A. K.) Nellie Clements, Charlotte Heck, Betty Heck, Virginia Winston, Mary Lalla Byrn; (Anti-Pan) Charlotte Ann Douglas, Mary Crockett Evans, Frankie Marbury; (Del Ver) Judith Berry, Mary Driscoll, Mary Ann Wirtz; (F.F.) Mary Jane Foote, Rosemary Horstmann, Eleanor Irwin, Eva Charity Ohlhaber, Caroline Sutton; (Osiron) Elizabeth Ann Rall; (Penta Tau) Roberta Munger, Mary Alice Paine, Ruth Potts, Louise Stanley; (TCC) Mary Marjorie Lincoln; (Tri K) Grace Bosserman, Arlene Hershey; Jean Munsie, Leigh Taliaferro; (X.L.) Sunny Taylor; (Ariston) Patty Chadwell.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

AFTER-DINNER DANCING?

This week when the Inquiring Reporter set out early one morning to get opinions on the latest idea, he found most of the girls quite enthusiastic. Every where she went she would demand, "What do you think of having a victrola—with a loud speaker, of course—put in the Gym so that all the girls can get together and dance until study hour every evening?" He got just a few of the replies that she received.

Sally Lou Houk, when she could be pulled away from the "Land Of The Heart's Desire" said she felt that it would be a good idea but she hoped that they would have a lot of good records.

Dorothy Funk, caught contemplating a book, said: "I think it would be a pretty good idea, but would the girls take advantage of it?"

Kathryn Mathis said: "I think that would be fine. After all no other Hall but Senior has a victrola and since the Seniors get so much enjoyment out of dancing in the Hall, the other students ought to have a place where they can enjoy themselves."

Jane Pulver was very enthusiastic about the idea. She said: "When I was going to school all of us were over to the Gym every evening. We would not have considered missing our evening dance."

"Dukie" Hill said that she really felt that it would work out very well. "We used to have a grand time dancing in Rec Hall last year and the Seniors certainly seem to have a big time in the Parlor, but it does get terribly crowded. I'm in favor of it; if we can just get the girls started coming I know they will enjoy it."

Soper said: "When I first came down here everyone went to the Gym after dinner to dance. It was lots of fun, and helped a lot in creating new friendships. I think it would be swell to start it again because it would bind the girls closer together and give them more school spirit which is what a lot of the girls seem to need."

BENNY'S OIL WELL

Benny was young, and Benny was simple. He was the type of young man who arouses the maternal instinct in a girl's breast. He had a helpless, inquiring air, pitiful to behold. He was six feet four inches of lean bony strength; and as dumb as an ox.

He would listen patiently and attentively to any amount of instructions on how, or how not to do anything, and Benny promptly forgot what he had learned. This was undoubtedly the reason that he was at work excavating the site for the new post office.

Books meant nothing in Benny's young life. Manual labor he could understand, but when confronted with a book by that pretty, little librarian, Benny invariably blushed and scrubbed one foot in the dust, and muttered something about being "busy."

As has been previously mentioned, Benny was happily engaged in doing a spot of work on the foundation for the new post office. His faithful pickaxe made biting remarks to the road. His foreman had often commented that with this instrument Benny could accomplish as much as an ordinary man with an electric drill. The swelled Benny's breast, and encouraged him to work all the harder.

Benny, strange as it may seem, was a dreamer. He loved to imagine what would happen if he were to strike a vein of gold or oil, or uncover a diamond mine. These wild imaginings had their origin in the movies. It was perfectly clear to Benny how the hero, wandering along beside a little stream could stumble, fall, and pick himself up covered with gold dust, or at another time pick up a diamond and find it instead. Why, then, so simple as A, B, C in Benny's mind. What one man could do, he, Benny Lowry, could emulate! Just how the great streak of luck was to occur never bothered him. Benny, as may easily be seen, had a singularly childlike faith.

In the meantime the work went forward rapidly, or, at least, as rapidly as such work ever does progress. It was just about time for the noon whistle, one scorching hot day, when Benny's pick struck something as hard as steel. With a jerk he wrenched it free. To his intense amazement a stream of some sticky, blackish liquid burst forth and rocketed skyward. Oil! It was oil!

"Well," Benny said calmly, laying down his pick, "I've struck oil."

It seemed quite natural to him that this should happen. His co-workers crowded around, staring in bewilderment.

Benny's mind was lost in a haze of beautiful girls, snaky automobiles brilliantly lighted night clubs, Paris, Monte Carlo, New York, London. He was rich! He would go abroad! He would be the playboy idol of the continent! He would—

"What," demanded a voice trembling with deep emotion, "do you think you're doin' bustin' my good oil line? I'll have the law on you, you!"

I draw a discreet veil over the words which followed in an effort to lessen the torrent.

Benny, thus rudely interrupted, descended abruptly from the rescue of the little librarian, caught in the toils of a gang of merciless racketeers. He saw a small, plump, purple-faced, baldheaded man regarding him with a distinctly unfriendly gaze, and pouring forth impassioned words. He finally penetrated Benny's brain that his oil well had been a hoax; that it had been caused by his pick-axe's biting into an oil line.

Around him his dreams crumbled to dust. He sighed tremendously. That night, to the surprise and delight of the little librarian, Benny Lowry took home a book.

PEGGY YOUNG, '35.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN DANCING

White body—soft and glowing
Beyond the footlights ever showing.
Music plays—you hop, and slide
Then you turn around and glide.
For the people you are dancing
Like a bird, a life entrancing.

Is there a person in the world who, at the end of a performance wouldn't like to go "Backstage"? Then here is your chance—this column is being created to be your guide, not only backstage, but into the studio itself. It is not exclusively for dancers or students of the dance, but for everyone who from time to time is part of a dance audience. Are you a good audience? I don't mean do you enjoy the performance, but do you appreciate it? You may enjoy anything that is pleasing to the eye, but to appreciate it you must know something about it.

When you see a beautiful dance do you ever think or wonder about the hours of labor that lie behind it? Lovingly, thrilling labor, it's true, but still labor—with a capital L!

Although dancing is almost unbelievably accepted as the oldest of the arts, there is less opportunity to develop an appreciation of it than almost any other art. You can read good books, and learn to enjoy the best in literature—study reproductions of famous paintings, and beautiful sculpture, and converse intelligently about them without travelling long distances to visit art galleries and museums—tune in on the radio and hear symphony orchestras, and not only hear the best in music, but become familiar with the names of the greatest composers—but where, outside of the larger cities, can you see the best in dancing?

It's true, through the medium of the movies a greater interest is being aroused in dancing, and that is splendid, but through them, the dancing is necessarily limited to the musical comedy field; it is not enough. There is something more thrilling than the beauty and perfection of a ballet where beings (one can scarcely call them humans) with glowing bodies under perfect control, use them to express whatever they wish as skillfully as a violinist uses his violin.

And so, since we are denied the privilege except upon rare occasions of seeing the wonders of the dance, would we hope through this column to give you all insight into the lives of some of the greatest dancers of yesterday and today, and tell you what is going on in the dance world.

Let's look "behind the scenes," and become "dance conscious."

Do you know that choreography means dance writing?

CLUB CHATTER

Miss Major, sponsor of the Aristons and Miss Casabier, of the Agoras, had tea together Wednesday, even though their two club teams fought against each other.

Christine Jill served refreshments on Wednesday, in honor of her birthday. Each girl made one wish for the club before blowing out the candles. Miss Major came just in time to help entertain.

Kitty and Clara took a crowd down to the A. K. House Sunday, and from

all reports, they had a pretty good time.

And if Mary Lalla didn't request "Black Moon" at the dance Saturday night only to discover much to her embarrassment that it was the number being played!

How does Romke rate all the "specials"? It must be a gift, or maybe it is just that "love" gag again.

Green pants seemed to be the cause of a mix-up just before the game the other day. Incidentally just after the Eccowasin game some one rushed up to some A. K.'s and told them what a nice game they had played.

Gilbertine, why were you, Dukie, and Keidel so amused in the library the other night?

Do you remember the stars on the ceiling at the Tri K dance? Wednesday evening at club involved much pinning and draping to achieve the desired effect. Mary (Peanut) Jones declares that the Tri K's walked in the clouds that night.

The Tri K Club wants to thank Miss Jeter for the Penguin Strut. That might start a fad, who knows? Mae West put hers across.

Did anyone notice the hard-tack biscuits and rum on the dance menu? The club members wanted to have the old rum fish salad just to carry out the seaman's ideals, but Miss Morrison put her foot down.

And then the favorite, "Judge" Eperson, came in for the dance. The entire club sincerely hopes that she may be back for Homecoming.

The game against the Aristons was a fight! The Tri K's are proud of their Izzy-Buzzy team. And did you see Funkie shoot a basket from the middle of the gym?

The French Club met at the Tri K House last Thursday for a bridge party. They really played "in French," too.

Isobel Coulter and Ruth Robinson entertained the T. C. Club at the regular meeting Wednesday evening. Judging from the way the T. C.'s rushed to sign on the dotted line last Wednesday night, they must have favored the idea of the outdoor club? Didn't they, Dukie?

X. L. Club members are getting ancient! Ann Shaw and Rena Berry had a birthday last week. They won't tell anyone how old they are, but the club decided that they would never see thirty again.

Did you notice the number of girls going to club to study Sunday night? Such industry should be rewarded. Here is hoping they refrain from writing Eddie Cantor's latest jokes in chemistry exam.

The members of the X. L. Club are proud of their basketball team and are behind those girls, whether they win or lose. We wonder why Helen Downing has hysterics?

And Marion Lowe, Billy Warnock, Carol Goodenough, and Martha Rucker have been exhibiting their skill as cooks at the Osirin house. Well, girls, here's to you. The kitchen will be sympathetic with your failures. It ought to at any rate, for it's had enough opportunity recently to practice in.

The knitting craze still persists, as any Osirin member will heartily agree. Each club meeting at the Osirin house witnesses a number of fair maidens industriously adding inches to scarves, afghans, or suits, as the case may be. Some of the more nervous members declare that they're being driven into a frenzy, but we hope they'll live and endure for the sakes of their working sisters.

Then Elizabeth Ann Rall turns up plus about three dozen American Beauties! Imagine, and then she had the audacity to inform an interested group composed of persons who haven't received flowers this year, that nothing romantic ever happened to her! It seems that the so-called "purity tests" figured in the conversation at the Osirin house on that particular evening. Now we ask you,

is that proper after club talk? These inquisitive people!

P-S-S-T-I

Our editor, Miss Gozzen Getsem, asked us to refrain from being too personal. Because of our utmost respect for Miss Getsem we can't tell you all we'd like about Ruth Barnes. Ask Ruth, or Elizabeth Crane, what it is we want to disclose and can't tell publicly.

Miss Finesum Ante, one of the day-student editors, wants to know what they mean calling the Ariston-Eccowasin game "listless"? If they didn't like that game, here's one to thrill 'em—

"News has just come to us of the brilliant throwing of sixty baskets in the fourth inning of the tenth annual track meet between the Angkor tennis team and the Triad swimming squad. The first bull's eye was made by the Eccowasin volley ball team in the foremost bout of the bowling season. The Aristons led the referee section."

Mary Brugh and Katherine Kennedy just love the library! They also add a spirit of gaiety to Misses Church and Hume's lives. We hope the "gaeties" of the library don't turn into the "follies of Brugh and Kennedy."

Jane Wallace says it's terrible to get married right before exams! We think she's referring to a friend's wedding whose parties she has to attend. We hope that that's what she means.

We hear that Lib Glasgow has been taking the advice of one Beverly Stone as to how to catch a man. When's your next date, Lib?

We want to inform all interested, that we are not members of the Associated Press. All our valuable information of the events of the week come from Bokum, Hukum News Service. (Ah-ha! That's what we call you campus gossips.)

The editors for this week, we might add in passing, are on board the S. S. Getaway bound for Senegal, New South Wales. You needn't try to catch up with any of the originators of this foolishness. Anyway, there's a law against murder in this state.

THE COLLEGE SHOPPER

Just a word about spring! This delightful weather somehow fills us with thoughts of straw hats and white shoes and lighter clothes. So I should like to prophesy.

Paris in January of every year is a hotbed of gossip and rumor regarding the spring collections to be shown early in February. The press, being privileged, has already been shown new fabric collections and are telling the rest of us. Woolens, in general, prove to be loosely woven, with big checks in two colors and reversible patterns. Fancy jerseys are lacelike in weave, very sheer and soft. Linsens come in indefinite plaid designs in two or more colors, and will be used for blouses as well as sport dresses. Pale pink will be very popular, followed by soft blues, greens and yellows. White no longer is fashionable. It will be replaced, in all probability, by pale grays, soft beige and other very pale tones, used in conjunction with dark blue, brown or black for trimmings and accessories.

Evening fabrics stress soft silk organdies with wide bands of color or huge plaids in green, pink or yellow. Chiffon, taffetas, satins, organdies with various shades of Indian saris and fascinating silver designs, lace printed crepe and pique. Field flowers for design have been abandoned in favor of English garden flowers and are lovely. Stripes will be good and ribbed materials are still to the front. For sports we shall see lots of blue in various shades, deep dark rich browns, combined with shades of lighter colors. Turquoise and gray will be combined with dark blue.

Greta Garbo is so lovely as Queen

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Christina that her clothes, of course, come in for a good deal of comment. The ruched collars of embroidered white mousseline have been copied, and are now featured to flatter us all.

Chamois, soft and washable, in its natural color, will also be used for sports, as jackets, waistcoats and trimming on sport jackets and frocks. And, still another secret! Fans will be used, made of feathers and flowers; and muffs are far better than bags and purses for evening. Huge hats of chiffon and organdie are going places with your summer formals, too!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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EDITORIAL

LET'S BE CALM!

Exams are coming! We beg of you do not repeat this by now altogether familiar phrase, with the air of a martyr being led to the stake. There are going to be examinations, and you will have to indulge in them, just as you would should you be present at any other school.

There will be those of you who will feel it a necessity to "cram" for examinations. You've heard many students tell of their experiences before exams and the vast amount of material they have "crammed." Did you ever stop to realize that a great deal of their boasting is merely boasting? People have the peculiar desire to make it appear that they have succeeded in getting away with as much as possible.

Certainly, you have never heard the good student speak of vast "cramming." This may be accounted for, not by the fact that students really interested in their work just do not do such a thing, but because they realize that the instructor is not going to ask anything that has been omitted from her class discussions. If they have learned nothing up to the week before exams, it is rather a hopeless future to consider learning a half a year's work then.

The average student, and that is what the majority of us are, should be able to pass the examinations, having reviewed the work that has been covered, by writing with and thinking a clear mind.

H. L. '34.

WORDSMITHS

"Time slips by on little cat feet." At least someone has said that it does. For the last four months or so it has been slipping by and now it is almost time for the beginning of a new term. With a new term comes the same flurry of new resolutions, and decisions as at the beginning of a new year. Then things gradually quiet down and slip back into the old routine.

One of the things which is going to happen at the first of the new term is the Wordsmiths' contest. By this time most of you know what Wordsmiths is and what its purpose is. We want all of you who like to write to try out this time. It doesn't matter if you can't write lovely poetry, maybe you write good short stories, or essays, or editorials. Nearly everyone has some special field in which he excels. The Wordsmiths aren't the group that some of you seem to think that they are. They have lots of fun writing their things and criticizing them. Of course, they make lots of mistakes. If they didn't there wouldn't be any use in having the club.

So, those of you who like to write and who do write be sure to try out this time. Don't forget to hand in several contributions because it is hard to judge on just one thing.

G. L. '35.

CAMPUS COLUMN

I feel very much like the little fellow who didn't want to go to school because he didn't "know nothing!" That's the way with this column. There's either nothing happening or I'm too blind to see anything that does happen. It's plenty hard trying to write an interesting column when you have to stay in the realm of the clean and gentle and can't put in the spicy little remarks or happenings that make up for the silly things in campus life!

Interesting, that letter last week to the HYPHEN editor! Would be nice to write columns and columns about the eventful dance, but you must remember that there are other names that must be mentioned, and then, too, hadn't you rather remember to yourself some few little somethings about the marvelous time than to read it smeared all over the newspaper? You have my permission to send in any and all contributions that you have the urge to send. Any person you'd like in the column—send them in!

This sleep "sitchiashun" (thanks to Miss Pulver) is getting the best of me. How does it affect you, and is it griping—just before exams! It wouldn't surprise me if some of us didn't drop off to sleep in the midst of class and get left. Mary Findlater sits in front of me in lecture class, and when we look at those slides in Biology, I expect any minute to have to pick the kid up—she looks entirely too sleepy—going to get some thumb-tacks!

Heard Smith spent last Sunday with a certain day student who lives in the country, and while there the young visitor milked the cows! Imagine delicate Smitty doing all that!

The other members of the staff are having as much trouble trying to figure out a HYPHEN basketball varsity as I am trying to write the column. Wait until you see the results of the noble efforts of the entire staff—they'll be presented to the public this week.

Allow me to congratulate the following girls: Jeanette Knowles was elected president of the Spanish club last Friday night at a meeting in the X.L. clubhouse. Mary Findlater was elected vice-president and Mary Hobson as secretary of the club.

If you notice the worthy editor fairly hobbling around—it's nothing serious—just gym, but she says nothing can induce her to go ever again!

Just heard: Like to make a crack about it, but guess I hadn't better. What was all the excitement caused by a simple (?) little remark made by Margaret Altfelt at the Senior-Mid dance? Was her face red? And is she being razed—not only by the girls who've heard, but by the Administration, who've also heard!

Now I've got to run! Forgive me for taking so long to get to the end of the column. See you in two weeks—Thank goodness, you say?—the paper doesn't come out next week. Goodbye!

P. S. At this point sleep overtook the honorable columnist. Sssh! Whisper! Who dares?

Ed.

EAGLE FEATHER

MY THOUGHTS

Oh, to be alone for awhile
With just my thoughts and my soul;
To know what I really am like inside,
My sorrows, my joys, my goal.

Today in this whirling and fast moving world
Where everyone follows the rest,
I try and endeavor to do what I know
Is right, and is just, and is best.

N. SCHMID, '35.

FINALE

All our trials at last are settled
And our troubles now are o'er;
We have all been beered and skittled—
Who, we ask, could want for more?

Life is just a mere elastic;
Stretch it gently as you go,
And we'll trip the light fantastic
On our educated toe.

M. Y. '35.

MEN FEAR TO STOP

Men fear to stop and question life.

They have no breath
For query of why and what
Such existence is, that is theirs.
They question but the hour of day,
Or diet, or appointment.

Time is a mint;
Each bit the semblance of a coin.

If lost, there's loss
A little world. Men gauge the deficit,
And total. Lost: security.

Give pity to the child; he does not know
The death he cultivates by years.
Had God intended so,—thought thus:
Creation shall be a graven effigy.
Would not he have withheld perception,
And commanded the elements to monotony?

The senses are the blossoms of the soul.
Lift them up, that they may be rinsed
By sunlight and cleansed by drenching rain.

Life is the smell of earth:
Clean, brown, and warm,—
Moist with the scent of clouds and dandelions.
Life is the sight of sunlight
Spun in cobwebs on the window-sill;
The sound of a baby's laughter
And the touch of tiny searching hands
On a mother's breast.
It is the tang of chilled wine-sap
By the firelight in a shadowy room;
The ecstasy of cold creek-water
Across one's feet on a summer day!

Poor are the men who are rich
In coin, but have no time
To live.

MARTHA CRAIG,
Senior, Fenest

HIDDEN BEAUTY

I watched her for an hour.
Standing, sitting, kneeling
There in church.
Through all the prayers
And songs of praise
Her lips were closed.
Cynical lines played
Round her soft mouth.
Chin and shoulders
Flung in an attitude
Of defiance and nonchalance.
She stood there,
A stranger to the others,
With their vociferous worship.

For what seemed an age
My eyes rested upon
Her frozen lips.
When suddenly my gaze shifted
To her eyes.
Once settled there
I could not pull apart from their
Magnetism.
They were glazed—
With unshed tears.
Bottomless, unfathomable eyes!
Appealing from the depth
Of soul—for Mercy.
In that momentary glimpse,
I found a worship, an understanding
That was absent—
In the others.
In that seemingly forbidden silence
(Continued on page 5)

HIDDEN BEAUTY

(Continued from page 4)

The reason for which even I,
Could not penetrate,
She seemed to me—a woman.
A woman, of courage—
Alone and unafraid.
My mind soon wavered
And again about me
Were people bowed.
I could not help but steal
One last glance—at the Woman
Apart.
This time I saw no eyes—
For she was peering into a vanity case
With perhaps—Mockery on her lips—
But I know that I had seen
Love—unbounded in her eyes.

M. C. '35.

BUNCHES OF GRAPES

Bunches of grapes
Hang festooned among green branches.

Bundles of letters
Lie forgotten, half-buried in the mud.

Grapes, letters,
And love, dying by a dried-up pool.

M. Y. '35.

FOREVER THINE

But once more the curtain's falling
On the well-known play.
Once more the climax's finished
And the lover rides away.

While she sits on a lofty crag
Watching her unit's loss;
The sea rolls on undaunted
And gay waves lightly toss.

Thus they surge forever.
Well they know the tale by now
Of a pretty maid and her lover
And the forgotten vow.

LYNN.

I walk
Down the winding road,
And see the footprints
Of those who have

THINGS I NEVER KNEW

Be thankful that it's only exams
We have to go through! News comes
from Venice that a daring motor-
cyclist earns his living by sending his
machine through the window of plate
glass. How's that for a life?

Cuba last week added two more
presidents to its string and hopes the
latest one will stick for a while.
President Ramon Brau San Mart'n
resigned Monday and Carlos Hevia,
22, an Annapolis graduate, succeeded
him for a few hours. Carlos Men-
dieta, 60-year-old veteran of Cuba's
political storms, then became pres-
ident, and the signs seem to indicate
that his administration, if it makes
any headway at all against the ter-
rific problems that confront it, will
receive recognition by the United
States. Menietta appears to have
the support of three powerful fac-
tions, the army, the navy, and the
ABC society. We wish Cuba good
luck ahead!

Earthquakes Monday played havoc
with India and from 3,000 to 20,000
persons were reported killed and other
thousands injured.

Old Man Antarctic made it tough
for two expeditions last week. The
damage to the plane of the Lincoln
Ellsworth expedition, caused when the
ice barrier at the edge of the Bay of
Wales collapsed, was so serious that
the expedition sailed back to New
Zealand. Then the Byrd party ar-
rived to find that five miles of ice
barrier had fallen into the bay. Lit-
tle America now is only two miles
from the bay instead of six miles, as
it was when Byrd left it, and lying
deeper in snow than ever.

Monday, President Roosevelt sent
to Congress a special message of his-
toric importance, asking for legisla-
tion making 60 cents the upper limit
of the revalued dollar, for the right
to take all gold out of the Federal
Reserve Banks and place it in the
Treasury, and for the right to set up
out of the profit from the dollar de-

Gone before.

The dusty weeds
Along the roadside grow.
The low ditch
With stagnant water is filled.

I rest myself
Upon the banks
Where famous folk
Have laid their treasure.
Violets grow beside the road
The lean brown grass
Is high above my head.
The reeds are deep
And heavy crusted.
A sparrow wallows in the dust.

M. JONES, '34.

CRUELTY

The lake crept up to lure away
The little boy whose happy hours
Along the shore were like a song
Chanted gaily in the sunshine.
From out her cruel depths, she stretched
Enticing arms that closed him round.
All night she rocked him thus;
Then, when morning came,
Tiring of her new toy,
She flung him back,
White and still upon the shore—
Flotsam for other arms to clasp
In the harsh, gray dawn.

—BONNIE HAGER,
Senior, Penstaf.

REVOLT IN A FATALISTIC TIME

Did God thrust me forth into His timeless world,
A mere equation—solved and tabulated
A jest for Him who plays with minds and souls
Does all that really matters, loves, strivings, faiths
Sink to nothingness even now predestined
Penned long ago by hardened hands of the Parcee?
Or did God send me forth to live as a lone and wondrous
being
Endowed with selfness—life all my own
Bound only by the eternal arc of the starry heavens
To be solved not by you, nor fate nor time
But by me?

JUDY ACHESON, '35.

enormous gym bloomers! Is that
Cayce's whistle? Yes, it is! Where
is the button on these darn pants? I
can hear them lining up in the gym!
Oh, well, I guess I can borrow a pin
from somebody after I give my con-
fession. "592!"

I stumble madly up the stairs and
just as I am about to burst into the
gym, a sickening realization creeps
into my brain! This isn't my day—
I've changed my schedule!

V. CARSON.
High School '34.LITERARY
LORGNETTES

Again Pearl S. Buck portrays mas-
terfully the primitive heart and soul
of Chinese peasantry. *The Mother*
gives another homely, minute, and
sometimes morbid scene of a mother
struggling, alone and against great
odds, to rear her children. She lives

only for her children and accepts her
tragedies in dumb recognition. In
contrast there is her pleasure-loving
husband who finally runs away from
her because he can't stand having all
her love and devotion merely for their
children. Here is an uncompromising
book of realism.

Perhaps it is unkind and a bit ex-
aggerated to say that Dorothy Parker
is superior to Ernest Hemingway.
Both have turned out a fine book of
short stories. There is no doubt that
Winner Take Nothing is written in a
much simpler style with much left to
the imagination, while *After Such
Pleasures*, also simply written, gives
a complete insight into the character
portrayed. Hemingway delights in
these "staccato, coarse, and brutally
frank" stories and "ever and again
into a tale that is violent almost to
the point of nausea. There breaks a
gleam of that tenderness and sym-
ment which made *Farwell to Arms*
so moving." Parker seems to portray
realism in a gentler and more robust
manner and as Dr. Henry Seidel
Canby says "It comes out clear, and
with the authentic sparkle of great
vintage."

Again we delve deeply into an un-
derstanding of modern China.
Florence Ayscoughs, author of *Fire-
cracker Land*, put into this tale not
only the peasantry of that age-old
country, but also descriptions of more
cultured customs and manners, re-
ligious teaching, and religious cults.
Here is a glimpse of the hidden forces
which are shaping modern China.
Present-day China can only be mea-
sured in terms of its past centuries of
culture, for China has always looked
back for her inspiration, even though
her steps are forward. Her future
is definitely bound up with Asia and
the peace of the world. *Firecracker
Land* is a definite link for those in-
terested in Oriental civilization.

One of Russia's greatest writers,
Gorki, in contrast to Tolstoy, was
an aristocrat playing at being a peasant,
and was of the peasantry and never
tried to be anything else. Perhaps it
is his utter homeliness that attracts
us, or perhaps it's his fascinating
nom d'plume. Maxim Gorki is trans-
lated as "great bitterness." His
friends (and he had many) believed
his difficult struggle for existence
caused him to select such a pen name.
Here's another idea—his real name is
Alexie Maximovitch Peshkov.

SENIOR-MID CLASS MEETS

The Senior-Middle class held a
meeting Thursday, January 18. The
secretary read the minutes of the
previous meeting, and the treasurer
gave a report. Songs were practiced
by the whole class. Mary Eleanor
Clay and Elizabeth Rall played the
accompaniment. After the business
meeting a short program was given,
with Eleanor Reed in charge. Kath-
erine Hawley played a piano solo.

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Wednesday—

Cold, and nasty again. I do hate waking up in a haze. Everything today has been exceedingly uneventful. Chapel was unexciting except for a gentleman who persisted that he would not make any remarks about roses and thorns, and then proceeded to make them. We had cinnamon rolls for lunch, alas! And I fear that I ate not wisely but too well. Why is it that we always have cinnamon rolls when I am firmly resolved to diet. Oh, well, never say diet, say when do we eat!

Buzzed down to club where we enjoyed a spirited evening of knitting. My, my, the needles do clack! Every-one was just full of ambition; so we sat around and tried to think of things we wouldn't like to do.

I thought there was no use in my going to the library, and accordingly I came back and started a black head hunt. Tuck and I are real little old head hunters. My face smarted so now, though, that I have decided to give it a bath in alcohol, and call it a day.

Thursday—

Bulked out of bed at the early hour of five minutes till breakfast bell, and dressed in such a rush that I got my shirt on wrong side out, and started to put on different shoes. Tuck rescued me, however, and we just slid inside the door before Grace.

Of course it doesn't matter to me that everything I want to save, the maid wants to throw away. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, sacred to that woman! Tuck and I have taken to hiding our pet boxes, papers, and other odds and ends, but every now and then, something slips up. I have seen Tuck rage out of the room and fairly burn up the hall chasing her, and catch her just in time to save her most favorite treasure. Tuck gets odd fondnesses for boxes, and if anyone so much as looks at her current love she gets green about the gills, and starts to mutter under her breath.

Friday—

Oh, dear, such a day! Dr. Barton performed a musical program in chapel for us, in lieu of the scheduled program. Having quickly finished that he talked on Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, and Lee.

The basketball season is coming along splendidly. The X.L. and Tri K's just sweep all the opposition from their paths and breeze merrily onward. Our team is scrapping mightily for last place, but just wait till Water Polo opens. I guess we'll show them all a ducking or two, because of course I'm going to play Water Polo. I hope I get a chance to drown Tuck.

We were watching the Swimming Meeter's splashing coyly about this afternoon. I should like to spend all day looking at Jay Foote's crawl. Ginny Winston does seem to get a big kick out of swimming. Another thing about today. I admire particularly is her racing dive, or what it's called. Dear me, when I think of my feeble efforts along the swimming line, I blush for shame.

Tuck and I again started to study, and again we got way-laid. This time it was by *Edna Farnsworth*. I wonder if West Point has *Vogue* on its magazine rack, if it has one. I retired to my downy a bit skeptical.

Saturday—

Goody, goody, gum drop! Saturday again. I do love Saturdays. I tried to make things very much perfect, the library was open. Great day! Tuck again went to town, but I knew that someone ought to give the library a break; so I went casually over and looked in on it once or twice, but Coulter's dear little bore was busy, and I might just as well have gone with Tuck.

We didn't get invited to the Tri K dance so we went over to look on

from the balcony. It was clever as clever.

The penguins were the final touch—my heart went out to the end one that went the wrong way. And such food! And such a good time—a fast dance with everyone enjoying themselves!

Sunday—

It rained sheets and pillowcases this morning, and every one was hopeful that we might not go to church, but by the time the ten-thirty bell tolled, it had stopped raining; so Tuck and I decided to go after all. Practically the entire student body elected to go to Christ Church, and accordingly they all sat on one side in a body, and might just as well have been roped off.

And were the street cars loaded! Jammed to the guards, and still trying to squeeze people in. They must believe in the old saying, "The more the merrier."

Tuck and I tried, and succeeded in getting some studying done, for a wonder. We wished mightily that the book room would be open on Sundays. That's the only time I get to do any reading. I'm so far behind the times it's pathetic.

We had a very entertaining Vespers. Little children what danced and sang for us! I allowed my thoughts to roam fondly back to the time when I used to cavort about in pageants and what not. Them were the good old days, pals!

Monday—

The usual grim fog pervaded the atmosphere, but I'm getting so used to it now that I just raise one eyebrow and remark casually, "Oh, is it fogging again?"

A perfectly perfect chapel program! Miss Jackson played all my very favorite selections. And, oh, how they played them! I never knew a harp and an organ could possibly sound so heavenly.

To make things much better, we had weenies and sauer kraut for lunch. Um yummy! How fond I am of them! I stuffed until I thought I should turn to weenies, and then decided to call it a day.

To monitor's meeting, after spending a futile two hours in the library trying to get Library Methods! After the cases of forgetting to sign in from church had been disposed of—and I wish to goodness people would be more careful or we'll lose all our hard-won privileges—we sat and discussed nominees for hall proctorship. I nominated Tuck, and then decided that it would be too much of a good thing to have both a proctor and a monitor in one room. Goodness! We never would get to do anything. So I withdrew my nomination, and anyway, everyone else agreed that probably Tuck would not be a good thing. I think that's being a little harsh on the dear girl, but then—it all comes out in the wash (adv't.).

Tuesday—

Arose with the feeling that something unusual was going to happen today. Which it did. I am of them! To chapel where Miss Sisson announced that we were going to hear Iturbi down town. I was thrilled silly, because if there's one thing I like more than another, it's a good pianist.

So I dithered over to the Library, and absolutely wasted one perfectly good afternoon in deep and soul-satisfying conversation with a "frond." Awoke at four o'clock to the frenzied realization that there would be no time to study in the evening, and went back to the room to hold my hand in my hands and to find out a way of getting everything done.

Anyway, we all met in chapel and everybody bunched up with her friends, all making a hideous noise, and we mounted our busses and bustled down town—all eight busses of us. After a great deal of try to find and filling, we finally arrived and settled down in our seats, where several tired college girls proceeded to take a well-earned nap. As for me, I was in a

place where I could see his, Iturbi's, hands fly up and down the keyboard, and after the inevitable Bach, I really enjoyed the performance which I thought so well worth all the trouble of getting there, and missing study hour and all, that I didn't even mind not getting my biology.

After a perfectly scrumptious evening, we all got in busses and came back again, singing mightily. Tuck's parting words to me are, "Gee, I'd like to have heard that guy play Jazz." Poor Tuck! Her aesthetic soul is lacking, I fear.

COWAN

Cowan has only one paved road. This is the highway, and on either side of its strange urban sheen are the homes of the social element of the town. It is a "city" divided against itself. The divisor is the single-track railroad. On one side is the postoffice, school, general store, bank, drug store, jail, "hotel" and the "residential district"—on the other side are the negro cabins, the homes of the mill hands and the sweet potato store.

Over these steel rails come two trains daily. One is the Dixie Flyer, which suddenly thrusts its haughty, bristling self upon the little town and, with a deafening roar that shakes the tiny shingled station on its foundations, sweeps itself past Cowan and hurls itself at the mountain whose age-old impenetrability is conquered by the strength of steel and steam. The other train is the local from Nashville that limps into the station every evening at five. The gravelly square becomes at this time a mecca for every true Cowanie. Cooks leave their dinners burning on the stove; children leave their lessons; men close their shops to meet the travelers of the community—if there are no travelers, to welcome the mail; if no mail, to just "meet Number Five."

Aside from these two daily interruptions Cowan sleeps on, protected on one side by the great mountains, on the other by the rocky, red-clay slopes of southeast Tennessee. It is awakened from its lethargy only by the church bells on Sunday when it arises and goes sleepily to church to place a quarter in the tasseled, velvet and swinging collection plate, to sing the first and third verses of numerous hymns, and every other Sunday to ponder sleepily over a sermon.

There are no political disturbances in Cowan. One man holds the one office of mayor, sheriff and justice of the peace for a lifetime. The one criminal is a harmless half-wit who "boards" at the jail during the winter months.

In the summer Cowan snoozes warmly to the tune of Mr. Womack's sawmill. Dog-fennel grows in the schoolyard. Children play at night beneath the few street lamps, veiled by fluttering candleflies.

Winter stirs the educational element to life. The "goose-wagon," with its genial driver, billowing canvas sides, red-checked floor, and four stinging wheels, lurches in the frosts and mornings over the red frozen ruts. Young legs are again encased in white-ribbed stockings, which bulge at the ankles over bulky underwear. Chapped-faced cherubs spell the name of Christmas with crooked gilded letters at the annual Sunday school play. The same cherubs are later frightened to tears by the strange bewhiskered Santa Claus.

February brings its hint of spring, its sniffling, steamy colds and its early gardeners. May sees the return of the barefoot era and the close of school, while Cowan settles back, exhausted by the activity of the winter months.

"Beyond the mountain lies" the gray smoke of Chattanooga's bustle, but nestled in a giant's cup Cowan ushers in her children and buries her dead with the same solemn, sleepy, "wise-ignorant" air—and life creeps on.

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This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!"

—Emily Dickinson.

When once a friend of mine asked me to write some thought in a volume of poetry I had just given her, I could think of nothing more expressive of the volume of literature than the verse I have quoted. It seems to me in those brief eight lines the great importance that a book may have in one's life is successfully combined with a realization of the wonderful spirit in which good literature may capture the reader.

The gift of a book to that girl made me think of experiences about books I have had with various acquaintances of mine. There flashed through my mind the different opinions of books I had met. To some books were only to be tolerated, to others mere covers. Some thought of them as a fine means of passing useless time, while others entirely omitted them for their category of "things." To only a few were books frigates in which the soul might be transported. So seldom did I recall agreement with Bacon that "reading maketh a full man."

It has been said that the present-day college student has little or no regard for literature. They are accused of allowing themselves to come in contact with good books only in the lecture room. Outside of this required connection, only such books as the romantic and rather cheap ordinary novel is met by the majority of our young people, we are told. Every time I hear this statement I feel it is a most unfair accusation. For myself am a college student. As the owner of a small collection of books—a collection of which I someday expect great things—I am naturally indignant at the so-called crime for which we are nearly convicted already.

However, I must confess that the more I consider the accusation, the more convinced I am that it is very possibly true. I have had many surprises since I came to college, from hearing opinions of classmates. My conviction that nothing so morbid as Hardy, and certainly nothing so confused as Dickens could be of any possible interest, has led me to wonder if they have ever given such literature a chance to prove interesting.

I dare say this belief of the student's entire disregard for literature comes partly as a result of spoken opinions of the college students themselves. There are those who feel the young person who is interested in books and good reading is only a reading. Many college girls who really like to read are looked upon by some of their fellow students as mere studious fogies, and young men interested in fine literature are often called, in by no means flattering terms, "sissies."

A boy once said to me about a certain mutual friend of ours: "What a fellow! He actually enjoys reading Shakespeare! And he's starting a collection of poetry now." I must confess his rather disgusted tone almost dampened my defense of the literature-minded friend. And yet, another friend told me of the same fellow: "I'll always be grateful to him. Why, when we were in boarding school together, he taught me how really fine books could be. He taught me one of the greatest things in my life when he taught me really to appreciate great books."

Several of my friends—all college students—have fine collections of books and an interest in literature that I believe would equal most and surpass that of many adults.

One of the particular friends of mine, the erstwhile poet—I must not promise one, by the way,—has

found much of her inspiration in her reading of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, and the Brownings. Contrary to what some of you might be thinking, she is not an unusual, but rather ordinary, girl. To be sure, her intellect is above that of the average of her age. But she can successfully mix business with pleasure, for she has a vast amount of good common sense and understanding, and can, when occasion demands, be good company and most entertaining. So I beg of you, think not of her as the exception. She is merely a girl who has made her personal life richer by her contact with literature.

Another friend of mine is particularly interested in the drama and stage production. In fact, he is studying such work now. But do not think he is peculiar. He is not a "sissy" because he finds as much pleasure in reading poetry as he does in swimming, because he is just as pleased to discuss O'Neill, and what he calls his mixture of pleasantries and atrocities, as he is to dance. He can with equal grace carry on an intelligent conversation or be the life of the party. He has found real friends in his books and speaks of his library with justifiable pride.

It always rather amuses me, and amazes me at the same time, to hear some students speak of book reports that have been assigned them for various classes. Perhaps I should not condemn them for their utter displeasure at the task of reading that lies ahead of them. No doubt they have never been told that an adventure has been opened to them; that they have been given unknown waters into which they may sail. It is their job to bring back a map of the richness they have found and of the common, exciting discoveries they have made.

Even for pleasure many students could not possibly think of reading a good book. To take a Poe short story would be inexcusable when a "Movie Romance" is near at hand.

I am certain by now you are firmly convinced that I am forever lost to the causes of pleasure and fun. No doubt you imagine me as a horn-rimmed-spectacled soul who is always deep in a book and looks up only to say or write such ideas as you are reading here. Please do not misunderstand me, for I like a good time away from all books just as do the rest of you. I am merely bewailing here what I feel is a sad lack on the part of many (I do not by any means import all) college students who are giving no time to the pleasure that may be found in good books.

H. L., '34.

"Y" NEWS

FLORENCE CRITTENDON HOME

Matilda Daugherty and her committee sponsored a very successful party for the girls at the Florence Crittendon Home, Thursday night, January 18. Elizabeth Smith, Arlyne Milligan, Roselle Lee Lewis, Jean Weis, Stanley E. Clay, Mary E. Clay, Helen Downing, Lois Welsh, Sara Draffen, Rose Cyrene Paulus, Katherine Hawley, and Jane Haffenberg gave a most entertaining program. It consisted of songs, readings, and musical selections. Just before they left all the girls gathered around the piano and sang favorite popular songs.

OLD LADIES' HOME

Judith Berry, the new chairman of the Old Ladies' Home Committee, has begun her work with enthusiasm. Last Friday night, January 19, Christine Jill, Elizabeth Airheart, Rose Cyrene Paulus, Katherine Hawley, Marion Farr, Jean Stewart, Mary Patterson, and Judith all went over and entertained the old ladies with a birthday party. Since six of the old ladies have birthdays this month, the girls chose this way of celebrating for them. There were readings, dances, songs, and music, by the girls. It was a gay birthday party.

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VANDERBILT HOSPITAL

Tuesday evening, January 16, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Betty Bowman, Marion Colletter, Mary Hobson, Irene Sartor, Marion Lowe, and Charlotte Snyder made their weekly trip to the Vanderbilt Hospital. This particular group has had the opportunity of talk-

ing with many patients in the medical and surgical wards. Some of these patients came from distant parts of the state. Last Tuesday evening they made the visitors feel particularly welcome, and the time spent together was indeed worthwhile and happy.

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HOW TO CRE- ATE THEMES

In the first place, I dislike themes—my own, anybody else's, or some picked at random from a book. I also dislike Dickens, tomatoes, and people who say, "Take a card, any card—" but that's immaterial. The point is: How to write a theme. Fortunately, nowadays, we do not have to write essays on "Truth," "Our Dumb Animals," or "Man's Friend, the Dog."

The way to start a train of thought fitting with what I playfully call my mind—I sit immobile practically for an hour, eating cookies. If this does not help, I try bananas. By ten o'clock I am driven to the last pitch of desperation, and besides, the cookies have given out, which does not help at all. In fact, it is very bad. If you have been given a definite subject to display what you don't know about it, you start off like this:

ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE

The Anglo-Saxons had some very definite literature—

You then chew the pointed end of the pencil, never the eraser, and sigh. You cross this out, and proceed.

ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE

Some very definite literature of the Anglo-Saxons has been found—

This usually doesn't look so good either, so you cross it out. Then you draw one circle of rather egg-like shape, with a triangle in it, and one, Mae West. Finally, you grip the pencil firmly with the glint of purpose in your eye, and start with this quite new and original title:

ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE

At this juncture, it would be better to go to bed or the insane asylum. If, however, you have been given a choice of subjects, you select any three to contemplate. Let us suppose, as a working hypothesis, that your teacher has assigned: "The Influence of Chaucer on England," "Why I Dislike Parsnips," "My Favorite Occupation," or "Benefits of Health Charts."

The last named, you bitterly and sneeringly pass over. That leaves, if I subtracted right, the necessary three. Start out with your pal Chaucer.

The first move is to get up and close the door, for a cold draft is blowing on your back. Then you get a drink of water, idly twirl the dial of the radio and do a dance-step in school-shoes on the polished floor.

You then wind your way back to your page headed "The Influence of Chaucer on England." You draw two Mae Wests and a petunia. You yawn dimly. You crosstout Chaucer.

"Why I Dislike Parsnips," seems too treacherous a subject. You are afraid, in an indiscreet moment, that you will blurt out your pent-up hatred for these vegetables, so like a carrot, or at least, so like something.

That leaves you "My Favorite Occupation." You feel sure the class, but not the teacher, would appreciate it if you said sleeping on Saturday morning. You recall you didn't get but five hours' sleep last night. That chemistry test! In a panic, you remember molecules. In a sort of subconscious mind, you wonder if themes are composed of molecules. You decided they are. You write:

"Influence of Chaucer on England," and begin anew. Chaucer was a great influence on England—

You fold up your tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away—

In the third, and far more nerve-racking, place when you have not been given a subject, you roam around the house. You read the funny-paper and darkly mumble that Krazy-Kat never had to write any ole theme. You turn to Walter Winchell. You read McIntyre. You tactfully inform your family that this is

theme night. Of a sudden, the older, more weary. Their laughter stilled, an atmosphere of gloom over you all like a pall, you have had many theme nights you before.

"What can I write?" is your cry—a cry that plumbs souls patience. Finally, you depart to sanctum sanctorum with a slam of doors.

You hit upon the idea of a short, short story. You think of ones in *Liberty*, decide that couldn't possibly do worse, and off.

"THE BAKED BEAN"

Old Man Mehaffy lived in Boston. . . . You just know that doesn't sinister enough. Again you em with inspiration:

"THE BAKED BEAN"

Boston, that quiet and cultured had long been the home (or in domestic would be better) of old Mehaffy—

To be an up-to-date and master story writer, you switch off this and your next paragraph is as follows:

Spumoni of the Black H dropped in to speakasy on Fifty-Sixth Street, for a glass beer. As the bartender mixed his side-car, he glanced around slyly. "Hi-yah!" he chanted furtively. Spumoni, having been disposed you return again to Mr. Mehaffy.

The end of a long line, (you think in a moment of hysteria, what if of a line—fishing or telephone, which end?), Mehaffy was a white-haired old gentleman, whose be covered his chest. It had long been a standing mystery whether or he wore a necktie—well, there the mystery. After a few more rounds, you abandon "The Baked Bean" to its doleful fate and decide to write a poem.

"THINGS I LIKE"

I like spaghetti and roquet cheese—you think of bees, knotted trees and sneeze and start an essay. You draw a picture of Mae West and begin:

"ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE"

Quietly and solemnly you swallow some convenient arsenic.

Henrietta Hickman,
Senior Penist

Question—I can dance miles without feeling any fatigue. What cause this?

Answer—This is a tribute to you Shumaker. But consider the Bill.

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WED.—THUR.—FRI.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT in

"Four Frightened People"

February 3, 1934
Not Published

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, February 10, 1934

Number 16

PENTA TAU'S WIN SWIMMING MEET

Munger Individual Winner

The swimming meet was held in the school plunge on Saturday, January 7. A large crowd attended, and it was reported that the meet was one of the best ever held here.

The individual winners were: Munger, 16; Foote, 13; Bosserman, 24.

The club winners were: Penta Tau, 74; F. F., 20½; Tri K, 18.

Winners of events were:

1. Marathon—1. Munger; 2. Winston; 3. Berry.
2. Breast stroke—1. Lincoln; 2. Chadwell; 3. Stanley.
3. Plunge—1. Foote; 2. Munsie; 3. Loughly.
4. 100-foot free style—1. Bosserman and Foote.
5. Form—1. Munger; 2. Lincoln and Stanley.
6. Medley—1. Munger; 2. Driscoll.
7. Diving—1. Chadwell; 2. Bosserman; 3. Paine.
8. Back stroke—1. Bosserman; 2. Foote; 3. Rall.
9. Relay—1. F. F. and Penta Tau.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS PRESENT PLAY

The play "Dress Rehearsal" was presented by the high school public speaking class under the direction of Catharine A. Winnia on Monday morning, February 5. This play was a part of the class project for the first semester.

The production showed a dress rehearsal of a Shakespearean play which a group of girls are giving for the benefit of the Social Settlement, the charity they are supporting. The scene takes place in a dressing room of the small theater, as the auditorium is being used for a lecture at the time.

The characters were as follows:

Susan, as Hamlet.....
.....Mabel Ann Herbert
.....Martha, as Ophelia.....Jane Meadows
Matilda as the Queen.....Elise Elrod
Clementine, as Horatio.....Betty Eye
Ethel, as Laertes.....Rebecca Clayton
Beatrice, as the Player King.....
.....Jean Campbell
Barbara, as the Ghost.....Marion Low
Julia, as Rosencrantz.....Eleanor Bay
Charlotte, as Polonius.....
.....Martha Patterson
Eleanor, as Marcellus.....
.....Sara Joyce Beasley
Marjorie, as Property Man and
Stage Carpenter.....Marian Hill
Gertrude, as Fortinbras.....
.....Lillian Walters
Marcia, President of the Club.....
.....Hilda Beck

"Y" CALENDAR

Sunday, February 11—
8:30—Sunday school; Lydia
Children's speaker.
2:00—Play Hour, Tennessee
Foundation's Home.
3:15—Play Hour, Junior League
Crippled Children's Hospital.
6:00—Vespers, Dr. John Hill,
speaker.
Tuesday, February 13—
7:00—Y Cabinet Entertains
Cabinet of Vanderbilt.
Wednesday, February 14—
6:15—Valentine Dinner.
Thursday, February 15—
7:00—Trip to Vanderbilt Hos-
pital.

W.-B. BASKETBALL VARSITY NAMED

In an announcement from the Physical Education Department the following girls are to be congratulated on being placed on the first and second basketball varsities:

First	Pos.	Second
Glander		
Dorothy	C.F.	Polk, Mary E.
Shaw, Ann	R.F.	Chadwell, Patty
Moore,	L.F.	Foote, Mary
Gilbertine		Jane
Coulter, Isobel	C.G.	Keidel, Victoria
Stone, Beverly	R.G.	Henderson
Elizabeth		
Bosserman, G.	L.G.	Anderson, Nell
Betty		

TENNESSEE CHILDREN'S HOME

Wasn't Sunday a gorgeous day? If you didn't think so, the children at the Tennessee Children's Home certainly did. Because they had ever so much fun when the Ward-Belmont girls came to see them in the afternoon.

Eva Ohlhaber conducted a most exciting game of hide-and-seek, while Marian Kaeser helped the little boys fly their kites. They had made their kites in the new manual arts class; naturally they had long anticipated the day when they could fly them. Later all the children walked to a near-by park with the girls. What fun they did have! One little boy excitedly pointed out a spot where he had once seen a snake! However, there were no snakes that day to mar the pleasure of the expedition.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Kenneth Rose, head of the violin department of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, will be presented in concert in the School auditorium, Thursday evening, February 15, at 8:15.

NOTICE

The Athletic Association invites the entire school to a roller-skating party to be held in the gym to-night at eight o'clock. The skates will be 25c a pair. Added attraction: Refreshments served.

BARTLETT AND ROBERTSON GIVE DUO-PIANO CONCERT

Two of England's most successful pianists are Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson who were heard in concert Thursday evening, February 8, in the Ward-Belmont auditorium.

Ethel Bartlett was born and educated in London. She studied at the Royal Academy of Music with Frederick Moore and Tobias Matthay, and in Berlin with Arthur Schnable. Rae Robertson, a Scotsman, studied in Edinburgh with Philip Halstead, while preparing for his M.A. degree at the University there. Later he came to London.

As students they fell in love and were married. But each of them was a rising pianist and for one to be playing in England, while the other was in Germany, was not their idea of life. What they wanted to do was to play together. They had done it together for fun; they had opened a new world for themselves and they wanted to go on exploring it.

And so in 1925 they gave their first joint recital which was an instantaneous success. Since then they have made their names famous throughout Europe and in this country a happy blending of two personalities and two instruments in programs of unusual interest made the Bartlett-Robertson concerts events wherever

NEW GYM SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

With the beginning of the new semester the new gym schedule was posted. A considerable variety of sports are offered to the girls.

Water polo, bowling, gym, apparatus, and life-saving are offered. So far there are only five clubs who have water polo teams. They are: Tri K, Del Ver, A. K. X. L., and F. F.

It may be of interest to note that the number of girls taking the various sports are: Bowling, 212; water polo, 42; life-saving, 48; apparatus, 48.

MINUET PRACTICE BEGUN

At the beginning of February, as soon as exams are over, the Senior class start practicing for the minuet which they dance on the night of George Washington's birthday. This has been a custom since the year 1924, when the gym was first opened for this dancing.

This year there are to be five sets of eight girls each dancing the minuet. Miss Morrison is directing the dancing.

PRESIDENTS' COUNCIL MEETS

Presidents' Council held its regular monthly meeting in the "Y" room on Tuesday evening, February 6. The subject of the discussion for the evening was "Student Government." Helene Loeb was the speaker. Various problems of school government were discussed and referred to the proper organization to be remedied. Committees were also appointed to carry further certain points that were discussed.

SEMESTER COUNCIL ELECTIONS HELD

Elections for General Proctor and Chapel Proctor were held Saturday, February 3, from 11:30 to 1:30 in the gym. Marguerite Page was chosen Chapel Proctor, and Judith Berry was elected to the office of General Proctor.

The following Monday, February 5, elections for proctors were held in the various dormitories. The officers elected are as follows:

Senior—Isabel Coulter.
Pembroke—Jean Munsie.
Founders—Jean Dayton.
Day Student Proctor—Patty Chadwell.

The new members of the council took office on Tuesday, February 6.

WARD-BELMONT ENGLISH FACULTY ENTERTAINS

The Ward-Belmont English faculty entertained the Nashville English Club in the Drawing Room, Thursday, February 8, at 3:30.

The speaker was Mr. Donald Davidson, who spoke on "English and the Lost Humanities." Mr. Davidson is a well-known poet and agrarian writer of the South, and Professor of English at Vanderbilt University.

Tea was served at 4:00 P.M., in Recreation Hall. Arrangements for the entertainment were made by Miss Anne Allison and Miss Elceene Ransom.

WORDSMITHS OPEN SEMESTER CONTEST

Announcement was made by Nancy Ann Schmid of another contest to be sponsored by Wordsmiths, the college organization of creative writing, for the benefit of those girls who wish to gain admittance to this organization and who failed last time or did not hand in their works.

The contest began February 5, and will continue through February 12. All girls are urged to submit their works through House Mail either to Nancy Ann Schmid or in care of Wordsmiths.

The rules of the contest are that the works should be written on one side of the paper only, the paper folded and placed in an envelope on which is written the title of the manuscript, and the name of the submitter clipped on the manuscript. Girls submitting works are asked to hand in more than one work in order that they may be entirely representative of the writer's works.

NEW GIRLS ENROLL FOR SPRING SEMESTER

Five new girls have entered Ward-Belmont for the second semester. They are Barbara Packard, of New Orleans, La., and Marian Bullock, of Columbus, Ga., who are living in Heron Hall, and Edith Manning, from Birmingham, Ala., Katherine Kleth, of Lubbock, Texas, and Martha Ann Rogers, of Morristown, Tenn., who are living in Pembroke Hall.

Also one of the last year's students has returned for the spring semester. She is Jane Bucklen, of Indiana, who is living in Pembroke.

CHAPEL CALENDAR

Monday, February 12—
"Grandmother's Granddaughter Goes to School"—Dean Burk.
Wednesday, February 14—
Dr. E. P. Dandridge, Rector of Christ Church.
Friday, February 16—
Award of Honors.

*First performance.

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REV. KNOX, CHAPEL SPEAKER

The Rev. John Knox, chaplain of Fisk University, spoke in chapel Wednesday morning, February 8, on modern youth and freedom.

He said, "Seldom have there been so many diverse opinions as on the subject of modern youth. It has been called the army of God; it has been compared to a disorderly, unorganized, leaderless rabble. John Galsworthy called his Forsythe Saga *The Modern Comedy*, because he says, 'What else can you call a generation which knows not what it wants, but is intensely preoccupied in getting it?'"

"Above all else modern youth wants freedom. However, it sometimes has a wrong idea of the meaning of freedom. Freedom is not looseness. In fact real freedom is completeness of discipline. Perfect freedom can be obtained only through perfect discipline"—and he gave as examples the Russian dancers whose success is due to long hours of practice; and Heifetz whose seeming freedom is the result of perfectly developed technique.

"Everything in life consists not in the absence of certain controls, but the presence of other more complete controls. Moral freedom is no exception.

"Growing up has been said to be the change from 'the urge of life to the art of life.' Everything in life begins as an urge—friendship—love—even eating, and if properly developed, ends in art. The greatest art of all is living."

In closing, Rev. Knox said, "Freedom is the other side of discipline; and liberty is the other side of law—when the law is appropriate, adequate, and self-imposed."

P-S-S-T!

We had a very clever pun in this column last week, but it was probably integrated slightly so you probably didn't get the point. We'll pull it again and see how it goes over.

Miss Finesum Oute (that's the pun!) was walking down the hall several weeks ago and overheard a plot for a game of hockey. And can you believe that Frances Hale was in on it? She didn't do it really and we couldn't believe that our little Frances had even had such a thought. (The only thing bothering us is that she did not let us in on it and have it succeed!)

Oh, we almost forgot! There's something we've been wanting to tell you since away before Christmas. It's about Lucile Ford in hygiene class one day. Miss Goodrich asked if any of us had ever had junket and Lucile wanted to know if it was contagious or infectious.

The worst yet! About a certain prominent Senior who went out on a scavenger hunt one week not long ago. It seems that one article he brought in was the signature of chancellor of "Kirkland College." The above-mentioned Senior managed to get the chancellor out of bed on a cold night at 12:30. In spite of his night cap and all the chancellor opened the door, but he would not give the crowd his signature!

Psychology exam two weeks ago was opened by the singing of Chopin's "Funeral March." Some psychology, eh?

Claudine Smelser's new haircut is acclaimed by all as quite charming. She doesn't look so much like Elissa Landi now, but we're glad, because we had so much trouble telling Claudine and Elissa apart. Wonder if the Sewanee boys liked it last week?

Imogen Bratton has some strange effect on students before exams. One Senior took Imogen home with her to "keep her awake so she could study!"

Why didn't some of you clever girls think of asking the President to have his birthday ball in a week that wasn't filled with our exams?

Edith Kennedy can get the quaint sets up and persuade people that she might lose! Ask Anne Loftin about how she lost one on the DKE dance Friday a week ago. Moral: Don't bet Kennedy "nothing about nobody!"

All the gals can tell yards and yards about the Vandy gym dance last Saturday. Especially ask them to tell you about the couple who astonished all with a brilliant performance of the "Carrioca." The boy in the case asked that his name not be mentioned but we think Sally won't mind. Oh, I told the first name! Well, you know who it is now. There's one and only Sally in the day student school who would do it on the Vandy gym floor! Did the Dean see it, Sally?

Dr. Barton requests that the girls who have been in the habit of running around the drive on some occasions to refrain from so doing, since the road is getting the "reducing" and not the girls!

Freeman's dates have the oddest excuses! "No clean shirt, so can't come out tonight. Well, the excuse is O. K. in itself, but Virginia believes him!

MISS WOODSMALL SPEAKS AT SCARRITT

Nashville has had the honor of entertaining several distinguished people during the past few weeks. One of these was Miss Ruth Woodsmall who spoke at Scarritt College, Sunday afternoon, February 4. Miss Woodsmall is national secretary of the Y. W. C. A., and has spent a number of years in the Orient and Near East as executive director. She spoke on, "A Quest for World Understanding." Marguerite Page, who is chairman of the World-fellowship Committee of Ward-Belmont, Lydia Fountain, Jean Stewart, Martha Jane Chattin, Louise Longworth, Frances Graham, Virginia Ferguson, and Mary Ruth Vanderbilt went there to hear Miss Woodsmall.

Monday morning, February 5, a group of Ward-Belmont girls were privileged to hear Miss Woodsmall speak about Turkish women and girls with emphasis upon the great number of changes that have come about since the establishment of the Turkish republic. She spoke very informally, and the girls were free to ask any questions they wished.

INQUIRING REPORTER

The Debating Club is an entirely new project here at Ward-Belmont. As yet it has not been realized, but several girls are working hard to make their plans materialize. It was interesting to hear what the various girls here at school think about it.

Delores Smith was very enthusiastic about the club. She said, "It will give us a chance to express our own ideas and views about things that we are interested in. It's one of the best things that has been suggested at W-B."

Betty Randle is a bit dubious about the club, but she says "Under Dr. Barton's leadership it will be a success, and a great thing for the school."

Mary Louise Balsiger says, "A debating club gives college girls a chance to think along lines about world affairs that they would never get in a class."

Katrina Van Benschoten has high hopes for the club. She first told of the success of a debating team in her high school and then said, "It would be grand if after a few years, W-B. could work up a debating team that could compete with other schools."

Vic Keidel was very frank in her statement. She said "A debating club is a fine thing for a school. It's inspiring and interesting for those who like, but personally, I don't like that sort of work."

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BEHIND THE SCENES IN DANCING

Ballet dancers all in a line
As you dance you pass the time—
For the hours of work you've spent
To our hours of pleasure—lent
Your bodies.

With the advent of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe in New York within the last few weeks it seems a most appropriate time to talk of the Russian Ballet—both old and new.

Over a century and a half ago, when Russia was bent upon becoming a western nation, Catherine the Great imported a French ballet master and founded a royal ballet in St. Petersburg. The institution prospered until in the imperial theatres of the last Czar it was the largest, best trained, and most sumptuously maintained ballet in the world.

Its pupils were selected in early childhood and educated as wards of the Emperor. Having demonstrated sufficient ability, they were admitted to the performing company, and at the age of thirty-five became eligible for handsome pensions if they chose to retire.

So expert were the performances and so popular did they become that seats were purchased for life and handed down from father to son as a priceless inheritance.

But the dancing began to get very involved and artificial. M. Fokine, a young dancer in the group, wanted very much to change many things and to do some new ballets. Russia at that time did not want anything new so he was not allowed to put his ideas into effect.

In 1909 Diaghileff, a former official in the Imperial Ballet, asked permission to take a company to Paris. Permission was granted and Fokine was able to carry out his plans and created some beautiful new ballets. A brilliant company set forth for Paris.

Paris was astonished at the gorgeous colors, beautiful music and breath-taking dancing. Such a combination had never been seen before. And to see the spectacular dancing of the men was something they had never dreamed of before. Nijinsky, the most famous star of the company, was such a tyrant that Pavlova selected another fine dancer, Mordkin, and together went to New York where they had a most brilliant season.

From time to time companies were seen in the United States, but soon after, with the outbreak of the war, the whole future of the ballet was threatened. Diaghileff in his attempt to do so many new things weakened his company, especially since he could not at this time put the ideas on in a lavish manner. Then in 1929 Diaghileff died.

There were many plans for reorganization but none materialized until 1930. Under the patronage of the Hereditary Princess of Monaco the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe was officially begun. This new company has created a new form of Russian Ballet, more in accord with modern times, yet firmly based upon the old traditions of the Russian Classical Imperial School. The aim is to present an ensemble of star dancers in colorful performances.

It was a gala occasion the night this exciting new company opened in New York (Dec. 22). Carpets were spread backstage to protect the valuable toes of the ballerinas. The audience was entranced with the youth and freshness of the company, some of whom were just sixteen. After the performance a brilliant celebration was held at which, according to an old custom, champagne was drunk

Armstrong's New Home

"Armstrong's Corner"

Capitol Boulevard at Church Street

from the slipper of the premiere danseuse.

To make the whole thing even nicer, there is a possibility that within a very few weeks this same company will come to Atlanta.

Did you know that Bakst was one of the most famous designers for the Ballet and that some of his originals can now be found in the Knoedler Art Galleries in New York?

CLUB CHATTER

Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Ruth Frye, "Mart" Shaw, "Marg" Zaug, Juliet Hutton, and Helene Loeb "saw themselves as others see them" in the Marion Kaeser famous movie show last Saturday night at the Agora club house. The sun parlor, by the way, makes a fine movie house for Marion's good reels.

"Julie" Hutton, Marion Kaeser, and "Mart" Shaw made candy at the club Sunday before last. The candy might be described as Devilish Hash—it surely wasn't heavenly!

There are rumors in the air of a treasure hunt to be indulged in by the Agora club. The girls will hunt, among other things, broken hearts. Bettie Bryant has charge of the arrangements. (More about that later.)

Miss Ordway was the guest of honor at the last meeting before exams. She read some lovely poetry as only Miss Ordway can read it. Everyone hopes she'll come again soon.

From down in the club village hollow we get word that the A. K.'s are doing some interesting things with their Wednesday nights, and last week were entertained by Miss Sanders, who gave a review of *Anthony Adverse*. Everybody sat around the fire and listened, carried away, as long as their sponsor would talk.

Many of the A. K.'s left after exams. Bomkie and Dukie went to Chattanooga for the week-end, and Gilbertine took her whole suite and went home again! Mary Lalla was fortunate enough to have her Dad here, and took Jinny Winston and Jinny Ritchie out for luncheon Saturday. Virgin Shaw's mother visited her over the week-end—lucky!

Nellie Clements was certainly enjoying the snow Friday—tossing many a wicked snowball.

What happened to the week-end supper and breakfast, you A. K.'s? We hear the nightwatchman had to suggest you leave your cinnamon toast and run. That kitchen shower and the ping-pong table must be a great attraction.

The A. K.'s are proud of their discovered talent—a short story writer, if you please.

Mrs. Parks (Miss Wells) returned last week-end. Says "Hello" to all of you.

A farewell party for Anita Caudle was held a week ago Friday, in the Anti-Pan club house, by Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Marjorie Zaug, Helene Loeb, Lydia Fountain, Evelyn Cooper, Kathrine Combs, and Ruth Frye.

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What might have been tears at losing one of their number was forestalled temporarily by a really "grand" dinner, which was topped with nothing less than an angel food cake. Such games as "Pig," "I Doubt It," and "Old Maid," along with dancing and toasting marshmallows, were entertainments of the evening. The prize was given to Zaug, who refused to play "Old Maid," saying she knew she'd win it anyway.

It seems that Viva Lee's Carl had a birthday. At least, the white, yellow, and pink cake said, "Happy Birthday." Those who attended this party Thursday afternoon at the F. club house were Virginia Winston, Marie Bomke (Roy's birthday, too), Virginia Cornelius, Dukie Hill and Katherine Mathis.

Sunday evening Vespers at the F. F. club was very entertaining. The service was opened with the singing of a hymn by the members. Viva Lee then led the worship service by reading the first chapter of *The Quest for Life*, by Van Dusen. The club members entered into the discussion, and it was decided that at each club vespers a different girl in the club would read a chapter of this interesting little book.

Katherine Hawley and later Mary Driscoll, and Elizabeth Ann Rall entertained a group at the Osiron club house Sunday afternoon.

All the Osironers are getting a kick out of having their pictures taken for *Adolescence*. Some of the thought to be amusing, especially those in which cracker boxes figure.

Mary Ellen Stokes appears to be going culinary on us. The Osiron kitchen is the scene of many of her efforts, and she's getting good. Why, very often, things turn out the way they're supposed to! Just recently she manufactured a new candy recipe just by experimenting.

And moreover, my dears, we've been hearing rumors about another Osiron open house. More fun?!

At the last meeting of the Penta Tau club, Mrs. Dickinson gave a most interesting talk about her travels in Europe. She told many personal incidents that were quite unusual. After her talk the club members were served dainty refreshments.

(Continued on page 6)

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of
Ward-Belmont.

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EDITORIAL

WHY WE WANT A DEBATING SOCIETY

Think of the number of high schools and colleges in America that have debating clubs; then contrast that number with the percentage of schools that do not have debating societies. It is very obvious that the number having these organizations far outweighs the less progressive schools.

Young people like to debate. It is stimulating, instructive, and an exciting challenge, as are all forms of competition. The need for competitive argument, with a fair show of logic and support for statements was felt back in the time of Socrates. Man has used it ever since.

How is debating pleasurable? Most of you who have never participated feel that it demands a great amount of effort and taxation, for no good reason. You who have belonged to debating clubs in high school can say that entering into a contest of wit, and persuasion, personality and knowledge is tremendously exciting. The winner finds a thrill he can never experience in any other form of competition. Debating with friends, furthermore, provides a spirit of good fellowship and understanding. The contest is even hotter! And certainly, after the debate is over the audience and contestants alike know that they have experienced something of great value, no matter what subject the debate has been on. Minds have thought and organized their material, a challenge has been made and answered, and the group is wiser and surer for having spoken.

Debate may be informal, as in conversation, or it may be formal and conducted in accordance with rules of order. The fact that debate is carried on in the immediate presence of opponents and audience, differentiates it in form from both logic and argument. Debate is controversy, fervid, direct, and personal. It is worthwhile, not only in developing presence and poise, but chiefly in the exchange and weighing of knowledge. John Quincy Adams has said that "you can find hundreds of persons able to produce a crowd of good ideas upon any subject for one that can marshal them to the best advantage."

We are anxious for Ward-Belmont to be successful in establishing a debating club. We desire the sympathy and co-operation of the student body. No one has to join—the venture is not compulsory, yet we earnestly hope many of you will recognize the value of belonging to such an organization. Perhaps, in years to come, Ward-Belmont will be accepting the challenge of other college debating clubs, and finding a pride in listing her name among those schools which boast real debating societies.

V. M. W., '34.

STUDENT CHAPEL PROGRAMS

When Miss Norris spoke in chapel some several days ago, she stated that the Chapel Committee is always anxious to hear the suggestions of the students. The HYPHEN is taking this opportunity to report one of the ideas for chapel programs that has recently been discussed among members of the student body.

One of the foremost convictions that has been expressed is that too little student activity is apparent in the chapel programs. Addresses by students, plays by students, in short, anything showing definite participation on the part of the girls, they are much desired. There is little doubt that the one student speaker we have had in chapel this year held the attention of the audience more closely than any other like speaker from our platform this year.

Indeed, we do not ask for entirely student programs all the time. We realize that desirability and real worth-whileness of outside attractions and speakers. However, we would like more variety by the addition of student-made and student-presented programs.

H. L., '34.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Can you realize that one whole week of..... has passed since I saw you last? I don't know when I have spent such a hectic week. It is certainly a relief to know that we won't have any more for at least six weeks! —can't seem to start off with the bang that I wanted to start off with this week.

Am I flattered? One of the new girls mistook me for one of the star basketball players. I'm not even going to tell her that she's wrong. That's how mean I am today.

See Jane Bucklen is heard again after being away for half a year. And she's rooming in Pembroke?

The library seems to have been turned into anything from a reading room and recreation hall to a study. The last straw came the other Saturday when I found that Jean Dayton and a couple of her friends had turned the place into a studio. There they were, taking time exposures right in the middle of everything. The first one was no good so they tried again. Found out that you have to count to fifty before you snap the camera for the second time. That is, if you want a good picture!

Miss Bomke couldn't find her chapel seat this morning. (Wednesday!) It doesn't seem natural to see her sitting down during chapel at all, and M. Page has already started sending notices to her little exclusive meetings. Isn't it wonderful how conscientious these new girls are at this time?

Did you know that Slymme is going on another diet? Wonder if her trip to Rome had anything to do with that? Anyway she's made up her mind to become willowy and what not!

And is another old friend of ours rushing one of our new girls? What would Sevier say if she knew Tommy was out Tuesday night to see Nancy Ann Schmid?

Pivito and Ruth Robinson made up their own little reception committee to welcome Clyde, etc., to the Del Ver dance Tuesday night. Mr. Puckett was there, too, so it isn't as dangerous as it sounds.

By the way, just where did the gardenias come from Tuesday night, Virginia Ferguson? From Howard? or, from the family???

Coulter may be the new Proctor of Senior, but, goodness me, Cornelius will always be "Proctor" to me! She must be terribly restless just now—jumping right into such quiet!

We wonder: If Cack Brown was "politicking" for Isabel, or was it the whole third floor? If Jeanette Knowles knows how much fun she missed Tuesday night at the club house? If you will rate an invitation to the next dance given by the Saturday Nighters?

I've got to go now, but I'll see you at the Athletic Section Party Saturday night. Don't forget to be there, and bring your skates if you have any with you. You'll see some of the best gals on the campus out there falling all over the place. Goodbye!

WORDSMITHS MEET

Wordsmiths held their meeting Monday night, February 5, in the faculty sitting room. Nancyann Schmid, president, presided over the informal business meeting, at which plans for the Wordsmith booklet were discussed. The booklet will probably appear sometime in the spring.

After the business meeting, plays and poems written by the members were discussed and criticised. All students planning to hand in contributions for the Wordsmith contest are urged to do so at once as the contest closes February 10.

EAGLE FEATHER

Little Children down the street
Always looks so awful neat,
'Cause they're rich, as rich can be
But they ain't as rich as me.

They've got blocks, and loads of toys,
But they don't play with little boys
They're too sissy, and dressed up
To run around and chase a pup.

The other day I went by there
N'all they did was look and stare.
Their eyes was sad and full o' woe,
Bet they're sorry their dad has dough.

When we kids is running 'round
Wrestling, and tumbin' on the ground,
I bet they wishes they was free
An' just as poor as they could be.

'Cause then they could make lots o' noise
An' wouldn't play with sissy toys.
An' they'd be just as rich as me
Out an' playing and being free.

N. SCHMID, '35.

DISENCHANTMENT

Dark person, strange and odd
Why is it I aim my telescope to you?
To you I chant in performed accents
Not knowing that behind your smile,—

You, too, are a musician.
Dark person, why must you scoff at
The concert of my heart.

DOLORES SMITH, '34.

Madmen love to tell
Their tales
Of winter's night
In Singapore.
They go down by
The water's dock
And sit above the dawn
They wait for
Treasure ships
That pass along the bay.
The starry sky
Hears their plea
For greed and love
And industry
Madmen are not wise,
They sit and dream
And idle by their time.

M. F. J., '34.

CRIMSON DEW

Crimson roses, blood color—
The growth of passion, the glow of love,
Blown by life's young dreams
Into a fresh dewy bud of—
Luxuriant, vibrating plant life,
Without sense, sight, or speech.
But alas, to be looked upon
And admired by dumb, blind,
Jabbering humanity.

Rena Berry, '35.

VESPERS BASED
ON SILENCE AND
MEDITATION

"Silence is a sounding thing to one who listens hungrily."

A most impressive service was presented Sunday evening during the regular Vespers hour built around this thought. Lydia Fountain, president of the Y.W.C.A., presided. Mrs. M. E. Nellums sang a beautiful solo based on the "silence and meditation" theme. Mr. F. Arthur Henkel was the guest soloist. He played, "Prelude to the Deluge," by Saint-Saens; "Indian Legend," by Cadylin, and "On the Coast," by Dudley Buck.

The service was a restful and meditative one well suited to this particular Sunday, and it was well received as something the girls will long remember.

THE DIARY OF MIS- TRESS BELLE-WARD

Monday—

And am I glad exams are over at last! Even if Tuck and I didn't get away for a week-end or anything, so long as exams are all over, everything is "hunkie-dorey." Everyone either been studying industriously in the silence of their rooms, or they've gone to town to picture shows and vain efforts to drown all their troubles.

It seems to me as if just everybody has departed to the haven of her home. Tuck and I offered to go home with just anyone, but no one seemed all minded to accept our generous offer. Anyway, one advantage of everyone's being gone is that we get to sit wherever we want, which is a decided good thing.

Tuck and I decided to live up to the monotony of existence by going in to town tonight to see "Flying Down to Earth." Gosh, it was swell!

Sunday—

I was so confused at having two sleep Sundays in a row that I managed to oversleep, and pretty nearly failed to get up in time to go to church. Tuck and I were calmly sleeping the sleep of the just when suddenly Tuck leaped out of bed, fell upon me, and shouted in my ear, "Hey, are we going to church?" As a result of shock, hasty dressing, etc., I didn't get any breakfast, and as a result was completely starved at dinner.

Tuck and I took our usual Sunday afternoon siesta, and awoke in time to eat some oranges, a box or two of crackers, and several pieces of candy as an appetizer for tea. We were all set to enjoy a comfortable snooze during Vespers, but the service turned out to be so entertaining that we wouldn't have wanted to sleep if we could have (or something like that). If we have more Vespers like that, life would be quite worth the living.

Monday—

We are beginning to welcome the week back into the fold once more. Virginia Lynn Shaw and Kitty MacKenzie arrived back this morning, in company with numerous other lucky ones.

The high school put on what would have been a charming play if only we could have heard them better. I listened with all two ears, but I still kept missing choice bits. I thought Elise Elrod in that red wig was a howl, and the ghost's, or whoever it was, moans were a thing of beauty and joy forever. I love student programs. I wish we could have more.

The more the merrier, as the slogan is. My mail box again disappointed me. I swept out the spider-webs this morning, and set a "For Rent" sign on the inside. I hope I get some action on the deal. Johnny, when art thou? My legions and my cohorts have deserted me! I am lost in an impenetrable forest! and other like ejaculations of woe and misery.

We held an election for Proctor in our extinguished hall this evening. It was all very exciting—some speeches, and some more speeches, retirement of nominees, casting of votes, hard words about theft of only pencil, bitter mutterings, much counting of votes, return of chosen one, and so to bed.

Tuesday—

Well, well! The dining room is beginning to take on its usual well-filled appearance, and the usual din arises again. And still the wandering ones return. Soper is back from Dallas looking a little tired of it all, and maintaining that all she wants to do is sleep, sleep, sleep. Sleep well, Soper, because while you do I'm going to larcenate your desk. Tuck and I have coveted it for a long time now.

The school seems to be pretty well exhausted by exams, and life is a little in the debit side, but then people

have always assured me that February is a useless month anyway. Not enough days, which doesn't make me mad, and lots of other things, including Valentine's Day and the inevitable comic Valentine, and so on, and so forth. Oh, dear, I'm so sleepy I can't see to put pen to paper!

THINGS I NEVER KNEW

What may fairly be described as the beginning of "new things" is occurring in France. In its proper meaning, Revolution is in full ferment, against the increasing burden of taxation and the seeming waste of public funds. With the cost of living came a decline of trade and tourist traffic, with a consequent depreciation of the dollar and the pound. The French people found themselves living on a golden pinnacle of uncomfortable inconveniences. Accompanying the unrest came a series of cabinet crises, and into this situation Daladier stepped as the French leader, while the citizens are searching for a more efficient form of government.

A need for "thoroughly purging" the Psalms of David "from Jewish taint" was advanced this week in a new hymnbook published by Herr Teut, leader of the Germanic cult. Teutonic gods go into the new version, entirely Germanizing the Bible. Now followers of Hitler read, "The Lord loveth the height of Germany more than the dwellings abroad. The Lord loveth the Yew tree of the Odenwald and the Oak of the Baltic."

Russian industry is certainly being hurt by the low payment of laborers. It seems remarkable that Russians are content with their lot, yet three factors, one historical, and two psychological, are largely responsible. Russian workmen have never known better, they have been made to feel a sense of ownership of Russia through propaganda, and they are inspired by hope.

Here's a good one! A man in Bixhill, London, was having his house renovated last week. When he got to the roof, what should he find nestled in the cobwebs but a 14-pound unexploded shell! The cobwebs were removed with great care, the shell dropped into the sea, and the mystery explained by attributing the relic to Germany and an air raid of 1917. The age of invention has a new accomplishment. From a Lancashire, London, firm we get wind of a new machine which will produce a gallon of ice cream in one minute. That's representing a lot of Sunday dinners. A gold hoarder out in Denver with \$955 was fined \$50 for begging. "That's what I get for not reading the papers," he warns us.

Gains for peace are noted in Europe, and the biggest advance is seen in the removal of dispute over the Polish Corridor. Polish-German non-aggression pact, Germany's change of front from a federal to a centralized state, Chancellor Hitler's practical rebuff to Dalffurs of Austrian, Italian, Britain, and French disarmament publications, and Premier Daladier's return to power in France are all reasons for an optimistic stand.

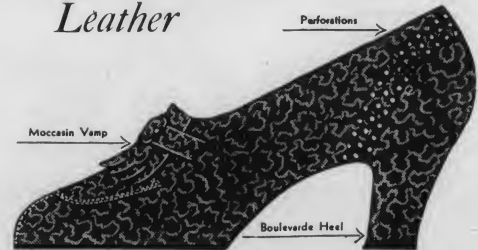
Displeasure with the Nazis is growing swiftly in Italy, and this rising spirit is being felt in spite of the controlling efforts of the press. Germany's and Italy's courses have been growing far apart. France, too, is convinced that Hitler is hostile. Former hopes for reaching an understanding are low for the present.

Brittany is planning a religious revival. The French province will go on a "Confession Spree" during 1934. The peasants are seeking "Pardons," and favors will be sought of the various officials, and local saints for all manner of ills.

Activities in another province are likewise a trifle unusual. Saxony orders laborers to get parade uniforms for festive occasions which will satisfy simultaneously a need for show and bread.

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"THE EMPEROR JONES"

Eugene O'Neill's masterpiece filmed with an all-negro cast, which brings up question of sectional opinion. Paul Robeson, the great singer, is magnificent as the Pullman porter who becomes the tyrant ruler of a tropical isle. The last part, showing the over-cocky "Emperor's" flight through the jungle and his subsequent death, haunted by creepy voodoo drums, was tremendously effective on the stage and in the opera, but suffers a bit from too much footage in the cinema version. However, it will be excellent for lovers of superb acting. Dudley Digges, as the only white man in the cast, is good. Recommended.

"ANN VICKERS"

Irene Dunne is the heroine of Sinclair Lewis' popular novel of a social worker who loves but doesn't care about marriage. Her life is just one trouble after another. Bruce Cabot starts the irregularities, and Walter Huston, as "Barney Dolphin," a corrupt judge who is sent to prison, ends them on a happy note. Edna Mae Oliver receives the comedy award. The acting is excellent all the way through, but most of the picture is stark tragedy, ending, however, on a happy note. Thank goodness, some of the horrors of women's prison life, brought out so forcefully in the book, could not be filmed. Recommended.

"SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI"
One of the standardized epics of college life, involving a college crew, Buster Crabbe, Mary Carlisle and Charles Starrett. One of those pictures where a shy and retiring athlete almost ruins his career by falling for a fickle girl, but by a superhuman effort, strokes the crew to victory and wins her affections. Not recommended.

"THE LAST ROUNDUP"

Made from the Zane Grey novel, with Monte Blue, Randolph Scott and Fred Kipler. Not recommended.

CLUB CHATTER

(Continued from page 3)
Kathryn Hyde has at last made up her mind to go home for the weekend, but Virginia Reed, as usual, can't decide, but probably will end up by going.

The T. C.'s have an old girl, Jane Bucklen, back with them. Welcome back, Jane!

Have you heard about the T. C. radio? Well, there isn't any just now. Mary Jean Kirwin says there is actually a hole in the floor where it used to be. Have you looked carefully, Mary Jane?

Those T. C.'s really sing during the fireside hour, if you would call Harrison's solo and the Sherman duet "singing."

Last club meeting at the Tri K house was devoted to travelogues. Katrina spoke of some inviting cactus and of candy which they make in Arizona. She also gave a charming picture of a real "Injun" wood carrier, but not once were the "great open spaces" spoken about. Then Jean Munsie pictured Massachusetts for the club and for Miss Morrison, who has been there a few times. There was also a discussion on the merits of baked beans from Boston. Well, from West to East isn't such a big space to cover in one night after all. Let's do it again, Patsy. The North-South region hasn't been covered yet.

The club was honored with Mary Diell's company that same night.

On Saturday night there was a group at the Tri K house for a steak dinner. Izzy, Leigh, Geibel, Cack, Shorty, Charlie, Bomke, Ann Shaw, Munger, and the "Pecos Queen" were all present. Afterwards, everyone tried a few backbends and fish under Geibel's tutelage. It was a bend-or-break proposition!

During vespers held at the club on Sunday, Mary Jones read some poems and the Clays sang a hymn.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, February 17, 1934

Number 17

PLANS FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY COMPLETE

Ruth Robinson as Martha Washington, and Mary Lula Pivoto as George Washington will rule at the court on February 22, to be held in the gym. This function, which is traditional, is preceded by a formal dinner. A number of Seniors in colonial costume dance the minuet. There is also a military drill done by Miss Jeter's pupils. Those taking part in the minuet are:

Set 1—M. M. Lincoln, M. Shaw, H. Larimer, D. Glander, K. Van Benschoten, J. Carroll, D. Funk, I. Coulter.

Set 2—B. Randle, M. Jones, E. Warren, M. Kaesar, V. Winston, J. Knowles, M. Jacobson, M. Edmonson.

Set 3—A. Shaw, L. Tailafiero, C. Holcombe, M. Pyeatt, N. B. Anderson, R. Munger, M. Bomke, E. Geible.

Set 4—V. L. Davis, D. Smith, H. Leob, J. Hutcheson, W. Baker, V. Cornelia, A. V. Hill, K. Mathis.

Set 5—R. Morrisson, R. Nehls, M. E. Cayce, G. Bosserman, J. Carling, R. Berry, M. J. Pulver, V. Keidel.

Miss Jeter's pupils in the military drill are: Grace Benedict, Florence Colmery, Llewellyna Granbery, Joanne Hampton.

The pages will be Louise Stanley and Barbara Leake.

DR. HILL, VES-PERS SPEAKER

Dr. John Hill spoke in Vespers Sunday night on the subject, "Knowing God."

"What is God like?" he questioned. "How does He act? How may one recognize Him?"

He answered this question by saying that God is like Jesus, which is the best answer we can advance to this.

"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee," quoted Rev. Hill from the book of Job.

This statement suggests the two ways by which we are to know God. One is purely intellectual and academic; the other is taught by experience. He illustrated this text by telling the story of Job briefly.

"It is a glorious privilege to know God," Dr. Hill stated. "We are unworthy if we do not long for Him. God came to fill our lives full of the finest and best, and He offers His resources without stint. Let us know God," he concluded, "before the testing time comes."

DEAN BURK, CHAPEL SPEAKER

Dean Burk was the chapel speaker on Monday, February 12. He spoke on "Grandmother's Granddaughter Goes to School."

Developing the attitude toward women through history, Dean Burk led up to the gradual development of education for women. He spoke particularly of the growth of educational facilities for women in the South.

CHAPEL PROGRAMS

Feb. 19—23

Feb. 19—Program by Students of the Music Department

Feb. 21—Rev. J. Grady Timmons, McKendree Methodist Church

Feb. 23—Student Life in Rome
Father Duffy of Father Ryan High School

HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLLS ANNOUNCED

The high school honor rolls for the fourth month and for the first semester have been announced. They are as follows:

FOURTH MONTH

First Year—Jean Burk, Susan Cheek, Nelle Edwards, Ann Carolyn Gillespie, Llewellyna Granbery, Elaine Haile, Virginia McClellan, Willadene Smith, Carmen Torrey, Jane Vance.

Second Year—Grace Benedict, Matilda Gibson, Marion Hill, Lucile Johnson, Barbara Leake, Mickie Perry.

Third Year—Sylvia Cohen, Josephine Neil.

Fourth Year—Mary Louise Bearden, Virginia Carson, Louise Douglas, Margaret Greene, Henrietta Hickman (All A's), Mary Alice Nolen, Katherine Price, Landis Shaw, Louise Stanley, Sybil Sudowitz, Frances Wilkerson.

SEMESTER

First Year—Jean Burk, Susan Cheek, Judith Davis, Nelle Edwards, Rachel Farris, Ann C. Gillespie, Llewellyna Granbery, Elaine Haile, Virginia McClellan, Dorothy Proctor, Willadene Smith, Carmen Torrey, Jane Vance.

Second Year—Grace Benedict, Peggy Dickinson, Matilda Gibson, Sarah Goodpasture, Marion Hill, Lucile Johnson, Barbara Leake, Ellen Martin, Mickie Perry.

Third Year—Sylvia Cohen, Josephine Neil, Frances Rose.

Fourth Year—Mary Louise Bearden, Virginia Carson, Louise Douglas, Margaret Greene, Henrietta Hickman, (All A's), Ruth Keller, Katherine Price, Landis Shaw, Louise Stanley, Sybil Sudowitz, Frances Wilkerson.

NOTICE

We wish to make a correction in an article that appeared in last week's *HYPHEN*. In the list of new proctors, omission was made of the name of the newly-elected Heron proctor, Helen Stillmanks. Beg your pardon!

"NOW IN MY DAY—"

Fashions in Valentines have changed since the days of our grandmothers, along with education, customs, and costumes. There was once a time, long years ago, even before St. Valentine so kindly gave his name when it had some real significance. Now it means letters, cards, candy, and presents. Then the names of all the people in the village were put into a box and everyone drew. Thus everyone had two valentines, but they gave the nicest presents to the one whose name they had drawn.

Sometimes just the names of the girls were put into the jar and all the young men drew. The girl whose name he drew was his partner for the several days of merry-making which followed. This method of drawing did not leave the girl much choice as to her partner, but she had various charms and spells which she hoped would turn fate in her direction. On Valentine's eve she would pin four bay leaves to the four corners of her pillow and on going to bed she would eat, shell and all, a hard-boiled egg, the center of which had been filled with salt. If she dreamed of the proper person, or no account would she open her eyes before he called at the house on Valentine's morning. If you met a girl on the street quite early you might be sure that she had dreamed of the wrong person, and was doing her best to break the spell.

Everyone had a Valentine. In his diary Samuel Pepys rejoiced that he had drawn his wife's name so that the money which would have had to be spent on someone else would be kept in the family. On that occasion he presented his wife with a diamond.

In Norwich the day partook something of the nature of April Fool's Day and Christmas. Everyone gave presents to everyone else. Sometimes you opened your door and stooped to pick up a package which was quickly withdrawn by an invisible string. There were nice packages, funny ones, and of course always sentimental ones.

Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers peeked demurely from behind drawn curtains to see the messenger arrive who brought frilly lay bits of paper, properly inscribed, or dainty bouquets.

Wednesday we waited impatiently for the mail to bring, "specials," candy, flowers, and even an occasional comic Valentine—changes in fashion aren't so bad.

GYM TURNED INTO ROLLER RINK

One of the most enjoyable and most successful parties given by the Athletic Association this year was held Saturday night, February 10. It was a roller skating party. The gym was decorated with red, white and blue Japanese lanterns and as the guests came in they formed the line that led to the little gym where skates were obtained.

During the evening there were several contests held between the numerous skaters. In one the girls were lined up one end of the gym and they raced to the other end batting small balloons ahead of them. In another, two relay teams were lined up, of which each member had to blow up a balloon until it burst before she skated across the gym to tag the next skater on her team. Dolores Smith and Mary Soper volunteered to give a special, which was enjoyed by everyone. Refreshments were served by Ann Shaw, Isabel Coulter, Victoria Keidel, and Grace Bosserman, dressed as cooks in white aprons and tall caps. An orchestra played for the skating and for those who wished to dance.

The informality and originality of the party were unique. Everyone was in sport clothes, some even in gym shorts or slacks. There has never been a party where everyone seemed to mix so well and have such a perfectly hilarious time.

KENNETH ROSE GIVES RECITAL

Kenneth Rose gave his violin recital on February 15. He was accompanied by Hazel Coate Rose at the piano.

His program was as follows:

1. Chaconne Bach
2. Gloriette Cernc
- Berceuse Stravinsky
- Romance Herbert
- La Fontaine d'Arethuse Szymanowski
- Polka Weinberger
3. American Concerto Glinka-Machan

PLANS MADE FOR SENIOR-SENIOR-MIDDLE DAY

At the Senior-Middle class meeting held Thursday, January 25, plans were made for the annual Senior-Senior-Middle day to be held March 28. Julia Acheson was elected toast-mistress from the Senior-Middle class. Jean Stewart, class president, then told some of the duties of the toast-mistress on that day.

At the Senior-Middle class meeting held February 9, Julia Acheson told the class some of the plans being made for the Senior-Senior-Middle day. Toska Ann Von Borries is the general chairman of the affair. Names of the committees were also announced at the meeting.

Also at the class meeting the Senior-Middle song was chosen. It was composed by Mary Eleanor Clay.

FOUNDERS ENTERTAINS FOR NEW PROCTOR

Friday night, February 9, Founders Hall installed its new proctor, Jean Dayton, with fitting ceremony. The party, which was a full dress affair, began at 10:15 and continued until 11:00. As the guests came down from second floor to pass the receiving line, they were announced by Frances Graham, and instructed as to proper means of descending (we can still see some one flopping downstairs like a fish).

The receiving line consisted of Jean Dayton, Martha Fisher, Mary Alice Paine, and Martha Jane Chatten. Each floor put on a stunt. For the first floor Louise Robinson presented "Betty at the Baseball Game." For the second floor Mary Hobson, Doris Sherman and Charlotte Ann Doughty gave "Are there any trains to the East today—etc." (Note: Mary Hobson's whiskers). Marjorie Wells was in charge of the third floor stunt, which consisted of a parade of posters promising good behavior (good politicians, the third floor) and finished by presentation of "Jimmy" to the new proctor. (See third floor Founders for details). The first floor won the silver-plated tin can for the best stunt.

Costumes were many and varied. The guest of honor wore the most becoming green rubber apron and carried a huge bouquet of vari-colored Kleenex. Hilda Beck was dressed entirely in handkerchiefs. Betty Barth as a Life Buoy ad, Winifred Marsh as a Chinaman, Mary Hobson as an English motorist, and Mary Crockett as "don't know what—but the hat with the little feather in it was certainly far in advance of the present mode, were all there. Jo Ann Crawford and Virginia Bradshaw, in dancing costumes and riding boots, added a sporting effect to the whole. Jean Stewart, dressed as a pirate, was much in evidence particularly when the ice cream sandwiches were served. Eleanor Irwin was also piratically inclined. ('Tis said that make-up doesn't come off too well in the dark—eh, Eleanor?)

F. F. DANCE, SATURDAY EVENT

The annual F. F. Club dance will be held in the gym Saturday, February 17, at eight o'clock. Mary Hobson is in charge of the dance. She is ably assisted by Ann Ostergren, chairman of the food committee; Doris Sherman, invitations; Nita Bogue, orchestra, and Eva Charity Ohlwaer, special.

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CLUB CHATTER

Janie Ruth Huey celebrated her birthday in a big way at the Agora club Wednesday, January 24. Brick ice cream and a lovely birthday cake were served. How we all hope that the wish we wished comes true!

A Valentine party was given at the club last Wednesday night. An informal dinner was topped off perfectly by a lovely date cake that Elizabeth Airheart's mother sent us. The dinner was followed by a heart tree hunt. Some of us surely are blind! But the best part of all came when the match heart game was played. (Incidentally we found out plenty. Just ask Safford?) The evening was finished by having a robber's dance.

Janie Ruth Huey's mother and Miss Patterson, of Homerville, Georgia, were here to see Janie Ruth last week. We all were mighty pleased to have them at club Wednesday night.

Elizabeth Smith's family, of Bird-eye, Arkansas, were here this week-end, too. Some people are just too lucky!

Saturday night, Helene Loeb, Kay Combs, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Lydia Fountain, Ruth Frye, Muriel Leverett, Evelyn Cooper, and Marge Zaugg almost didn't get to the roller-skating party. You see, they had dinner down at the Agora club that night and were reluctant to leave such delicacies as Italian spaghetti and so on.

The A. K. club house certainly has been in use this week-end. Ginny and Mary Marm were down Friday and Saturday afternoon engaging in "weighty" discussions. Just imagine discussing life and religion just after exams, when most of us have turned to movie magazines.

Sunday morning, Betty Randle, Trina, Winston, and Mary Marm went down for breakfast. It seems the repast was splendid. By the way, the A. K.'s lack a coffee pot. If anyone has one to contribute, the reporter would be willing to give them special mention in this column as benefactors of society.

Vic Keidel and Buzzie made candy at the club, Sunday afternoon. We heard about it, but we didn't taste any, so we refuse to say that it was good.

Five A. K.'s were so enthused about the plans for redecorating the club house that they were late for study hour Wednesday night. It was decided that the club would forego a dance with boys, and do something about the color of the rugs instead. Evidently it is that great artistic sense cropping out.

Last Wednesday, Vic, Nellie, Gilbertine, and Dukie took setting up exercises at the club. (This is a paid advertisement.) The week was finished off with a very private special Valentine party. The A. K.'s even had a Valentine box, we want you to know!

The Osirons were honored at their last meeting with the presence of Misses Katherine Klett and Barbara Packard, who are to be at Ward-Belmont for the second semester.

A great variety of things take place at the Osiron house, from vesper services to the teaching of such games as Blackjack! Tsk, tsk!

It was with the great scurry and bustle that the last of the Osiron snapshots for Milestones was taken. But it was a lot of fun anyway!

An impromptu dance took place at the conclusion of the last Osiron meeting that was lots of fun. A lot of politics was enacted, too, wasn't there, Mickey?

The Penta Tau meetings have taken on a spirit that just can't be beat. Every week at the beginning of the meeting, the club members sing the Penta Tau song. Priest is usually seen curled up on one of the love seats while Soper is on the other one. Ganel, Katherine Hawley, and Edwina usually appropriate the big sofa,

while the rest adorn the room to the best of their ability. But the meeting is not a gathering of "interior decorators" by any means. For, just in case you don't know, the "P" in Penta stands for pep, as well as poise, and personality. And such talent (T has a significance, too), with Soper and Toddy "coming out" with wisdom teeth, we naturally seem to be a rather brainy crowd. If you read this carefully, divide it by three and shake lightly, you will arrive at this conclusion—A business meeting is in progress, with discussions for the Penta Tau's coming Open House, heated—and interesting! What an affair that is going to be!

The T. C.'s are having some very interesting club meetings. Last Wednesday night Smith and Sue Salter turned "Orchids in the Moonlight" into "Tears in the eyes" of all the members! (Meant as a compliment, girls.) Gwen King and Selanie could hear too well—we will say.

To knit, or not to knit—that was the question which Mary Patterson, Christine Gill, Elizabeth Earhardt, and Margaret Heatherington answered in the affirmative at the T. C. club Saturday night.

That key to Atry's trunk is rather hard to get, isn't it, Fran? You find it as hard to open as Harrell plus Huson find that club house door. Maybe time will solve both problems!

Mary Marm, are you sure that the T. C.'s need both Slymme and Martha for the bowling manager? But it must be admitted that there is promise of a good team.

The Tri K's traveled again on Wednesday night when Jane Hodges gave a portrayal of Florida, and Max Evans presented winter sports of New Jersey. Races on hard-sanded Daytona Beach contrast sharply with ski-jumping on New Jersey hills, but a return to temperate Nashville was effected by Buzzy's water polo announcements.

"Cayce" has been to St. Louis, and she saw several Tri K's there: Jane Roubush (President in '33); Marjorie Remington (President in '32), and Tommie McCoy (ex-'33). Maybe they will be back for Homecoming. And there are rumors that "Fully" '33 will motor through enroute to Sewanee.

Then headlines had it that "Fully" had been in an automobile accident, but she was not seriously injured.

Why was Miss Morrison hesitant about looking at Tri K grades? (Uncomfortable moment!)

Saturday night, long strands of spaghetti and hunks of cheese disappeared at the Tri K house. Funkie, Larry, Munsie, Judy, Berry, Findlater, Roth, and Glander celebrated before skating in the gym. That Dot Glander is a cook!

Monday night, February 12, the X. L. house was the scene of a birthday party honoring Doris Wheeler. The guests cooked steaks and made biscuits, and rejoiced in French fried onions and potatoes. Two tables were decorated in a Valentine color scheme of red and white, while the place cards were little baskets filled with heart-shaped candies. The partakers of this inviting feast were: Janet Newbury, Frances Summers, Juanita Phillips, Peggy Longworth, Myrle Hall, Louise Young, and the honored hostess.

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BEHIND SCENES IN DANCING

Twirling, turning, gliding,
Sweeping, floating, sliding,
Flying, whirling—it's entrancing—
She's happy now, for she is dancing.

"Behind the Footlights"

Since we are soon to be off to Louisville to see the Monte Carlo Ballet here is a little something about the youngest member of the company. This interview is quoted from "The New Yorker."

"Two of the dancers in the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe are fourteen years old, as you have probably heard, but we found that Tamara Toumanova is two days younger than Irina Baronova, so we interviewed Tamara. She is Russian, all right, but she narrowly missed being born in Siberia. Her mother was on a freight train, fleeing from the Bolsheviks, when the event occurred just this side of the Siberian frontier. When Tamara opened her eyes, she saw sixteen cavalrymen, four horses, and her mother, all in the car together, all hoping the Bolsheviks wouldn't overtake them. She doesn't remember any of course, and the trying experience doesn't seem to have affected either mother or daughter. Her mother is with her, and kisses her before each ballet number and gives her a pat.

Tamara's father's name is Khassidovitch; he was a colonel in the White Russian army while his wife and daughter were fleeing the Red Army. He caught up with them at Vladivostok and the three went to Shanghai, where he worked as a chef in a Chinese restaurant until he saved enough money to take them to Paris. Tamara began to study dancing when she was six, and it was then her parents decided that nobody would go to see a ballerina named Khassidovitch and Tamara took her mother's surname.

Tamara speaks only Russian and French, so we talked to her through an interpreter, to be on the safe side. She's a happy little girl, she told us, loves the ballets, and enjoys her memories of the part. Once, at Olga Preobrajensk's school in Paris, Pavlova saw her dance, and wept. Then later Tamara went to see Pavlova backstage and saw her quarrelling with her partner, Volinine, screaming at him and slapping him; then saw her go on the stage beaming at her partner; then saw her, the moment the curtain went down, go on with the quarrel where she'd left off.

When Tamara was nine, she danced at the Paris opera; at eleven, she joined the Ballet Russe. She studied other things besides dancing at the Lycee Michelet in Paris and, before supper in the evening, she practiced on the piano. She does those leap-and-catch dances sometimes. In Paris, a year ago, she leaped, her partner missed. Her back was sprained and she had to stay in bed three weeks. That was bad. Only a month ago, during the premiere of "Cinderella" in London, a different partner missed and she fell with her feet bent under her the wrong way. She finished the number while her right ankle was swelling up like a very small balloon. The doctor thought it was broken, and the whole company was upset because of the coming engagement in New York. But it was only a torn ligament. That was good. And that's about all there is to Tamara's life story, so far."

In the meantime some of our own dancers have been performing—Mar-

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garet Scales, Clara Knox, Ann Pogue, and Helen Nelson danced in the Children's Mardi Gras and another still tinier dancer, Eleanor Bradford, was elected Queen—and a beautiful Queen she was too.

Grace Benedict and Jane Vance tapped for the Ankors Friday night.

Sounds of all sizes and descriptions are issuing from the dancing department these days—what it's about—you'll soon know.

There must be some date between now and summer that the dancers club can meet!

Did you know that Stravinsky, the famous pianist, was one of the few musicians who was especially commissioned to compose for the ballet?

DEBATING CLUB ORGANIZES

Tuesday evening, February 13, the debating club held its first meeting in the T. C. club house. Organization was begun, and for the present an executive committee, including Martha Pyeatt, Katrina Van Benschoten, and Virginia Winston will take charge of the early management of the society.

Dr. Barton spoke informally on the purpose and operation of the club, stressing the fact that the intention is to stimulate interest, and exchange fact on political, economic, and social questions. Debates will be open to the entire student body.

The first debate will be given by Rena Berry and Ruth Nehls against Marie Bomke and Charlie Holcombe. Date and subject matter have not been announced.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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EDITORIAL

BE MY VALENTINE!

Piles of letters and cards avowing deep devotion and love, boxes after boxes of flowers, telegrams—that's Valentine Day at Ward-Belmont! Then in the evening, there's the formal dinner.

This is no time to get "preachy," you probably are thinking. And you are rightly imagining that we are going to give a bit of editorial advice.

Valentine Day centers primarily around love, so that on that day we are reminded of the sorts of love which we know and of which we are capable.

First of all, there is the love we have for our family and for our friends. If we have neglected any that come into those categories up to this time, this spirit at Valentine should encourage us to make up for lost time.

Then there is the love that students have for their school. Perhaps there is no time when the real spirit and atmosphere of the school is better shown than at one of the formal dinners. At Valentine we have a dinner presented by the Y.W.C.A. in honor of the day of love. It is a perfect culmination to a time of love, when we have remembered all those whom we love and cherish and receive in turn like affection from them.

AFTER ALL!

"Why, there is a war in Austria!" This exclamation was made by a Ward-Belmont girl upon opening a two-days-old paper from her home town. From her tone, and from the surprise upon the faces of the others present, it was evident that they knew very little about what is going on in the world.

Students in other countries are taking an active interest in the government of their countries. If it takes the form of leading riots and making somewhat radical speeches, they do at least have enough interest. When the time comes for them to take over the reins of the government they will have some idea of what governing a country is all about. American youth has been called the oldest youth in the world because it accepts what is told it, and does nothing about it, except perhaps in some clubs or classes, more wideawake than most, where there may be some discussion. How can such people expect to know how to run a country when it comes time? If a person cannot learn to play a piano by merely going to concerts, how can people expect to learn to govern a country if they don't even know what is going on in it?

There is no reason why Ward-Belmont students should be so ignorant of world affairs, because our own little world is running smoothly and outside events have not as yet affected it. Every morning and evening a paper is posted in Middlemarch. There is a bulletin board on which foreign events are posted weekly, and "Things I Never Knew Before," which appears in the HYPHEN usually has some interesting sidelights on current events.

CAMPUS COLUMN

I was almost tempted to leave this column until the last minute on Wednesday, and then I overheard our editor telling Miss Rhea that she "had so little trouble getting in the material for each weekly edition." Then I decided that it wasn't just the fair thing to do, and so I'm here struggling, perhaps spending my entire afternoon.

There's little need of asking how you enjoyed the skating party last Saturday night. Everybody seemed to be having the best of fun, especially Patsy Schorndorfer. She came dressed for the occasion, and before she left the shirt was almost in shreds. The only mishap during the whole evening, besides the minor spills, etc., happened to Rena Berry! Next time I guess you'll keep your eyes closed when you're blowing balloons instead of trying to see and pop balloons at the same time, Rena!

How were we to know that Dolores and Soper were such talented skaters? Wouldn't you love seeing those two skating on thin ice, on a great big pond?

Barbara Packard certainly reminds me of Charlotte Greenwood when she starts picking that long body up off of the skating rink floor! I like that gal, she's got life!

You wouldn't try to reveal my identity, would you, Jane Bucklen? Can't you protect me, friends???

And wouldn't you know they'd do it? Pivoto and Ruth Robinson always insisted that they needn't learn the minuet steps, that they were going to be George and Martha Washington, anyway. And, by darn, they are—were elected Tuesday morning in chapel, and may we congratulate them!

What was Elise Elrod trying to do Sunday morning on the way up to breakfast? Must have been making a stab at a heavy-sitters contest???

Mary Findlater certainly rates with her little brother. A big Valentine on Tuesday morning, and you should see it work! Go in sometime and see it.

Jane Carroll certainly splurged last Friday night, when she had several girls as her dinner guests out at the Belle Meade club. And how does Jane Hodges rate having her father come down so very often???

Miss Morrison almost fell over when all but two of the Seniors showed up for minuet practice Tuesday night. And those two were well occupied down at the Debating Club.

With Dr. Barton as sponsor, the Debating Club was organized Tuesday night after dinner in the T. C. clubhouse. Martha Fyeatt, Katrina Van Benschoten and Virginia Winston were elected to the executive committee. This is going to be quite exciting and I don't think it's too late to join, so come on down! Watch it, when those "Nawthern gals" and them "Sawtherners" get together—yashu! There may be words, so you all come on down.

Well, that seems to be about all this week; remember, if you find anything exciting, don't forget to send it in to this dear old columnist!!

I'll see you.

OUTING CLUB
OFFICERS ELECTED

Tuesday afternoon the members of the Outing Club elected their officers for the year. The General Manager serves in the same manner as a president. She shall serve on the Athletic Board in the same capacity as the officers of the Athletic Association. The officers elected were as follows:

General Manager.....
.....Nell Betty Anderson
Sec. and Treas.....Olga Wardowski
Feature Chairman.....Mildred Clements
Poster Chairman.....Betty Randle

EAGLE FEATHER

THOUGHTS ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Folks had a way
In grandmother's day
Of trying to find
The best Valentine
They possibly could.
And then they would
Forward it on
To their chosen one
With the tiny plea
That it might be
In every way
Satisfactory.
No Valentine
Was considered fine
Unless it could show
Row upon row
Of beautiful lace
Adorning its face;
And boasted a verse
Carefully terse,
"My love for you
Will always be true."
Or some other mood

Which could prove just as good.

Nowadays
We forget the lace,
Our sentiments prized
Are commercialized.
We say, "Be mine, baby,"
And answer, "Well, maybe"
We don't think it funny
To say, "You're my honey!"
The girl who is freckled
Is sure to be heckled.
The bowlegged pair
Come in for their share.
And we are not happy
Unless we are sappy.
We overflow with feeling,
Our nature revealing.
And all that was fine
In the old Valentine,
Is lost in our lameness.
Of Valentine sameness.
M. Y. '35.

FOG

Quiet as the coming day
Simple as a child knelt to pray,
Ghastly as a passing soul,
Hopeless as a passing soul!

I stand like a worshiper in a shrine
Revealing in its beauty, half divine
Its glory leaves me shivering, agog—
Weirdest of mysteries—thickest of fog!

WINIFRED MARSH '35.

LITTLE SISSY

Little Sissy, in velvet pants,
Sailor blouse and hat,
"You can't play with us, you can't even run
An' if ya do, ya land flat.

"Sissy, mustn't muss up his clothes
Or make any loud, awful noise,
'Cause if he did, he'd get spanked
Like all of those refine' little boys."

But under his tawny, yellow head
He wishes he was tough and big,
For he could play an' wouldn't dress up,
But could lay in the mud like a pig.
N. Schmid '35.

Drip, drip drip
The rain comes from the
Sky
To fall on my wind-beaten
House
So frail that it clings to the
Oak trees
Grown strong beside it.

The old, thin-shingled roof
Leaks,
And water runs in streaks
Down
The slanting sides.
But it's my house—
My very own,
And no matter—
I love it!
M. F. J.

The smoke rings of her cigarette
Loop upward one by one—
Small holes that can capture
The round coins of the sun.

The smoke rings from his cigarette
Go rising toward the skies.
He cannot see the gold in them
For looking in her eyes!
V. F. '34.

YOUTH

Could I bend all day over a sewing machine
and wrinkle my face and grey my hair
for some bread?
Perhaps I could, but will I?

Could I clerk in a shop for four seasons through
and swell my ankles and wear out my soul
for a roof?
Perhaps I could, but will I?

Could I bend all day over a hot cookstove
and scrub soiled clothes and ruin my looks
for a man?
Perhaps I could, but I won't!
A. L. '34.

AY STUDENT CHATTER

Angkor Club

Her middle name is Franklin and the least the first part is literally true. She told a budding young doctor to his face the other night that she just didn't go out with medical students!

A certain Angkor we know has such "bulgy-browed" friend that she can't read his letters. It's just too bad when "a friend" has to translate a tender sentiment written in a "furrin" language to the blushing junior recipient.

You can blame Grace for the recent row. She prayed for it. The only drawback was that the Lord didn't hear her until "he" had mounted his sporting motorcycle and sped away into the golden West.

Does Mary Ann believe in the supernatural now? The other night while she was earnestly and innocently (well, anyway, earnestly), spending the evening at home, an irate young man called up to find out if she was two-timing him. It was in the cards, he said.

What is it that Sophomore Angkor keeps hidden beneath her flowing cloak (or sweat-shirt to be more precise)? Expose the dandy little token to the sunlight, Matilda, and give us all a peek.

Camille has a theory of her own about all the Fisk University speakers we've been having. Ask her to explain it to you.

Susan Cheek "the backbone" of the early committee has flitted away to Florida. Here's lots of sun-tan to you, Susan!

A bit for the law courts: Who has a lease on a certain Angkor Junior-Middle's living room? The family does wish they could sit there once in a while.

Ariston Club

When the Aristons were told of their failure to reveal that good ole club spirit, they immediately disproved this by having a pep meeting. From their club room were heard cheers, cheers, and the singing of "Ariston Forever" resounded throughout the building. All listeners-in commented upon their pep, vivaciousness and loyal spirit.

Aristons are extremely well represented not only here on the campus but also at the Vandy gym on Saturday nights. Janet, The Brughs, Mary John, Helen Power, Marjorie, Virginia Smith, Dot Jones, and Katherine Mills are regularly on hand.

We are so relieved to know that Margaret Brugh found her Sigma Chi pin. Hold on to it tight, now, 'cause we know its value increases more and more, day by day.

Aristons are again proud of Patty Chadwell for her splendid performance in the swimming meet last week. She had the honor of being the only day student to participate.

Emily Taggart receives our heartiest congratulations for her artistic and beautiful dancing in Miss Jeter's recital at chapel last Friday.

Mary Louise Bearden, our treasurer, can get better results out of her half-minute pleas (should I say warnings) than anybody else possibly could.

Our sympathy is extended to Carmencita and Mary Louise Toney, whose home was completely destroyed by fire.

We hope that Bernice Blowers is recovering satisfactorily from her recent operation. The Aristons are pulling for you, Bernice.

Don't forget to have your pictures made for the Milestones. So long!

Eccowasin Club

Let's give three cheers for the swell basketball players. . . . Did you see the snappy suit that Shirley had on, Tuesday? . . . We missed you, Jane. . . . Ellen, have you gotten a letter yet? Well, I haven't, worse luck. . . .

The Outdoor Club has distinct possibilities. . . . We hear Jane Meadors has invented some new cheers for the team. . . . Gardenias to Polly Ann for her sportsmanship. . . . Well, are you over the measles, Carol? . . . Gardenias to Claydon for her good-natured efficiency in being hockey and basketball manager successively. . . . Gosh, it's hard to think up stuff for this column! Won't you send in ideas to the HYPHEN office? . . . Nevertheless, here goes. . . . Liz, you certainly have a certain boy runnin' around in circles. . . . It's too bad that a certain girl and a very certain boy are zigzagging. Ah, me, it was such a lovely romance! . . . Scads of gardenias to the one who originated the idea of giving the orphans music lessons. . . . I hear (alas, only always hear) that Polly Ann was the rave of the recent Beta dance. . . . And did you see that cute Peggy Dickinson at Candyland the other night? . . . Jane Ewing is said to have quite a coterie these days. . . . Chewing gum is more fun in a certain class. Don't let Virginia Carson hear that. . . . We will have definite news next time about the S. M. A. dances, but we certainly wish we were going. Oodles of luck and a corsage to each of you!

MISS HERRON SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

An interesting view of the English people was given the students Friday morning, February 9, at the chapel hour, when Miss Louise Herron told of her recent year's stay in England. She stated that during the time she was there she became convinced that the English weren't really as cold-hearted as their behaviour would indicate, and cited several instances to prove her point.

Miss Herron gave an interesting list of the reasons Englishmen don't like America and Americans. Among them were: American newspaper accounts, law violations and aimless congressional debates, tourists, American boast of winning the recent war, Hollywood interpretation of America, and the colorful Aimee McPherson lectures.

One of the most interesting points of the address was the discussion of the English Speaking Union in England and America. This is a union whose purpose is "To draw together in bond of comradeship the English-speaking people of the world." This union has introduced American and English histories in universities, given scholarships, started children's circulation libraries, and performed many other worth-while acts.

VANDY-W.-B. "Y" CABINETS HAVE JOINT MEETING

A joint meeting of the Ward-Belmont Y.W.C.A. cabinet and the Vanderbilt Y.M.C.A. cabinet was held in the Anti-Pep club house Tuesday evening, Feb. 13. The theme of the evening centered around the "Y" in relation to the campus. Lydia Fountain, Ward-Belmont Y.W.C.A. President, presided. During the course of the evening discussions were led by Miss Van Hooser, Ward-Belmont "Y" sponsor, and Mortin King, Vanderbilt, "Y" President. Brief resumes of the unit of each cabinet were also given. The discussion hour closed with a short worship service led by May Elizabeth Dale, executive secretary of the Vanderbilt "Y."

At the close of the evening refreshments were served and the meeting ended in a social hour of dancing.

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Notes Off the Editor's Cuff!

This anecdote concerns four not very valiant Seniors and their penchant for merry-making. It was between two exams, and they decided to go out for some needed refreshment, so they piled in a car and set out on their quest for spaghetti, since one of the quartet declared the nearest place to be the best. They were very fondness for Italian food. Petrone was their goal, but when they reached it, the only parking space was in front of a pool parlor and the place seemed crowded, so three demurred strenuously. The fourth with a hop, skip and jump left out and started for the door, so the others followed, with some of the liveliest faces in their minds. The fourth opened the door and innocently started for a table. The place was packed jam full of boys, not a female in it, and they all looked

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There's a Good Reason

After dinner, Dr. Beittel gave a most interesting discussion of "Dictatorships In Europe." He compared the type in Germany and Italy to the type developed in Russia.

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, February 24, 1934

Number 18

COLLEGE HONOR ROLLS ANNOUNCED

Announcement was made by Dr. Barton, in Chapel, Friday, February 16, of the College Honor Roll and Dean's List for the first semester of 1933-34. The Honor Roll is as follows:

SENIOR-MIDDLES

Judith Berry, Patty Chadwell, Martha Jane Chattin, Mildred Clements, Elizabeth Gray, Edwina Holland, Kathryn Hyde, Malinda Jones, Mary Jean Kirwan, Mary Alice Paine.

SENIORS

Mary Louise Balsiger, Marie Bomke, Jane Briggs, Margaret Brugh, Virginia Cornelius, Lydia Fountain, Alice Vivienne Hill, Helen Larimer, Helene Loeb, Anne Loftin, May Dell Meyer, Martha Rucker, Beverly Stone, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Virginia Winston.

The College Dean's List, which is made up of those girls making an average grade of B, is as follows:

Alice Adams, Mary Louise Balsiger, Judith Berry, Marie Bomke, Elizabeth Bowman, Virginia Brice, Jane Briggs, Margaret Brugh, Mary Lalla Bryn, Patty Chadwell, Martha Jane Chattin, Mildred Clements, Virginia Cornelius, Matilda Daugherty, Jean Dayton, Edith Eason, Martha Fisher, Lydia Fountain, Elizabeth Gray, Adlene Hershey, Alice Vivienne Hill, Edwina Holland, Rosemary Horstmann, Juliet Hutton, Kathryn Hyde, Marjorie Jacobson, Christine Jill, Malinda Jones, Marion Kestner, Jeannette Kassel, Ferne King, Mary Jean Kirwan, Helen Larimer, Gail Lawrence, Rosella Lee Lewis, Helene Loeb, Anne Loftin, May Dell Meyer, Mary Milani, Arlene Milligan, Jean Munnie, Jane Neil, Betty Ott, Mary Alice Paine, Helen Pillow, Mary Elizabeth Polk, Martha Pyeatt, Elizabeth Ann Rall, Virginia Richey, Juanita Roberts, Louise Robinson, Martha Rucker, Barbara Shields, Jean Stewart, Beverly Stone, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Jean Weis, Mary Lee Wilson, Virginia Winston, Ida May Wirtz, Peggy Young.

WORDSMITHS

CHOOSE NEW MEMBERS

Wordsmiths met Monday night, February 19, in the faculty sitting room. Contributions which had been handed in to the contest were read, and the following new members elected: Rena Berry, Winifred Marsh, Mary Marjorie Linn.

Further plans were discussed for the Wordsmith booklet, and poems and plays written by present members were read.

X. L. DANCE, SATURDAY EVENT

The annual X. L. Club dance will be held in the gym Saturday, March 3, at eight o'clock. Annette McCullen is in charge of the dance. Other girls recently appointed by Rena Berry to assist are Georganna Martin, chairman of the foods committee; Ann Shaw, invitations; Marjorie Edmonson, orchestra; Virginia Cornelius, costumes, and Lois Welch, special.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Monday, February 26—
Report of College Association meeting
Wednesday, February 28—
Jane Briggs, speaker
Friday, March 2—
Hugh Swinton Legare—Miss Scruggs

REV. TIMMONS, CHAPEL SPEAKER

The Rev. T. Grady Timmons of the McKendree Methodist Church spoke in chapel Wednesday morning, February 21, on "Full Personality."

Rev. Timmons said that though we often find it necessary to revise textbooks, and though manners, customs, and costumes change, it has never been necessary to revise the Bible. He took as his text that passage from Luke which says "and He grew in wisdom, and in stature, and in favor with God and man." In this passage is embodied the whole educational program of America today. Intellectual development, physical training, spiritual development, and social culture. The aim of American people is to get their whole personality to function, and not just part.

"Only a complete circle makes a wheel," said Rev. Timmons, "take away part of it and you have a rocking chair. So it is with personality. If we have only intellectual development we have a Frankenstein, if only physical development we have a brute, if spiritual we have a neurotic, and if only social a social parasite."

Two advantages of having a full personality are: we shall never find ourselves in a rut, and that the inescapable obligation of putting the right social order into the world is ours. It is the function of youth to refuse to submit to the organized order of things as long as an intolerable, unchristian social order fastens itself upon the world.

CORRECTION

We wish to apologize for some factual corrections in the article which appeared in last week's HYPHEN about the Senior banquet. This banquet will be given for the Seniors by the Senior-Middles on March 8.

Another correction lies in the fact that was Martha Jane Chattin's song that was chosen for the class song.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Do you remember playing in the third and fourth grades, when there were always Washington papers at school, and you and your friends recited pieces and put on plays in which he cut down cherry trees? Maybe you were even inspired to do a little cherry tree cutting yourself with more or less disastrous results. One day someone told you that Washington never really cut down the cherry tree, that that was just a story invented by a certain Rev. Weems.

When you got a little further along in school you learned all about his military genius, his management of finances, his incisiveness of strict obedience. You learned that he had had smallpox which disfigured his face, and decided that perhaps the "Father of Our Country" was not so charming a man after all. The things that you so seldom hear about Washington that they seem a little out of place—are of the gay young sport who liked to dance, was a favorite with girls, and who, himself, "fell" heavily for a number of them. A certain "Lowland Beauty" of Winchester county seems to have played quite some havoc with his heart, for the words of a number of sentimental verses to her. Later she married "Lightfoot" Henry Lee and became an ancestress of Gen. Robert E. Lee. After his return from saving Braddock's army he received a round-robin letter from a number of the young ladies in the neighborhood congratulating him upon his success and demanding to see him that evening—"Or else we will try if our own feet will not carry us to Mt. Vernon. Be you not with us this evening we will attend you in the morning."

But this gay young cavalier who went along so gayly breaking hearts and getting his own cracked occasionally in the process finally met his match in Martha Custis. He was carrying important dispatches, and stopped for only a moment's refreshment at the house where she was staying. So great was his hurry that his man stood waiting by the horse. The man continued to wait for some time because Washington became so enamored by Martha Custis that he remained until the next morning, and left her only after promising to return as soon as possible. Some months later they were married with great ceremony. It is said that the governor of the state was there in all the splendor of full dress uniform, but that he was quite outshone by the bridegroom. Washington wore blue and silver with scarlet trimmings, and gold buckles. The bride was dressed in white brocaded silk, a satin petticoat, purple satin slippers, with pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets. After the ceremony she rode alone in her carriage to the house where they were to stay, while Washington and his friends on horseback formed an escort.

ANGKORS-TRIADS HOLD JOINT DANCE

The Angkor and Triad Clubs held a joint dance in the Gymnasium, Friday evening, February 16, from eight until ten. Miss Cooke, Angkor sponsor, Elizabeth Henderson, president of that club, Miss Ordway, Triad sponsor, and Mabel Ann Herbert, president, received the guests. The gymnasium was decorated in red, white, and blue, with strings of Chinese lanterns criss-crossed in the center, and large club banners at each end of the gym.

The most popular locality seemed to be around the punch bowl where George did the honors, though the fast orchestra drew those not assiduously imbibing. Sally Sue Womack was toastmistress for the occasion, and in between places of her duty, she gave some expert representations of new dance steps, assisted by Lib Glasgow. Grace Benedict, in red silk overalls, did a tap dance while Landis Shaw accompanied her at the piano.

Dean Burk was easily the most popular man on the floor. He got quite a rush and didn't seem to appreciate it, for he was heard to remark to Sally Sue that she was the one who had "sic-ed" all those girls on him, and if she were ever in one of his classes, she'd better watch out.

PER CENT OF UNEXCUSED ABSENCES LOW

Figures have recently been given out by the Dean's office concerning the number of college absences during the first semester. The semester record for unexcused absences was six per cent.

October and December had the largest per cent of unexcused absences with nine and eight per cents respectively. In November three per cent and in January six per cent of the absences were not excused.

DEL VERS WIN SCHOLARSHIP CUP

The scholarship cup was awarded to the Del Ver club by Dr. Barton, in chapel, on Friday, February 16. The cup was awarded on the basis of the club scholarship average of the first semester, 1933-34.

The Ward-Belmont school average was 1.35. For the first semester last year it was 1.26.

The clubs and the averages they gained are as follows:

Club	Average Per Hour
1. Del Vers	1.63
2. Angkor	1.62
3. Eccewasin	1.58
4. Ariston	1.49
5. A. K.	1.48
6. Penta Tau	1.46
7. X. L.	1.32
8. Osiron	1.29
9. Anti-Pandora	1.27
10. Triad	1.25
11. Agora	1.20
12. Tri K	1.19
13. F. F.	.92
14. T. C.	.76

This scholarship cup has been offered since 1926. The Ariston club is the only one to have won the cup three years in succession, a fact which allowed them to receive the cup as a permanent possession. The clubs that have won the scholarship, since 1926, are:

1926-27 2nd semester—A. K.	1.63
1927-28 1st semester—Agora	1.63
1927-28 2nd semester—Triad	1.49
1928-29 1st semester—Ariston	1.62
1928-29 2nd semester—Ariston	1.577
1929-30 1st semester—Ariston	1.537
1929-30 2nd semester—Agora	1.663
1930-31 1st semester—Ariston	1.567
1930-31 2nd semester—Eccewasin	1.872
1931-32 1st semester—Angkor	1.64
1931-32 2nd semester—A. K.	1.36
1932-33 1st semester—Agora	1.51
1932-33 2nd semester—Agora	1.65
1933-34 1st semester—Del Ver	1.63

NEW BOOKS DONATED TO READING ROOM

Several new books have been given as additions to the recreational reading room, Miss Church announced recently. Miss Blythe has given *Adventures in Contentment*, by Grayson, and *The Scarlet Cockerel*, by Siebette. Davenport's *Mozart and Correspondence* of Terry and Shaw have been donated by Miss Allison.

A year's subscription to the *Reader's Digest* has also been given the reading room by Mrs. DeWitt Wallace, co-editor of that publication, who was Lila Bell Acheson, a student at Belmont in 1908-1910.

The library appreciates any such contributions toward the growth of the reading room. Miss Church has said that if at any time students have books they do not want, the library would appreciate it if these books were given them for a consideration for use in the reading room.

"Y" CALENDAR

Sunday, February 25—
Fireside Hour
Monday, February 26—
Trip to Florence Crittenden Home
Tuesday, February 27—
Visit to wards of Vanderbilt Hospital
Thursday, March 1—
Play hour at Protestant Orphanage
Friday, March 2—
Visit to Juvenile Court

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MISS ORDWAY, VESPERS SPEAKER

Miss Martha Ordway read in her own lovely fashion a number of poems of the Commonplace which dealt with the subject of God, in vespers, Sunday night, February 18.
The poems were: "A Burnished Calm," "A Memory," "A Ballad of Old Seers," "Athena Aquarium," "The World is Too Much With Us," "My Garden," "Good Company," "Prayer," "Sunday," and "I Been To the Ground."

RED CROSS ROLL CALL ANNOUNCED

Dr. Barton has announced that a Red Cross Roll Call is being held. Anyone that wishes to join may do so through Miss Rhea, who has charge of the call at Ward-Belmont. The rate is one dollar.

NEW "Y" CABINET MEMBERS SELECTED

Mary Eleanor Clay, Martha Jane Chatten, and Thelma Martin have recently been appointed members of the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet. They will fill the vacancies caused by the election of Jean Munsie, Marguerite Page, and Judith Berry as proctors for the ensuing year. Mary Eleanor is now second vice-president, Martha Jane, chairman of the World Fellowship Committee, and Thelma Martin, chairman of the Old Ladies' Home Committee.

F. F.'S BRING HOLLAND TO WARD-BELMONT

On Saturday night, February 17, at eight o'clock, the F. F.'s entertained with their club dance of the year. The guests entered through a revolving gate and were received by Mary Frances Banker, Miss Ruef, Eva Charity Ohlhaber, Mary Jane Foote, and Nita Bogue.

The decorations portrayed a Dutch scene with a gigantic Dutch windmill at the end of the gymnasium and an old well at one side.

Viva Lee Davis and Eva Charity Ohlhaber as shy Dutch maids were ardently pursued by Nita Bogue and Rosemary Horstman, dressed as Dutch boys, in a delightful dance for the special. Refreshments of coffee and cheese sandwiches were then served.

Mary Hobson was general chairman of the dance, while Ann Ostergren had charge of the food, Nita Bogue, of the orchestra, Eva Charity Ohlhaber, the special, and Doris Sherman, of invitations.

PROF. BALLY SPEAKS TO FRENCH CLUB

The members of the French Club and other French students met in the Penta Tau Club House, February fifteenth. Professor Bally, from Vanderbilt, spoke upon French schools.

DEANS ATTEND COLLEGE MEETING

Miss Sisson, Dr. Barton, and Dean Burke left Thursday to attend the annual meeting of the American Association of Junior Colleges, which was held in Columbus, Ohio, February 23 and 24.

The emphasis of discussion this year will be on *The Achievement of College Students*. Miss Sisson is to give a paper on "Rules and Regulations in Private Junior Colleges—A Critical Survey." Also appearing on the program will be representatives from the Universities of Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, and Missouri.

This association is the only national organization that junior colleges have ever had. It was founded in 1820. Ward-Belmont has always been a member. Dr. Blanton was at one time president. Dr. Barton was

president in 1928 and 1929, and has been on the Executive Committee since 1928. Dean Burke is a member of the Committee on Research, which has to approve all studies and research connected with the junior college in the United States.

Miss Annie Allison was in Cleveland, Ohio, this week to attend the National Association of Principals of Schools for Girls.

MUSIC STUDENTS IN RECITAL

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music Students' Recital was given Tuesday evening, February 20, at 8:15 in the school Auditorium. The audience was enthusiastic and appreciative. Every music department in the school was represented.

- Piano—
(a) In Deep Woods... MacDowell
(b) Serenade to Izeyl... Pierné
Miss Mary Louise Balsiger
- Voice—
(a) Love is the Wind... Mitchell
(b) Hindoo Song... Bemberg
(c) The Brownies... Leoni
Miss Catherine Warren
- Piano—
Rondo Capriccioso... Mendelssohn
Miss Mildred Clements
- Violin—
Concerto in G Minor (second movement)... Bruch
Miss Ella Lu Cheek
- Piano—
Jardins sous la Pluie... Debussy
Miss Frances Dean Smith
- Voice—
(a) Connais-tu le pays (from "Mignon")... Thomas
(b) Hop-li, the Rickshaw Man... Manning
Miss Kate Evans
- Piano—
Concerto in D minor (First movement)... MacDowell
Miss Lavelle Thompson

PIANO RECITAL CHAPEL FEATURE

Miss Juanita Roberts, talented certificate pupil of Mary Douthit, was presented in a short piano recital Monday, February 19, during the regular chapel hour.

Her selections included two Chopin's Preludes Nos. 10 and 4, Arabeque by Debussy; and The Witches Dance, by MacDowell.

P-S-S-T!

The Angkor-Triad party was quite a success, we hear. There's a column elsewhere all about it, so see for yourself. Snapshots that you won't get otherwise of it:

The Dean being rushed to death and looking all tired out afterwards. Bev. Stone and "Corsets." Sally as usual. Mary Anne, Mabel Anne, Kathy Price, and Patty King all dressed up in new dresses. The "Neals" and Elizabeth Neil dressed "in to kill" and Nina Flippen in red velvet. Boarders looking gorgeous as per usual. Boys trying to crash and, of course, failing.

Seen about town:
Scads of girls at Phi Psi, Phi Kappa Sig, and ATO dances last week. Both sophisticated moderns and sweet old-fashioned belles of yesterday from Ward-Belmont at Vandy's Washington Ball. Elizabeth Gray matchmaking again!

About the campus:
Katherine Kennedy and Marianne Barker pulling "squirrels" tricks! Dot Jones giving lessons about squids and squirts in biology lab room. The Angkors and Ecocowans and Aristons sitting on the edges of their seats in chapel at the awarding of scholarship honors. The Angkors planning a second place trophy. (They say they want something besides dust on their mantle.) Ecocowans taking pictures of themselves all over the place. Pete Polk as Mae West. Jane Neil as "Zasu," and Millie Clements as a prominent friend of all the day students. Juanita Roberts "doing" a real concert in chapel all by herself.

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BEHIND THE SCENES IN DANCING

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The fact that we are actually in a period, which in relation to the whole history of the Art of the Dance, is analogous to the Renaissance in poetry, painting and sculpture which took place some few centuries ago in Europe, is generally accepted. The Art of the Dance, after a long and terrible period of being the Cinderella among the arts, is now being recognized as one of the great arts, if not the greatest.

A large share of credit is due American dancers for helping to bring this about. Among the several pioneers who broke away from the outworn traditions of the classic ballet, and revitalized the dance, is Ruth St. Denis. Believing that the dance was the finest medium of religious expression and that the whole body was truly "The Temple of the Living God" she dared to appear in bare feet, uncorseted and clad only in a costume of jewels, at a time when this was considered shocking. The position which she occupies in the world of art today is the most convincing testimony of the sincerity of her purpose and the quality of her gift of beauty to the world.

Some few years later she was joined by Ted Shawn, himself the first American dancer to win serious recognition as an artist. A year after this artistic wedding, they jointly founded Denishawn, their own school of dance. Prior to this, America had no school of dance not headed by foreign teachers, or whose system and technique was not borrowed from or founded upon the technique of foreign schools. The intention of Denishawn is to use the techniques of all known styles and systems of dance, but merely as a composite out of which America's own message in the art of the dance may grow.

Did you know that Music Visualization is a term coined by Ruth St. Denis to describe the translation into bodily action of the rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic structure of a musical composition, without intending in any way to "interpret" or reveal any hidden meaning?

DAY STUDENT CLUB CHATTER

Ariston

The Aristons had the prize a week ago for originality! They took all the girls out to the Rendezvous for lunch, and had quite a lovely time. Janet McFadden, president, served as toastmistress. A pep talk by Marjorie Connor roused the good old Ariston spirit. With the singing of the club song, they had about all the spirit the place would hold. Bonnie Hager wasn't satisfied, however, and carried it still farther by reading "The Ariston Girl," an original composition picturing the typical W.B. club girl. The affair was applauded greatly by all present and also by all hearing about it.

Eccowasin

So well "applauded" was the Ariston luncheon that the Eccowasins had to try the scheme. It worked on them too, at the Grey Gables last Tuesday. The function was very informal, but lots of fun. An impromptu program of stunts and games furnished the amusement, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. These luncheons get the girls acquainted and "break the ice" in a very easy way that we all feel is very beneficial to club

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spirit. The Aristons and Eccowasins had a party last Friday of which we'll doubtless hear more next week.

Angkor-Triad

"No news is good news," yes?

MUSIC NOTES

Pupils of Mr. Rose and Mrs. Rose, piano, are heard the second Tuesday of each month at the Civitan Club. Miss Amelia Baskerville, Mr. Harold Kapp, and John Wise, violinist, and Miss Mildred Clements, have appeared so far.

Mr. Harold Kapp was soloist at the annual meeting of the Virginia society, held at the Noel Hotel. His playing made a splendid impression upon the listeners.

Miss Annette McAdoo played two movements of the Concerto No. 4 of *Vieuxtemps* in recital recently.

Miss Amelia Baskerville recently played for the Daughters of the American Revolution.

John Wise was heard at the Kiwan-

is Club, in December, in the *Meditation* from *Thais*, of Massenet, and a *Czardas* of Monti. He is a talented 16-year-old boy.

The annual orchestra concert will take place on April 10th. There is a wide interest and fine development in this organization. It numbers over 35 string players.

WARD-BELMONT GRAD ACHIEVES HONORS

Friends of Dorothy Stewart will be interested in knowing that she is doing so well in her study of interior decoration. She graduated at Ward-Belmont last June, and is now in New York at the School of Fine and Applied Art, doing more advanced work. She received full credit on all the problems completed here, and at the end of her first term in New York was the only student in her class to make the honor roll. Next year she will go to Paris and Italy for graduate work.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of
Ward-Belmont.

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EDITORIAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON

This week we celebrated the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. It was a legal holiday all over the country, and was celebrated joyously in nearly every home.

Why was it celebrated? Because George Washington happened to be not only the first President of the United States, but he also was a man of great courage.

Because of Washington's courage, a nation was preserved to become one of the most powerful countries in the world. The stamina and grim determination, which helped Washington and his soldiers through the terrible winter at Valley Forge, has been manifested again and again by Americans.

That courage is our birthright. In celebrating Washington's birthday we are but promising ourselves that we, too, shall exhibit his courage when the need arises. And it would seem that the need has arisen now. With the world in the grasp of a crisis which threatens to shake it to its very foundations, we are more than ever in need of our courage. Courage to face a dark future with clean hearts and calm minds; courage to meet staunchly whatever comes—that is the courage of George Washington, and that is our courage.

P. Y. '34.

FORGOTTEN OR REMEMBERED?

There has always been a great deal of discussion concerning the fact that school rules should or should not be followed.

Recently in a college class an instructor spoke of a personal experience that may be taken constructively when considering this problem. She spoke of two girls she had known here at school. One girl, she said, had made it her business to break rules. The other girl made the best of all of the regulations and soon adjusted herself to them. Today the first girl is not even remembered on the campus, but the mention of the latter girl calls to mind a leader and outstanding person.

"A nice little moral, you say, and let it go at that. But 'nice little morals' often have much meaning to them.

After all, every girl that comes to school here comes with the realization of the rules that will govern her activities and conduct here. Should she not wish to accept entire responsibility, for living up to rules is as much a part of school responsibility as doing school work or attending social functions, she should never have come. Why, life itself is not made up of acceptance of part responsibilities. There is a necessity of following laws.

"There are too many rules," some say. "Let's change this one, that one." Could their policy be carried out, we would soon have no rules to govern us. You must admit it would be a pretty poor excuse for a community then.

Respecting the rules does not mean going through the year without any penalties. Infraction of rules occurs when the breaking of them is a deliberate or thoughtless thing.

Will you be the girl whose presence on the campus is forgotten?

H. L. '34.

CAMPUS COLUMN

I have just come from the Expression Studio, where I saw four plays carefully enacted by the certificate students in this department. The studio was crowded with a group of interested students and faculty, who enjoyed the group of plays very much. Jean Stewart was lovely as Kitty Clive, the country lass who made good in the city. When I think of her as "Wrinkles" in that short chapel skit at the first of school, I wonder how she does it! And Arlyn Milligan, the girl with the soft, sweet voice, who has so much to her which is undeveloped beneath the sweetness. May I say that I hope there will be more plays by this group—they are most appreciated by this columnist.

The F. F. club dance was most attractive from the balcony. Guess it was just as much so down on the floor level, but I didn't get that far. I've become quite a social peanut, but I revel in it—you become acclimated after a time (is that a good word?). Anyway, to get back to the dance, I didn't realize before that Viva Lee (with all due apologies to our council President) was so darned graceful in the dancing. You saw her doing that little number, and flirting with partner Nota Bogue! Eva Charity (Faith and Hope) and Viva Lee looked almost like twins. Ah! Such blonde, loveliness! And the cute "boys," Rosemary Horstmann and Nita!

After the dirty dig I gave Snitty last week, she comes forth with such noble singing at the Valentine dinner that I'm almost tempted to take it all back, but after all, once a thing is said, who can unsay it? So what? Just congratulate the gal, I guess, and, oh, my, that lovely ISOBEL! And how beautifully the two sang those old favorites together! All the oh's and ah's, when those two started off on "I Love You, Truly!" After that, the dinner was truly a success.

I saw Betty Roth leaving the dining room unusually early at lunch time Tuesday morning. Could it be that she has started on another diet? She has my sympathy.

Just found out that to keep over-eating is a sure sign of mental deficiency. Now people will think I'm a little off. Oh, friend!

And it's Ruth Potts time to splurge. And believe me, she's certainly doing it. The girls go out with her all week in the droves. Would that I could drag my family up here and do a little bit of here and there! It must be great!

Leigh was certainly sitting on "pins and needles" at lunch Tuesday (you can tell I had my eyes open on Tuesday), when she sat down in Miss Rhea's usual place. And did she jump, when Miss Rhea walked in—but, no harm, she wasn't eating with us that day, and Leigh went on calmly after that scare was over!

And speaking of Valentine messages, I think Jean Munsie claims the prize one, and it is sweet. I think it a bit too personal to put down here, but if you happen to be a good friend, you may either have had the chance to read it or you've heard it. Don't you agree? And, I hear, Bomke got a picture of the one Roy on Valentine's Day. No end of letters and flowers and specials and telegrams and letters and flowers and specials and telegrams and letters and—well, you should know, you got them! And me? I forgot to send the especially-written note to Mother and Dad. I've your sympathy? Ah, gee, thanks!

Were you one of the mob at the weekly chapel monitor's meeting last Monday night? Well, I guess you know what it all was about. Don't anybody laugh out, nothing's been said—boy, but could we talk? (This is not a "dig.")

EAGLE FEATHER

MR. TOAD

A little toad on a toadstool
Looking so plump and wise,
He didn't get that from goin' to school
Or all that ole school implies.

He kin sit there and bake all day,
An' we sit, and study, an' think,
An' he's outside, and can romp an' play
An' sit, and hep, an' blink.

N. Schmid '33

DAFFODILS

The sun comes slowly o'er the hills
And throws light on my daffodils;
My daffodils in gold array
Bend in the breeze and seem to say:
We are many
We are pure
We've never seen
Those things obscure!
With just the wind we play all day,
And sit and wait, that's what they say
My daffodils!

E. G. D.

A LONE PINE

Mad waves flogged by frosted winds,
Lashed wildly the frozen shore
Dredging a lone pine's bared roots;
Enfeebling its rigid stand.
Like cast-iron tips of the slave-driving cat,
The greedy waves tore fiendishly,
Ensnares vital props of the tall old pine
Which shivered and shook with rage.
Spurred on by the pine's great anger,
They redoubled their tumultuous play;
Dashing ice-sprays to its high tops boughs;
Snatching the earth from its base.

Robbed of its aged and dignified footing
The great pine raised its arms in prayer;
With a last look at the wide blue sky
Relinquished its pride and fell to the waves.

W. M. '33

A POET'S FANCY

In my ears there is a voice clamoring to be write!
Capture the mists of morning as they roll up from the
bank of the creek;
Put down the fleeting thoughts which haunt you as do the
tales of foreign cities dead and gone these many years.
Catch the freshness of spring rain mingled with the scent
of new-blown violets hidden in cool, silent dells;
Gather the wild howling of wind beating up the waves of
the sea in froth;
Weave into all this the tenderness and poetry of a calm
summer's night;
Throw the noise of the city and the hush of the country
onto a sheet of golden paper
And be content.

M. Young '33

FINALE

All our trials at last are settled,
And our troubles now are o'er;
We have all been beered and skittled
Who, we ask, could want for more?

Life is just a mere elastic
Stretch it gently as you go,
And we'll trip the light fantastic
On our educated toe.

M. Young '33

Notices were sent out to three new members the Wordsmiths, who were selected from the latest tryouts this semester. Awfully glad to know that friends Winnifred Marsh, Mary M. Lincoln, and Rena Berry made the exclusive literary group!

Also noted that Nell Betty Anderson will head the group of outdoor aspirants. Here's to longer and harder hikes—something says I don't belong.

Well, can't seem to think of any thing I've overlooked; think I've mentioned something of every phase on the campus, except that as minuteters, Charlie and Bomke aren't so hot! (Dig.)

Well, until warmer weather—I'll see you!

CLUB CHATTER

PREP PATTERN

The usual supper of hamburgers and coca-colas was enjoyed by "Shorty" Kassel, Soper, Slymme, Warren, "Kid" Knowles, Ann Shaw, Betty Anderson, and Marge Jackson Saturday night at the Del Ver house. The more fortunate ones who know how to cook, such as Ruth Nehls and Mary Jones, enjoyed steaks.

The Valentine dance was continued Wednesday night at the Del Ver Club meeting. Each girl received a program naming her dancing partner for the next three dances. The remainder of the evening was spent in "break-out."

The Shermans received a big box containing birds, chickens, etc., from one last Monday, so the F. F. Club house was the scene of a big feast Monday evening. They decided to have a party and to cook the food themselves. Those there were: Patty Brown, Harvey, Nina Bogue, Polly Ray, and Carolyn Conklin. Carolyn says that they certainly enjoyed all those "boids."

Sunday, Jay Foote had a visitor, Clifford Wright, for dinner and tea. They spent the afternoon at the F. F. Clubhouse. Other F. F. guests were Iva Lee's sister, who came Tuesday and left Monday, and Mary Hobson's and Alsha McCourt's mothers. The F.F.s were well supplied with guests for the dance.

We hear that a most enjoyable dinner took place at the Osiron House not long ago. Katherine Klett, Nelson Sanford, Elizabeth Ann Ball, and Edwina Holland were there, and between them a most luscious meal was concocted.

The Osirons are "awfully" sorry to lose Muriel Leveret, who has gone home because of illness. We hope that she may return to us, and be as rapidly escorted back to school, as she was to the station. Evelyn Cooper, Lydia Fountain, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, and Marjorie Zaug were her honorable escorts.

The Sunday afternoon gathering at the Osiron house still persists. May it go on as joyfully as ever!

You should see the Osirons bowl. They're quite well represented at the bowling alleys Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons, and besides being good they certainly have a good time out of it.

For Wednesday evening club meeting, several of the Penta Tau girls prepared a very amusing stunt which had as its name "Stolen Cherries."

Those taking part in the stunt were Mary Pivoto as "Little George," Ruth Robinson as "Mamma," and Mary Soper as "Papa." The words of the stunt were in the form of a catchy song. It was quite an interesting and amusing entertainment for the club meeting.

Louise Robinson is quite the "gad-about." She has just been home with Louise Stanley, and will probably be planning another trip soon!

The Penta Taus are proud of Mary Lula and Ruth. They will be a grand George and Martha.

Ruth Potts is back from New Orleans. She couldn't have had any other than a marvelous time at Mardi Gras.

The T. C.'s are busily planning an Open House, the date of which is still indefinite. If anyone has chanced to overhear any of the members, she may understand that it is to be a good one.

What is the picture and everything about, Mary Marm—that one of you and Katrina in the *Banner*? The T. C.'s must be "plenty good" when there is a dance to be performed.

"We are scandalized at the thoughts of some of the girls hereabouts. F'rinstance—one of them was singing gaily 'We'll make hay while the sun shines, we'll make love when it rains'—And then she burst out with, 'I wish it would rain!'"

What young gentleman has offered to teach a high school senior over here the gentle art of self-defense? We mean wrestling. It seems he's taken it up and is willing to impart some knowledge.

And what boy declares he can't sleep nights for thinking of a certain high school student at W.-B.?

We wonder why Juliette Craig and Rebecca Clayton are both so crazy about redheads.

Now to get to the Angkor-Triad party: Almost everyone showed up.—We loved Ruth Morton's black dress—thought it so becoming—and Margaret Green's blue one with the gold belt. She said she felt like Vulcan with a girdle on, or words to that effect. We're still puzzling over it. And we liked Elizabeth Love's red costume, and Hippy Bearden's green gown, and Landis Shaw's lavender ensemble. Carolyn Eskridge came out in a charming peach-colored outfit, with little flowered designs on it. She and Becky Hall sported tiaras. Looked too regal. Carolyn and Lillian Walters and Mary Brian Procter left early, because they were rushing off to a fraternity dance afterward. Sally Sue made a beautiful toastmistress, and can she dance! Dorothy Procter was doing the Carioca, too. These smart people! Grace Benedict gave a tap dance. She was in red satin overalls and a blouse with huge, flowing sleeves, and when she wasn't tapping, she had on a white dress with a ducky red velvet jacket. (We thought that word "Ducky" was comparatively new until we read it in Zola's "Nana." Seems they hailed each other with glad cries of "Ducky!" even then.) Those who didn't come should have attended. Dean Burk was the life of the party, and the orchestra was excellent. The punch was good, too.

Who is the good-looking girl from one of those homes now who is beating Nancy Houghland's time with a David Lipscomb basketball player? And what boy from the same school is crazy about Judy Davis? (We can understand how.) And what's this about the moonlight walks that Virginia McClellan took with two very nice boys on the Highland's farm—and what happened? Also who is the redheaded swain that comes so often to visit Susan Cheek? Who is the fellow who likes Jane Davis more than a great deal, and does Ellen Martin wear a certain ring, and if so, whose? (If you can answer all the above questions, you are an inveterate snoop and know more than you should. Deduct ten for each wrong answer. Perfect score entitles contestant to our free course, "Keyhole Peeping In Seven and a Half Easy Lessons.") Only freshmen and sophomores need apply.) We really don't know that we had a campus full of Amazons. Becky Hall is the current qualifier. One of the girl's cars had a flat tire, and what did Becky do but offer to change it at lunch! She also said she could fix batteries or spark plugs, or something. We don't know where a spark plug is, much less what it does, and ever since our car stalled in the middle of Fifth Avenue because rain had drowned the gaskets, we've wondered what a gasket is. As soon as we find out, so help us, we'll take 'em out, the messy little things! (Add bright ideas.)

One of the seniors in school has a passion for Lee Tracy, the breezy, irrepressible actor who brightens up so many newspaper stories. Her friends say that after his recent escapade in Mexico, her theme song should be, "I Love a Parade!"—Wonder who it is?

H. H.

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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday

Awoke with a pleasurable sensation that this was St. Valentine's day, and there should be some mail in the box. There was—and flowers in the post office from Johnny!

Had a grand time at the Valentine dinner. Coulter and Smith sing beautifully together. Everybody danced during the dessert course. Edith Manley looked stunning. What I wouldn't give her a figure like that!

After the dinner everyone went down to Club Village and danced some more. Tuck went to the Library in her spiffiest, but I guess she wasn't alone in her glory.

Thursday

As for the concert—it certainly was one of the most enjoyable I've experienced in a long time.

Poor Irene Sartor!—she caused quite a fervor of excitement, unintentionally, when she developed appendicitis.

Tuck and I were so worn out with the events of the day that we retired to our downies almost immediately. God bless the man who invented beds!

Friday

Dr. Barton awarded the semester honors in chapel today. He certainly can arouse suspense about the scholarship cup. The poor Agora's paid a last sad farewell to their dear cup, which went to the Del Vers—the old smarty pants!

Of course, Tuck and I made the honor roll—heh, heh! There were some old offenders on it, I noticed, including Kathryn Lyle. How nice it must feel to be smart!

Sally Lou Houk's family is here, and she was conducting them on a tour of the school. Sally looks exactly like her dad. I wish I could persuade my dizzy family that it would be a very good thing if they would come to see me.

Saturday

Tuck and I buzzed into town for lunch and a show. We took in "Queen Christina," and made complete fools of ourselves by weeping lustily all through it.

Saw practically all of Ward-Belmont in the little grocery shop next to Joy's. Eleanor Mortimer was standing in front of some oranges with an absent look in her eyes. I judged she was doing some difficult mental calculation.

To the F. F. dance which I enjoyed greatly. A smooth orchestra played, and everything was exceptionally nice. The milk cans in the back intrigued me. Doris Zweifel's dress was striking. I covet me a dress like that, someday.

Sunday

Put on my churchiest and went to church, and was the street car loaded when we came back! Viva Lee Davis and her grand little sister were having a big time falling all over everybody. Little sister's got a taste of Ward-Belmont's lighter moments in a big way.

Vespers was unusually good. I love to hear Miss Ordway read poetry. She seems to make it all so real, and not a mere recitation.

Monday

I feel a lethargy creeping over me. Tuck said I shouldn't worry—the woods are full of 'em. (Joke, laugh here.)

It is colder than the d-ckens outside, and I feel very miserable. Goodness, I came down South to keep warm—not to freeze!

Ruth Potts' mother is here to help her celebrate her birthday. Gee, that's what I call a real birthday present!

The Seniors came galloping into the dining room late again. They certainly are serious about this minut business.

Tuesday

It is still very much too cold. I went around frozen all day long.

My, we had an embarrassment of riches this evening—a Vanderbilt lecture, a group of plays offered by Miss Townsend, and a music recital by the music students! I hated to miss any of them; so I stayed at home and nursed a cold. Tuck went off to the library very cruelly. Little she cares if I am tottering with one foot in the grave and the other all butter.

ROSE IS APPLAUDED AT WARD-BELMONT

Large Audience Hears Recital in
School Faculty Series

Thursday Evening

NASHVILLE BANNER, Feb. 12, '34

By SIDNEY DALTON

That Kenneth Rose enjoys a large following in Nashville, both as violinist and teacher, was made apparent on Thursday evening when he appeared in his annual recital on the faculty series of Ward-Belmont Conservatory. The audience was large and, throughout the program, was in an appreciative and happy frame of mind, demanding three encores during the course of the performance.

It was, as a matter of fact, one of the best recitals Mr. Rose has given in recent seasons. Not only was the program quite out of the beaten track, but his playing of it was marked with a certain enthusiasm and freedom that his listeners were not slow to sense.

He paid tribute to the most serious and exacting phases of violin literature by opening with the Chaconne of Bach, for violin alone. This glorious solo piece is, and doubtless will remain, one of the mightiest contributions ever made to violin music. It is forbiddingly difficult for any player, and its musical message can only be disclosed through patient study. To Mr. Rose's credit, it must be recorded that he performed it with understanding and much technical freedom. The second group was of a more modern flavor, Cerné's intriguing little "Gloriette" led to the "Berceuse" from Stavinsky's "Fire Bird," a colorful and modernistic bit of writing transcribed for violin by Dushkin. It was played in subdued manner and with warmth of tone.

A local composer, Julia Robard Herbert, was represented by "Romance," which proved to be a melodious and well-constructed number. Mr. Rose made the most of it, drawing excellent tone from his fine instrument and interpreting the music in such a way that a repeat was demanded.

"La Fontaine d'Arethuse," by Szymanowski, a present-day Polish composer, was given with marked delicacy and its glistening, watery passages in double notes were true and facile. A Polka by Weinberger closed the second group, but applause brought the lovely "Melody on the G String," by Bach.

There was keen interest in the "American Concerto" by Gusikoff and Machan, a work that Gusikoff introduced with the aid of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. It makes clever use of jazz patterns and contains some very good music. It is, perhaps, a bit sketchy and reminds one of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." Mr. Rose played it with rhythmic sweep and rich tone.

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

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Number 19

W-B. WELL REPRESENTED AT ASSN. OF JUNIOR COLLEGES

A report of the recent meeting of the American Association of Junior Colleges was given during the chapel hour on Monday morning, February 26, by Dr. John W. Barton, Dr. Barton, with Miss Emma I. Sisson and Dr. J. E. Burk, attended the convention, which was held in Columbus, Ohio. This was the fourteenth annual meeting of the association with the attendance of about 150.

"Schools everywhere are paying more attention to individual needs rather than to set study courses," stated Dr. Barton when summing up the trends of the association discussion. He also gave short reports of the papers presented by the presidents of the University of Chicago and the University of Minnesota, showing the changes in the system of courses to develop individual needs, and to allow the students to proceed through college at their own rate of speed.

Dr. Barton also told of the sectioning of classes which has been advocated, and of the special provision made for students who can only have one or two years of college.

Miss Sisson read a paper on student regulations before the association. In this she reviewed the regulations of seventy Junior Colleges, and after her address she passed around a question sheet concerning Junior College regulations, of which not a one was left, so pertinent were they.

JANE BRIGGS, CHAPEL SPEAKER

Jane Briggs, a Senior, spoke in chapel Wednesday morning, February 28.

Jane said that usually if we would judge any great age or movement we should wait years and then look back upon it. However, without waiting to look back on this generation, she thought that "this generation was striving more than any other generation to form some philosophy of its own."

"The outstanding characteristic of this day is a feeling of restlessness," she said that things were hurrying past us so rapidly that we could not keep up with them. This same spirit is manifesting itself at the present time in all the countries in Europe and in America. This rapidity of living is found in transportation, in our preparation of lessons, and in practicing every phase of life. It is not our fault; it is just the way things are. "We do not have the time to enjoy each thing as it comes."

Things happen so rapidly, she said, that they often wonder if life won't (Continued on page 6)

PENFAST MEETINGS DISCLOSE GOOD WORK

The Penfast Club met Friday, February 23, at the home of Frances Wilkerson. Contributions by members of the club were read, including: "Upon the Joys of the Open Road," Mary L. Bearden; "Myrtle," Mary Louise Reinke; "L'Affaire Smith," Henrietta Hickman; "At Four In the Morning," Frances Wilkerson; "Music," Frances Rose; "The Awakening," Evelyn Braden; "An Interview," Ellen Bowers; "A Modern Lady Macbeth," and "The Three R's," Margaret Greene; "Auntie Hives," Bonny Hagen; "Fallen Ideal," Frances Rose. At the conclusion of the readings, delicious refreshments were served. The hostess was assisted in receiving by her mother.

WASHINGTON DINNER BRILLIANT AFFAIR

Another of Ward-Belmont's annual George Washington's Birthday Dinners was opened ceremoniously when George and Martha (Mary Lula Pivoto and Ruth Robinson) came down the steps in Rec Hall, preceded by the gentlemen and ladies of their court. Attired in their old-fashioned clothes, they made a picture which seemed quite in keeping with the staidness and dignity of Rec Hall.

Following this the guests repaired to the dining room where, during the formal dinner which followed, they were admirably entertained by Isabel Coulter, who sang several songs in her usual charming manner. During the serving of the courses the guests danced to the orchestra which furnished the music for the occasion.

After the dinner the Washingtons and their guests assembled in the gymnasium where they witnessed the graceful minuet which always features the evening. The Seniors who danced the minuet are to be commended for their performance which was as smooth and polished as if they had been accustomed to dancing the minuet all their lives.

Special mention must also be made of the Military Drill which directly preceded the dancing of the minuet. The three tapsters performed their intricate steps with a carefreeness and abandon which was decidedly an added touch to the pleasures of the evening.

GERMAN FOOD SERVED AT GERMAN CLUB MEETING

The February meeting of the German Club was held Tuesday at the Tri K club house. The meeting took the form of a dinner consisting entirely of German food cooked in the German way.

Mary Elizabeth Polk automatically became president of the club, on the resignation of Jean Munsie who had been elected to Student Council.

After dinner, a discussion was held of the German Club chapel program, followed by the singing of German songs.

MARCH—MAD, MERRY MARCH!

The month of March, which received its name from the Latin god, Mars, reveals itself a true name-child of its war-like father. For March is a season of unrest, of blustering winds, of quick freezings and thawings, of beginnings and endings. For in March Winter ends and Spring begins; green things feel the stirrings of growth, the urge to be above the ground once more and see what is doing on in the world. And Man, no less than his plant brothers, is anxious to sniff Spring flowers after the stuffiness of Winter, to be out of doors and see the cleanliness of Spring come in and wipe away the soot and smoke of Winter.

March, says an old proverb, usually "Comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb." Very often, however, the tables are turned and March comes in as sedately as a prime old lady walking in her garden, and goes out as uproariously as a whole herd of lions, all roaring for their dinner at once. March's moods vary according to her whim, but whatever her whim this year we must take it all as a part of the charm of March, and not complain. For after all, with her many faults, March is a bluff and hearty person who is anxious only to give us a little whiff of what living is like after the lethargy of Winter.

One of our favorite holidays comes in March. That is St. Patrick's day—St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, who is said to have rid Ireland of snakes by merely waving his stick at them, the inseparable companion of March. And to us the festivity that March is striving to bring into a stale world, St. Patrick's colors are green. Proud are we to deck ourselves in green and celebrate this benign saint's day with appropriate decorations of harps and shamrocks. There is an old superstition that the best of luck comes to those who wear green on St. Patrick's day, if it is only a leaf or a bit of ribbon.

We love March because of her changeable and capricious nature, because we never know what morning we will wake to find the sun warm again, the flowers blooming and the birds singing. We love March because she heralds the end of Winter and foretells the joys of Summer. We love the heady wind of her breezes. We love her because she is at once fierce and gentle, proud and humble, moody and gay. We love her youth, her freshness, her very inconsistencies, and I know that were we to leave the month of March from our calendar, the world would be the worse for the act.

SENIORS PLAN FOR S-S-M DAY

The Senior Class held its last meeting Thursday, February 22, in Senior Hall, at which time plans for future activities were discussed. It was decided that on Saturday, March 24th, the class would have a picnic at Percy Warner Park. The committee in charge of food and transportation: Virginia Cornelius, chairman; Ruth Frye and Elizabeth Crane; Entertainment: Nell Betty Anderson, chairman.

The Challenge for Senior-Senior-Middle Day is well under way, with Katrina Van Benschoten as director. The chairmen for the activities on the big day, April 7th, are: Catherine Brown, sports; E'Lois Geible, songs and yells; Marie Bomke, decorations; Roberta Munger, parade; Charlie Holcombe, stunt—at breakfast; Ruth Nehls, outfits for teams.

All we Seniors can say is that you Senior-Middles had better be prepared!!!!

X. L. "BONBONNIERE" OPENS TONIGHT

Interesting purple and gold invitations are out to the lucky ones invited to the X. L. Bonbonniere this evening. Plans have been carefully made and executed and the party promises to be of the best. Rena Berry, president, has had very able assistance in Annette McMullen, vice-president, who has had the dance in charge, and committee chairmen, Virginia Cornelius, Ann Shaw, Lois Welsh, Mary Jane Bass, and Marjorie Edmunson.

More specific details concerning the X. L.'s annual dance were not given, but rumor has it that the idea is novel and effective.

IRENE SARTOR RETURNS FROM HOSPITAL

We are glad to hear that Irene Sartor is better after her recent operation for appendicitis. She is now in the school infirmary. We all hope she will soon be entirely well.

OUTING CLUB TAKES FIRST WEEK-END

Saturday morning, after third hour, Miss Morrison, Miss Carling and thirteen girls left on the first week-end trip of the newly organized outing club. This trip was to the Hall farm about eight miles from Dickson, Tenn. The group had lunch in the tea room, and then went to town where they caught the Greyhound bus for Dickson. At the station in Dickson Mrs. Hall and Becky met the girls and took them to the Halls' house in Dickson. While Mrs. Hall took part of the girls on out to the farm the other six remained in Dickson eating candy and sliding down Becky's front yard. About the time that they were getting worried about Mrs. Hall because the road was so slippery they saw her at the foot of the hill, stuck in the mud. Everyone ran down and after much puffing and pushing finally got the car back into the road, minus about a yard of rubber tire. Becky also acquired a lovely sprinkling of freckles, and Nell Betty a dandy design of mud on the front of her coat. We'll have to give them credit for a lot of heavy pushing, though. When this group finally got to the "sticks" which Becky had been telling them about, what was their surprise to find a darling cabin, with two fire-places, four poster beds, a wiggly staircase, "n" everything, perched upon the side of a hill. The first group had the fires built, and supper started and was it good! Wieners, baked beans, mustard—and (Continued on page 6)

FEBRUARY GIRLS CELEBRATE

On Tuesday evening, February 27, a dinner was given for the girls whose birthdays came in that month. The table was decorated with bands of pastel ribbons and with a bowl of spring flowers in the center. At each place was a rose, Mr. and Mrs. Benefield and Miss Sisson were host and hostesses. Those who attended the dinner were Mozelle Trout, Janie Ruth Huey, Martha Rucker, Julia Acheson, Annette McMullen, Clara Enloe, Katharine Pearce, Catharine Brown, Mary Eleanor Gray, E'Lois Geible, Elizabeth Smith, Elizabeth Ann Hall, Helen Aldridge, May Dell Meyer, Virginia Winston, Ruth Potts, Salanie Sherman, and Margaret Shaw.

ANCIENT AND MODERN NUMBERS, PLAYED BY HENKEL, ARE ENJOYED

F. Arthur Henkel, teacher of organ at Ward-Belmont, gave an enjoyable recital in the auditorium of the school Tuesday night, and he presented a program of novelties, both ancient and modern. Unlike literature, painting and sculpture, music composed more than three centuries ago has little value, as music is the most recently developed of the arts.

Mr. Henkel began with a Prelude, (Continued on page 6)

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Monday, March 5—

To be announced later.

Wednesday, March 7—

Miss Mary Elizabeth Dale, Associate Secretary of the Vanderbilt Students' Christian Union, speaks.

Friday, March 9—

"The Work of the National Consumers' League," Lucy Randolph Mason, Executive Secretary.

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CLUB CHATTER

All the latest scandals on favorite movie stars may be had from Helene Loeb, who can give expert information on the subject.

A director told Helene that she would be good in the movies—"Really?" she said enthusiastically, "Yes," he replied, "you'd be good in the pie-throwing scenes."

Martha Rucker prepared and served a dinner Thursday night. By all the compliments she received, the crowd must have had a perfect time.

Guess the Agoras are losing their dignity and formality more each week. Last Wednesday they played "scramble."

Catherine Crosswell and Hilda Beck made fudge last Sunday, and it turned out good, for a change.

Wonder why Marjorie Zaig is so partial to the name, "Elmer"?

Marion Kaeser and Juliet Hutton keep the radio playing continually. No wonder it is always broken!

We are sorry that Betty Bryant, one of our club members, had to go home for awhile because of illness. We hope to see her back soon.

The A. K. Club meetings are developing into a great practicing place for furniture movers. Most of the time is spent in moving the furniture out from the wall, and then by the time both of the davenport and the piano are down in front of the fireplace, the bell rings and the moving has to stop. Marjorie Abbot is a handy person for a furniture mover to have about. She can stand and hold lamps with grace and skill that is seldom equaled.

Nancy Ann Schmid read some of her poems at club meeting. The poems for children that she has written are especially good. Smitty sang too, in between her rush from one club to another.

Anyone who likes creamed cabbage has a kindred spirit in Nellie Clements. She confessed that she ate a whole head of creamed cabbage by herself down at the club the other day. Nellie, the next time, make it a party!

And then if you want to see something really funny, get Kitty McKenzie to do the "Pop-Eye, the Sailor" act. I've never seen it, but from the way Clara describes it, it must be a treat.

At Vespers, Bomke gave a talk, and Carolyn Bryant read one of Henry Van Dyke's poems. Nancy Ann sang. Arlyne Milligan, who is program chairman for Vespers, plans some very good programs.

Monday night, the dance committee had a supper meeting at the club. It is not known what they decided, but Charlie says that the food was good.

SPOOKS! All the little Anti-Panthers got the thrill of their lives when the game of "concentration" actually worked! The climax came when Bobbie Leske and Helen Stillmanks carried Marian Bullock around in the air on two fingers. Poor Marian is still suffering from the suspense!

Except for the fact that about half the club was absent, the fireside service was a huge success. What is puzzling us is, where do all those popular Anti-Pans go on their week-ends?

Thirteen dainty damsels went tripping lightly o'er the flagstones to the Anti-Pan club house and ate a tiny morsel. (Oh yeah?????) The first course consisted of chicken salad, potted ham, dried beef, sausage, peanut butter, jelly, crackers, cookies, angel food cake, tea, chocolate, milk and gum. Those who participated in the feast and whose names are expected to appear on the infirmity list are: Sara Draffin, Lucille Endsley, Eleanor Mortimer, Hildegard (I) Beck, Kay Crosswell, Frankie Marbury, Virginia Bradshaw, Joan Crawford, Marian Farr, Mary Crockett Evans, Betty Barth and Mary Lala Burns.

Between you and me and the gatepost, I think Eleanor Mortimer is a trifle remorseful over the fact that she beat Crockett in the race to determine who could eat the most chicken salad. But then, with those two southern gals, Virginia Bradshaw and Joan Crawford, as cooks, who wouldn't be tempted? Mrs. Draffin was responsible for the simply scrumptious food, and Guy Lombardo for the good time.

What did Betty Roth do to the lights when she went out in the kitchen Wednesday night at the Del Ver Club meeting? Nothing? Well, anyway, they went out! The girls called for matches, but as there were none, they turned on the victrola and danced. It seems as though they rather enjoyed being in the dark. But the watchman spoiled the fun, and the business meeting continued where it had left off.

Mary Jones, Ruth Nehls, Rena Berry, Slymme Warren, and Marge Jacobsen had their usual Saturday night supper at the Del Ver House. All went well until someone put Slymme's hamburger into the chili sauce, which was to be used for Ruth's steak. Poor Slymme had to go without any supper!

Viva Lee, do you think Indian war dances are any kin to tangoes? At the F. F. Club Wednesday night Viva Lee and Eva Charity demonstrated a cross between the war dance and the tango. They almost wrecked the members, to say nothing of the club house. Jay Foote had charge of the program and as usual Jay had the knack for making people enjoy themselves. Everyone had a piece of paper with the name of a girl in the club. She was to ask that girl for the first dance. After some time Jay asked the members to change partners. It all turned out very successfully, and the members enjoyed it very much. Conklin and Sherman have perfected their cute little steps and Oh! how they do get around the floor!

The Osirons are honored with a member, Katherine Klett.

And it again comes time for plans for the Osiron dance to be in the air. We were quite disappointed that the weather didn't permit ten at the club last Sunday evening, for the Osiron house is such a jolly place for a meal. But Lydia's fairy story was such a comfort that I forgot my grief! Jenabeth Jones fed the Osirons after Vespers last Sunday with some most delicious cookies that her mother sent her.

The Penta Tau open house was a complete success. There were plenty of extra men. At ten o'clock the orchestra played "Home Sweet Home," but the party was going so well that they made the players stay until one minute to eleven. Just ask the Penta Taus, and they will tell you what a good time they had.

"Lou" Robinson had charge of the vesper program at the Penta Tau Club Sunday evening. The subject was "Friendship," which was discussed in three different ways.

The Penta Tau Club certainly was proud of Ruth Robinson and Mary Lula Pivoto Thursday night. They did credit to Mary and George and both looked adorable. The students could hardly have picked better ones.

Dinners were quite popular in the Tri K House this week. No one has heard the German club members complain of theirs on Wednesday night. Pumpernickel (Hershey, help! How do you spell it?), liverwurst, German fried potatoes, real German bread, salad, beans, apples, coffee, and the traditional cheese were served. Everyone had lots of fun, and the roof was blown off by the sing-song a la German gusto!

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Another picture dear to every woman's heart.

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The Tri K's all received formal "invites" to Miss Morrison's Club dinner. (Not a train on the dresses, and certainly no shirts and skirts.) Now to mention the food—the Tri K's wish they held a monopoly on that special dessert. "Peanut" Jones didn't yawn a single time.

What would happen if the club didn't have "Izzy" for hymn singing on Sundays! Mary Jones read selections from Amy Lowell.

Sunday morning breakfast at the Tri K club found Pat buzzing after those keys. (By the way, their loss caused quite a flurry!) "Sausages" for Max, Helen King, Barret, Prince Betty Frantz, Mickey, Happy, Jane, and Pat is some order!

The Tri K's are thinking of establishing an athletic award for each of the following members:

"She" who strangles best in life-saving.

"She" who knows not the art of grabbing a slick ball in water polo.

"She" who makes six runs at the apparatus before "taking off."

It seems as if the T. C.'s cannot keep their officers! Now that those day students can claim Mary Ann Evans, it became necessary to elect a new treasurer for the Club. Martha Pryor is the girl to be congratulated.

The T. C.'s initiated a new member, Barbara Packard, last Wednesday night.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN DANCING

In a graceful goddess role Ruth St. Denis had reached her goal. In translations, which she danced, The audience, though entranced, Beheld her.

Throughout the whole career of Ruth St. Denis there has been unfolding but one great plan—the expression of God through the Dance. At the beginning of her great fame in Europe she announced that her East Indian dances were but the first of a series of dance productions dealing with the religious beliefs of all Oriental peoples. "Rahda," "The Incense Dance," "The Yogi," gave rhythmic and plastic form to the religions of India.

This series was soon followed by "Egypta" in which Miss St. Denis gave her concept of the customs during life and the beliefs regarding the after-life of the ancient Egyptians. Miss St. Denis was the first dancer to translate the hieratic art form of wall-carvings and tomb paintings into a distinct type of dance—and the whole style called "Egyptian" dancing so in vogue today is founded upon her work.

"Rahda" and "Isis" found a sister-goddess in "Kwannon" whom Miss St. Denis portrayed in her Japanese dance play "Omika" about which the Japan Society of America wrote an official letter thanking her for its beauty and authenticity. "Quan Yin," the Chinese "Goddess of Mercy," who has charmed audiences of Europe and America for the last few years, was the fourth goddess-avator of Ruth St. Denis. An exquisite "Venus Anadyomene" was portrayed by her in the production of "Cupid and Psyche" at Mariarden in Peterboro, New Hampshire.

And so "Ishtar" the great mother-goddess of Babylon is but the newest evocation of the Mystic and Infinite, through the medium of the dance. In coming years she will continue to give to the world the idea of Truth, as expressed through feminine divinities, by all people of all times—for Ruth St. Denis has but one great message, the expression of God through the dance.

MOVIE REVIEWS

"Morning Glory"

Katharine Hepburn at her best and not much else. The story has to do with an ambitious girl from Vermont who is determined to get ahead on the New York stage. Most of it is long monologues, where Katharine talks the arm off of everybody she meets, but she makes you like it. Adolphe Menjou turns in a splendid performance as a producer with mixed motives and morals. Also Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Duncan. Recommended.

"Moulin Rouge"

Constance Bennett's new musical picture. The plot is about a wife, who, to convince her husband she can act, impersonates a musical comedy star, who is eager to help the plan along for reasons of her own. Naturally, the moment arrives when the husband (Franchot Tone) makes love to his wife under the impression she is someone else. This is the movie where Constance dons the famous black wig, and it certainly does change her appearance. The film is light-hearted and gay, Nunnally Johnson's dialogue is humorous, and there are two very good songs in it. Russ Colombo, the Boswell Sisters, Tullio Carminati, Hobart Cavanaugh.

"A Chance at Heaven"

The old reliable story of the small-time girl and boy saving up for their

wedding when the rich city girl breezes through in a sport roadster and spoils it all. Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea, and Marion Nixon are the trio. It's a pleasingly simple story. You'll probably like it, but it's very conventional, and nothing exciting happens.

BOOK SPROUTS

The Great Offensive—By Maurice Hindus

"The Great Offensive," is by the author of "Humanity Uprooted" "Red Bread" and "The Broken Torch." This latest account was written after the author's last visit to Russia. In this book he tries to explain to us the happenings in Russia; the five-year plan; the advancement in the industries of Russia. "The Great Offensive" shows us the lives of the peasants in the small villages and on the community farms. Also there is a class comparison of the old religion and the cultural art of those of yesterday's Russia and those of Russia of today. Mr. Hindus ends by explaining the conditions the Soviets wish to perfect.

It is a book well worth your time and it will clear up some of the vague ideas we all have in connection with the government of the Soviet Russia.

Brazilian Adventure—By Peter Fleming

Peter Fleming is a young English author of twenty-six. He graduated from Oxford a few years ago and since leaving school has had many wonderful adventures. In his book he gives a true account of an exploration in the wilds of Brazil. He and a number of other men go on a search for Pauett, who has been lost for several years in the jungle around the River of Death. This is an account of the whole trip telling of the fears and the breath-taking chances that were taken while trying to cross a vast part of land that white men had never dared to attempt before. It is a very interesting style in which he writes, putting in personal snatches of what should have happened, and rather amusing side remarks.

"Y" NOTES

VANDERBILT HOSPITAL

Last Tuesday evening, February 20, amid recitals and concerts, Frances Graham, Mary Jane Safford, Marian Bullock, and Marion Lowe found time to go to the wards of the Vanderbilt Hospital. Frances, Mary Jane, and Marion spent their hour in the surgical wards. During this time they became acquainted with patients from far and near. Marian Bullock went with Miss Van to the medical ward. Mary Jane's time was distributed between the two wards.

OLD LADIES' HOME

There was quite a costume ball at the Old Ladies' Home last Friday night, February 23. The old ladies were taken back to their girlhood days when Alice Vivienne Hill, Virginia Cornelius, Martha Pyeatt, Viva Lee Davis, Mary Foute Jones, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Helene Loeb, and E'Lois Geibel, all in lovely colonial costumes, danced the minuet. Mary



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Jane Dulany was the accompanist for these dances.

Between dances Rose Cyrene Paulson, Jean Wies, Rosella Lee Lewis, and Arlyne Milligan charmed their hearers with readings. Then Eva Charity Ohlhafer, and Rosemary Horstmann delighted their audience with that tricky little dance that they put on at the F. F. club dance two weeks ago. Afterwards Alice Vivienne Hill played and all the girls danced, by request of the ladies. Before saying good-night everyone enjoyed cookies. In the absence of the chairman, Thelma Martin, Judith Berry presided over the evening's activities.

P-S-S-T-!

Did you know that—

Emily Taggart and Virginia Freeman do their last-minute home work on the street car headed for 9:30 classes every morning and actually get it done?

Sally Womack owns her own horses and often drives a hay rake? (Is that the "racioa," Sally?)

Sally Pardue is a very bad little girl? Every day we see her get notes from some office, from gym to monitor!

While the girls were skating around the other week at the A. A. party, whom should they bump into but "Joe" of that well-known Beverly & Joe, Inc.?

We're all getting childish? Jane Briggs, Pete Polk, Helen Power, and we don't know who else with the measles, and Frances Murray with the mumps!

Edith Kennedy was mistaken for a clothing store last Tuesday when it was so cold?

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EDITORIAL

RED CROSS ROLL CALL

Attention! This is to remind us that the Red Cross is again having its nation-wide roll call. This is to remind us of the great service that the Red Cross has done. This is to remind us to give our full support to a most worthy organization.

It would be impossible to present here the excellent work that this organization has done. In times of disaster the Red Cross workers are the first to arrive with medical and financial aid. During the period of reconstruction which followed the Nashville tornado last year the Red Cross was present. The latter part of this past summer when terrible floods swept the whole Rio Grande valley of Texas, it was the Red Cross that went about relieving sufferers and helping families to again establish their homes when the floods went down. All over the United States, from mine explosions in the East to earthquakes in the West, the influence of the Red Cross is felt.

This organization is now having a roll call. Only a dollar is necessary for membership—a dollar which, when placed with many others, will provide relief for many unfortunate. Dr. Linda Rhea is in charge of the roll call at Ward-Belmont, and all students are urged to contribute. The names of those who join will be sent to the Red Cross of their home city.

L. F. '34.

HELP MILESTONES WITH SNAPS

With the approach of spring and nice days everyone will be out on the campus, and it will be a grand time to take snapshots. People always feel in moods which lend themselves nicely to poses and pictures, on the first warm days of spring. When you take these pictures, and when they turn out especially good, bring them down to the HYPHEN office or give them to some member of the Milestones staff. The staff has set aside a large section for pictures this year and wants it to be representative of the whole school, not just one crowd. This, of course, cannot be, unless you turn in your pictures.

Even if you do not think so much about it now, next year, or the next year, or many years from now it may mean a lot to have your picture and those of your best pals. Imagine your embarrassment thirty or forty years from now if your granddaughter, on looking through a 1934 Milestones, wants to know why your picture isn't there—and you have to admit that you forgot to take it down to the office, or didn't take any! Or if you should want to go to a party as the school girl of 1934, and cannot remember what you looked like.

But, seriously, the staff does want your pictures, and the time is growing short, so won't you please take some and turn them in right away?

G. L. '35.

CAMPUS COLUMN

I would wait until the last minute to get this column off my mind! But I'm glad I did, because it gives me an opportunity to say how much I enjoyed the talk Wednesday morning that was given by Jane Briggs. You'd think that one so little and quiet wouldn't have such a knowledge of the ways in which to look at life. She was most inspiring, and I hope we'll have many more such talks—we seem to get a lot more out of talks by girls in our own groups, so I hope that we'll have the opportunity of hearing more of them. What do you think?

Arlene Hershey need never fear of being out of gum. She has every description, color, and size at the head of her bed. "It helps me study," was the girl's explanation.

You would have gotten quite a "kick" out of seeing those entertainers out at the Old Ladies' Home last Friday night. It was my first trip out there, and it was more fun to give those old ladies a laugh or two! The readings sounded funnier than ever before, and everything fitted in fine. The girls who did the minuet, Viva Lee, Dukey, Helene, Mary Jones, Martha Pyatt, Elois, Kathryn, and Cornelius, had just a little less room than at the real celebration, but they managed—I've never seen more suppressed giggles!

The George and Martha Washington celebration turned out to be quite a success—don't misunderstand, with such lovely impersonations the evening couldn't help being a splendid occasion. Ruth and Mary Lula entered the ball room with such a distinguished air, the only thing—Betty Randle couldn't find the right place when the steps changed, and did it bring on a nervous laugh from the girls—what a night to be doing a dance in those clothes! One felt that we should be out doing the light fantastic in the lovely moonlight.

In passing:

Always like to please the public: Bob Durand complained that he never saw her name in the paper. Well, Bob, here it is! (Don't say I never please!)

Doris was still in the infirmary, at this writing, with the measles. Hurry on down, kid, and stop fooling us! (Wish I'd get them; I could use a little rest!)

Irene Sartor is also in the infirmary. Glad to know that she is getting along all right. We miss her.

Gail suggests another hour for Water Polo instead of at four o'clock. "I get out too late to go to the tea room afterwards, and if I eat before, I drown!"

Joe:

Dorothy Jones (in Zoology lab., after Miss Hollinger had declined to give an explanation on the stripping of the inner bug): "I hate to cut into this blindly."

Rena Berry: "Well, open your eyes!"

* The minuet pictures are on sale in the Book Room now. If you want one, order now, and pay in advance.

We regretted seeing Betty Bryant go home Wednesday afternoon. Here she isn't going to have much trouble, and can enjoy herself. She didn't seem at all excited over going—imagine that!

Sara Jo must be planning another trip home, soon. I heard her asking Miss Meriweather how long you had to wait if you wanted to go home every month.

Well, I've gotten in bad with the Phys. Ed. Dept., so I guess I'd better show up this afternoon for Bowling or they'll throw me into that "walking" class, yet. I've got to go and get dressed in those pants that are slowly getting too small.

I'll see you!

EAGLE FEATHER

I'M A TOMBOY

It's wriggling I like
And wiggling I like
And fingering my arms about!
It's jiggling I like
And giggling I like
And now and then giving a shout!

It's poking I like,
And joking I like,
And tossing a ball with the boys.
It's chasing I like,
And racing I like,
And making a whole lot of noise!
That's Me!!!

N. Schmid '38

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN

Delicately faded, caught in folds of rose and gray,
You are calm, and smart, and sculptured from old time
You breathe the air of years long past, dried memories
You are helpless and know it; you live on dignities
Too great for us to understand; we're past all that
You can't forget your time has been; but our's has fallen
flat.

You are a relic of a bygone day, a serious age—
When girls wore hoop'd skirts and Victoria was the rage
You see with eyes too dim to catch the fleeting grace
And loveliness of your own granddaughter's face.
And wonder why she holds you in such little veneration
You sit around with folded hands, and wait to die.
Death laughs at you, pities not, and passes by—
And you are left alone in your dark room, the curtains
drawn,
Bewailing a day that's so soon dead and gone.

M. Y. '32

A PLEA

Come away with me, my darling,
From the rushing city street,
Come steal off into the woodland—
To the woodland green and sweet.
Oh—come live in my small cabin
In my cool and calm retreat
Far from hurry, sadness, sorrow,
Off from misery, pain and heat.
Down below there flows the river
And to those who wish to hear
It relates amazing stories
Of its travels, far and near.
High above the bright birds twitter,
And the flower smiles glad
For there's not a time unhappy
Not a moment that is sad.
Why not come with me, beloved—
From your work, be carefree, gay—
Where there's heavenly peace around us
And where joy rules day by day?

RENA BERRY, '34.

DISSATISFACTION

While rummaging around in a poetry scrap-book the other day I came across a poem clipped out of this year HYPHEN, entitled "Dissatisfaction." This poem defines dissatisfaction as a child who has so many toys that he does not know which toy to use in his play and turns away from them all in dissatisfaction. . . .

People of our college age are a great deal like that child. We are restless and anxious to go somewhere, but we have no idea where to go. We want to do something but we have no definite idea of our duty. . . .

The choice of a career is a problem that most of us have to face. We try English, art, music, journalism, science in vain. Our efforts to find our niche in the world are futile, and we have a certain sense of our lives being purposeless. . . .

Religion bothers us also. We do not understand or know God, yet feel the desire to know Him. We attend church but He is not there; we go out into nature and are perhaps closer to Him, but there is still that feeling of missing Him. . . .

Suddenly, or perhaps by a slow consciousness, we realize God's presence in our lives. We are stirred to higher ambitions and somehow find our places in life. Our religion at last becomes real to us, and we have a new certainty of His being. . . .

It is to be hoped that each of us can solve this problem of her life, and through a knowledge of a higher being see the vision of the life ahead. . . .

L. F.

PREP PATTERN

Washington Ball at Vander-
the biggest thing that has hap-
since our last column, so we
se to dwell at length on it.
tically half the high school
up, with, of course, all the
age. (We mean day students,
rally—the poor boarders never
a chance.) Almost every boy
danced with asked us if we knew
and-so from New York or Missouri
Shkosh, and they seemed pathet-
eager to know how so-and-so
getting along, and wasn't she
ity, etc. One boy said he'd been
to see one certain boarder for
months and still hadn't. Mar-
Craik in a tiara, Frances Wilker-
in a little cap sprinkled with
s, Ruth Keller, Polly Ann Bill-
tor, Elsie Caldwell, and millions
can't remember, were there. (We
n't think it would be a very good
to whip our pad and pencil and
down names and fingerprints
be dancing—people might not
understand.) You all know, by now,
Sarah Bryan and Martha Billing-
received first and second prizes
the best costumes. They're both
daughters of W-B and seem to get
the honors over there. (Wheeee!)
something else we enjoyed was a
series of monologues Miss Townsend's
gave. Sylvia Cohen and Marion
are about as talented as anybody
hope to see, and their rendition
some humorous sketches leaves us
aching yet. If you missed Marion's
Barbara Buys a Bonnet," you really
saw something, and ditto for Syl-
s piece about a young man in
—check!—they were the exact
one of it. Miss Townsend gave
a speech of praise afterward.
I'd say they deserved it.

Katherine Price, who had a very
handsome reason for going to Chi-
go (we saw his picture) returned
the fold Tuesday. She says she
had a scrumptious time—and was she
did to get back! Tell us!

And now we hear that Mary Ann
Gris has acquired a new ring—
initials are H. R.

So we get around now to the Sig-
na dance. Ruth Hopkinson, Ruth
Wilkerson and Frances Wilkerson pro-
posed the W-B delegation. And they
are the biggest rushes of anyone there,
I've been told.

Did you know that Virginia Car-
an and Mary McKinney Sharp made
out eight dollars in East Nashville
for the Red Cross and stood out in the
snow to do it? That's real sacrifice
for you! We went to see "Turn Back
the Clock" instead. We just adore
people who'll take us to see Lee
Cohen, and picture, and will put up with
our ravings afterwards. As we were
starting to say when we so rudely
interrupted ourselves, we will tell you
story about Virginia and Gardenia,
the Ford which is something of an
institution hereabouts. One afternoon
Virginia waved a fond farewell to
classmates and started off. Gardenia
uttered and coughed until she was
sight in front of the lions, and then
she refused to budge, sat down, and
slept. Virginia shouted and threat-
ened, and worked the starter and
rattle and choke and gas pedal.
Gardenia was immovable. Up came
one of the teachers. "Don't you see
you're blocking traffic? Move it off!"
she commanded. Gardenia leered.
The heroine got redder of face, while
the watchmen, students and part of
the faculty gathered 'round and
offered advice. Finally, Gardenia had
be pulled away by a wrecker, stub-
bornly resisting at every wheel turn.
I suggest she name the darn thing
"pull-a-wrecker." It might shame it into
moving better.

PENTA TAU CLUB ENTERTAINS

The Penta Taus entertained with
successful Open House on Friday,
February 23. Patty Brown Harvey
was in charge of the dance. She was
assisted by Ruth Potts and Ruth
Robinson.

THE DIARY OF MIS-
TRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

All the day students are getting the
measles or the mumps, and all the
boarders are afraid they'll get them.
Tuck's had the mumps, and I've had
the measles; so we're just waiting and
hoping. According to all the reports,
though, these measles are a lot of
fun—oh yeah!

Went down to club tonight and
played games very cheerfully. My,
how childish we do get in our old age!

Thursday—

G. Washington's birthday, and as
nasty weather as I ever hope to see.
Irene Sartori came back from the
hospital today.

The dinner was a grand success.
The Seniors looked so nice coming
down the stairway in Rec. Hall, and
Martha Washington looked simply
adorable. Of course, George was nice,
but then no one pays any attention to
a mere man. Anyway, they had out
the company dishes, and we had after-
dinner *demi tasse*, and everything
was quite squiffy.

Tuck and I went over to the gym
early to get good seats and it was a
good thing we did because the balcony
was packed. The Minuet was very
nice, I thought, although I kept hop-
ing somebody would miss a step. We
stayed a little while for the dancing
afterwards, and then we came home
and studied like good little girls.

Friday—

Oh, girls! The nicest man talked
in chapel! All about Rome and every-
thing! I heard many sighs as I
walked out of chapel, and Sutton raved
on for the longest time! The weather
has cleared up, somewhat, but it still
ain't what it used to be. The measles
are still raging nobly. I hear some
of the day students encountered them
at the Washington Ball.

Saturday—

Snow today, lovely, lovely snow! I
was glad that I had not ventured to
brave the wintry blasts and go down
town. I stayed at home tucked up on
my nice warm bed and listened to
my radio, so I did. Not much to do,
today! Nell Betty Anderson, Gail
Lawrence, and a few other intrepid
souls went for an outing at Dickson,
Tenn. I hope they have fun.

Sunday—

And sleep Sunday, too, goody,
goody! Tuck and I had laid in a goodly
store of breakfast materials, and
so we had a comfy breakfast listened
to the rain toot down the eavespouts,
and spatter coldly on the ground. In
fact, it was such a nasty day, that we
had tea in the dining room instead of
in the club houses. Club was lots of
fun—everybody was all excited about
the possibilities of a tornado. I told
Tuck I thought maybe she ought to
sleep with me.

Monday—

My, we had a nice calm week-end,
what with snow, measles, mumps,
tornadoes, run-away lunatics, fires, and
furnaces blowing—break in fraternity
houses! Life does have its cheery
moments! Mary Jones was rejoicing
in her boots this morning. She seemed
to consider the weather a little on
the unpleasant side. Nig and Zweifel
were having a big time roaring at each
other. Zweifel's got the measles, and
she seems to be having a lovely time
with them.

Tuesday—

Tried in vain to get all my study-
ing done in preparation for the con-
cert tonight, but 'twas all in vain.
However, I enjoyed Mr. Henkel's con-
cert immensely, although I must con-
fess to hoping that the organ would
act up—the childish thing! I have a
seat where I can see Mr. Henkel's feet
working the pedals, and I sat there
simply enthralled. The worrier all
through the thing about her trig les-
son. Ha, ha, I don't take trig!

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DR. LEAVELL, CHURCH SPEAKER

Dr. Frank H. Leavell was the speaker in church services on Sunday, February 25. He spoke particularly of an ideal boy.

Taking David and Daniel as his examples, he evolved the following requisites of such an ideal: to behave becomingly, to be able to do something perfectly, and to believe in something sincerely.

ANCIENT AND MODERN NUMBERS, PLAYED BY HENKEL, (Continued from page 1)

Fugue, and Chaconne, by Buxtehude (1637-1707), whom the great Bach walked 50 miles to hear play; a Chorale, "Awake, a Voice Is Calling," by Bach himself; a canonical Gavotte by Padre Martini of the eighteenth century, and a resounding Toccatina by Beoly, who was an organist in Paris a century ago.

The most important number on the program was a "Symphony," by A. Maquaire, of the modern French school. The rapid allegro, soulful andante, scintillating scherzo, and brilliant finale, with good work on the pedals, were played with fine expression and smooth finish.

A tone poem, "Preghiera" (Prayer), by Held, was well liked, and even more applauded was "Les Jongleurs" (The Jugglers), which is the second movement of Harry Jepson's Second Sonata, "A Pageant," and depicts what the title suggests.

"Mirror Reflecting Pool," by R. Deane Shure, was calm and reflective, and Scherzino was a dainty little composition. The composer of this, Giuseppe Ferrata, taught for a while at the old Nashville Conservatory of Music, Fifth Avenue and Cedar Street, 30 years ago.

Using the full resources of the organ, Mr. Henkel gave a brilliant ending to the program by playing "Concert Scherzo," by the English organist, Purcell J. Mansfield, but the audience wanted an encore, so the earliest written organ composition was played. This was by a German organist, Taumann, in 1410, when each organ key was so wide that it had to be played with the fist, and this piece had one tone sustained throughout by one hand while the other hand played long single notes.

Then followed "Concertina," a clever imitation of the accordion, by Pietro Yon, the Italian-American organist. Alvin Wiggers, Nashville Tennessee, February 28, 1934.

JANE BRIGGS, CHAPEL SPEAKER (Continued from page 1)

pass before we have done everything that we want to, seen everything, and tasted everything that we want to. She asked, "Do we ever get over this tired feeling? Is there any explanation, any way out?"

Happiness does not lie in man himself, but in some greater power. Often we all have felt that we would give all the blessings in the world to have an anchor to which we could hold a while, while the world rushes by. When we feel that way, remember the promise that God made so many years ago and which He will never break, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I shall give you rest."

HETTIE RAY'S

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OUTING CLUB TAKES FIRST WEEK-END

(Continued from page 1)

does Miss Carling ever like rolls and jam! The evening was spent playing ping-pong, bridge, dancing and working puzzles. Olga, the persevering, finally worked a Chinese puzzle. When J. C. and his wife (the neighbors with whom part of the crowd were to spend the night) came over, Rosemary Horstmann learned to cross ten matches over each other without jumping more than two at a time. About ten o'clock the moon came out and various industrious people went walking. Everyone took hold of hands and went sliding down the icy hills. The five who were staying at J. C.'s had decided to have breakfast at midnight (so they wouldn't have to get up in the morning) but the log on which they had to cross the creek was frozen so they had to go while he was there to take them across in the car. From the reports which drifted back the next morning they must have had a very good time. Miss Carling and "Nookie" Keidel slept under nine layers, while Anne Shaw, Isobel Coulter and Nell Betty had slightly less. Anne seems to have spent most of the night putting the puppy back to bed.

Back in the farmhouse everyone started to bed peaceably. Downstairs, after a vain search for the chocolate cake which Miss Morrison had so thoughtfully removed from under their bed, Rosemary Horstmann and Gail Lawrence sank down into the feathers and stayed until Becky dug them out the next morning. Gilbert Moore finally located the overalls she wanted to wear in the morning and she and Martha Pyeatt settled down. Upstairs Edith Eason did very well about going to sleep but some of her roommates objected—they even said she snored. Olga Wardowski, Radeen Tibbets, and Arlyne Milligan drew the mattress on the middle of the floor. Olga and Arlyne seemed to be having some difficulty—and judging from the remarks, such as, "Give me that blanket," "Well, anyone could tell that you are an only child," etc., which floated down from above it must have been quite a party. Poor Radeen finally crawled out, taking her blanket with her (which wasn't appreciated so much) and slept on the floor. Becky, the perfect hostess, was everywhere, closing doors, banking fires.

Came the dawn! With Miss Morrison's system, things were soon nicely in order. The cooks looked a little bewildered when they received orders for eggs "brick hard," "sunny side up," "with both eyes closed," but they were good (the eggs) and so were the ham and biscuits which Mrs. Hall had donated to the cause. After breakfast we went exploring in the rain, and Rosemary saw her first guinea hen. Then came back to toast toes, talk, learned where Victoria first acquired her nickname, read and shelled peas. (Nell Betty strings hers like beans.) Too soon it was time to eat again (not that they minded eating, but they didn't want to go home). Just as they sat down, in came Jay Foote and "Cayce." It seems that they had some trouble finding the way. Steaks, baked potatoes, pineapple and cake (the same which Miss Morrison saved the night before) had to be eaten quickly so that we wouldn't miss the bus.

The trip home was uneventful, but among the pictures which we would like to have (and won't because no one remembered to take any) are Martha Pyeatt standing in the rain waiting for a street car with a suitcase in one hand, a flashlight in the other, and two library books under her coat, and Olga figuring up her accounts (she's treasurer) on a brown paper sack.

It was a glorious week-end, and Mrs. Hall and Becky certainly deserve a vote of thanks for helping to make it so.

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, March 10, 1934

Number 20

MISS SCRUGGS REVIEWS BOOK BY DR. RHEA

In chapel Friday, March 2, Miss Scruggs reviewed for the girls the new biography, "Hugh Swinton Legaré," written by Dr. Linda Rhea, of the Ward-Belmont English Department.

Miss Scruggs explained that "Hugh Swinton Legaré" deserves a place among modern biographies because it gives a true picture of the Charleston intellectual, finding interest in a subject neither "great" nor idealized. Letters and papers belonging to the Legaré family were used in compiling the book, so that the result is a true, impartial portrait, splendid in treatment. The style is not subjective, but rather severe and precise, although charming. Since the story has a definite relationship to history, and the background of Charleston a definite relationship to Legaré, time has been devoted to making the city live through a colorful descriptive chapter.

Legaré was a Huguenot. As a boy he was a sad cripple, and so developed into a sensitive, melancholy type, spending a great deal of time with his books. His earliest education was received in Charleston; at fourteen, he went off to boarding school, and later entered the University of South Carolina. He worked hard and graduated as valedictorian of his class. After an eighteen-months' absence he returned to Charleston, and at once became connected with the *Southern Review Magazine*. Reading and research remained sheer pleasure for him, but he felt a duty to law, statesmanship, and serving his country. For that reason his writing did not go further. When Harrison was elected President, Legaré became attorney-general, and for a time he also served as secretary of state, but the burden was too much for him and he died shortly after.

Through Miss Rhea's sympathetic and fine treatment of her subject, we have a vivid picture of a Charles who is intellectual and his times, admiring him as a human being with human faults.

CHATTIN, VESPERS SPEAKER, TALKS ON GRENDEL

Martha Jane Chattin, chairman of the World Fellowship Committee of the Y.W.C.A., was the Vespers speaker on Sunday, March 4. She spoke on Sir Wilfred Grendel, the doctor who has been for several years been doing work with the Labrador fishermen.

Martha Jane gave a sketch of Sir Grendel's life. She characterized him as a "strong, courageous fighter." It was he who brought both medical and spiritual aid to the people of Labrador.

Ward-Belmont is connected with one of the hospitals that Sir Grendel has established there. Every year an Easter contribution is taken to help maintain Violet Stone, a nurse, in the St. Anthony Hospital.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Monday, March 12
Senior Challenge
Wednesday, March 14
Rev. Roger T. Nooe, Vine Street Christian Church
Friday, March 16
"Voice and Verse"—Lawrence Ruggs, assisted by Sydney Dayton, Sue Salter, Dolores Smith, Barbara Wilson.

SENIOR-MIDS PLAN FOR SENIORS

The committees for the Senior-Mid-level banquet for the Seniors, March 8, were as follows:

General Chairman—Toska Anne von Borries.

Decoration Committee—Betty Bowman, chairman; Rachel Hailey, Betty Barth, Malinda Jones, Mary John Atwell and Mildred Clemens.

Food Committee—Jane Bucklen, chairman.

Invitation Committee—Jean Dayton, chairman; Frances Marbury, Mary Ellen Stokes, Virginia Reed and Georgianna Martin.

Details of the Program Committee—Marjorie Abbot, chairman.

On the program were: Judy Acheson, toastmistress; Dr. Barton, Alice Vivienne Hill, Jean Stewart, Nancy Ann Schmid, Elizabeth Grey and Louise Robinson, speakers.

Frances Summers gave a harp solo, and Stanley Elizabeth and Mary Eleanor Clay sang, accompanied on a melodeon.

Those taking part in the quadrille were Mary Alice Paine, Frances Marbury and Emily Taggart.

The cast of the play included Mary Lee Wilson, Arlyne Milligan, Marion Farr and Carolyn Bryant.

WORDSMITHS HAVE FORMAL DINNER

Monday evening, March 5, the Wordsmiths entertained their new members with a formal dinner, followed by the regular meeting.

With Nancy Ann Schmid, president, presiding, manuscripts were read and criticized, and some discussion in regard to the forthcoming Wordsmiths booklet followed. After the excellent dinner each member rose and made an original toast, apropos to the occasion. Later books and plays were reviewed, with worthwhile comments from Miss Scruggs, sponsor.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY . . ."

We can never be too early in welcoming spring. When warm winds blow and the sun shines and the birds argue vociferously under our window, then we feel a certain anticipatory tingling in our blood which warns us that we are about to be attacked by that insidious malady, spring fever. In grandmother's day a strange mixture of molasses and herbs were the main tonics of the age. The doctors prescribed bottle after bottle of these weird concoctions in the hope that they could in some way alleviate the sufferings entailed by this dread disease. For spring fever is assuredly a disease. In no other way can it be explained.

However, it is a healthful illness, and the best tonic that I can offer is that of staying out-of-doors as much as possible. Roller skates and marbles, kites and jumping ropes are the best pills for the cure of the malady. A swift round of tennis, a fast game of baseball, a brisk walk through the spring woods in search of wild flowers have also been proved effective remedies.

The disease manifests itself in our mothers by attacking them on some warm spring day, and causing them to break out in a rash of spring cleaning. This aspect of the fever is characterized by rooms turned topsy-turvy, cold meals, no place to go that is not crammed with baskets filled full of odds and ends to be dusted and replaced in their proper positions. Fortunately the period of illness is short, and the recovery rapid.

In the young, the disease is manifested by the appearance of marbles, and muddled knees gained from kneeling on the damp ground to peg brinnies. There are also slight tendencies to delirium in which the words, "Mom, can't I go swimmin' now?" are repeated again and again. Demands are made for paste and paper, and all the rags which have served their period of usefulness as dust rags. Mother's favorite ball of twine is apt to disappear mysteriously, only to be found clinging to the wires of the telegraph lines. The affects of the disease in the young, therefore, are hardly determinable. They last until school is out for the summer.

In the not quite grown-up the symptoms are obvious, and unless attended to immediately often result in serious heart trouble. "In the spring a young man's fancy"—need more be said?

But whatever its symptoms, we welcome this charming spring fever with open arms. We look forward to the appearance of the first case and we bid a sad farewell to it when convalescence is complete. Spring fever is a part of spring, and we love it. It is the one chronic illness of which we can truly say we are fond.

ALUMNAE OFFICE PLANS FOR BIG HOMECOMING

With Homecoming less than a month away, definite plans are being made for the annual event. The Alumnae Office is this week-end sending out the Homecoming letter, enclosing the reply card by which the alumnae will signify their intention to return. Plans for the week-end are in formation, as Catherine Blackman, '28, president of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association, was in Nashville a short time ago to consult with Jane Pulver, the alumnae secretary. Particularly interesting this year will be the new experiment of a class reunion, which has not previously been tried. The class of '28 will have its reunion this year—the sixth year since it left Ward-Belmont.

Each year the clubs wish to entertain their alumnae in various ways. Many have their alumnae to breakfast on Easter morning, others have teas, tea dances, etc. The Alumnae Association wishes to urge the clubs to make these plans early and let the Home Office know as soon as possible, so that the Alumnae Office may know definitely what to plan.

Lists of each club's alumnae who are returning will be sent to the president as soon as it can be compiled.

NEW GIRLS JOIN CLUBS

The girls who entered school at the beginning of the second semester have made their choice of clubs as follows:

Barbara Packard, T. C.; Marion Bullock, Anti-Pan; Martha Ann Rodgers, Anti-Pan; Katherine Klett, Osiron; Edith Manley, Penta Tau; Eunice Jones, Ariston; E. Cooper, Ariston.

Jane Bucklin, who also entered at mid-semester, is a T. C. from last year. Mary McKinney Sharp and Mary Daniel, both former students who have returned this semester, are Aristons.

X. L. OPENING. HUGE SUCCESS

About one hundred and fifty guests were present at the opening of the X. L. Bonbonniere, Saturday, March 3, at eight o'clock.

The guests were received by Rena Berry, Miss McElfresh, Annette McMullen, Mary Jane Bass and Lattie Miller Graves.

One end of the gym was cleverly turned into the front of a French bon bon shop. The windows were filled with boxes of candy, and a sign hanging from the thatched gable roof announced that it was the "X. L. Bonbonniere."

The special, a very cute automatic French peasant doll dance, was given by Lois Welsh, Jane Wilson and Marjorie Edmondson. Refreshments of orange sherbet, rum cakes, coffee and chocolate-covered mints were served at the conclusion of the special.

Annette McMullen was in charge of the dance, and was ably assisted by Ann Shaw, Marjorie Edmondson, Lois Welch, Georgianna Martin and Virginia Cornelius.

The dance was declared to have been one of the most successful given by any of the clubs.

CLUB HOLDS FIRST DEBATE

The first meeting of the Debating Club was held in Mr. Riggs' studio on the evening of March 6th. Following Dr. Barton's suggestion that the club learn by "doing," rather than reading books and having discussions on the art of debating, a regular debate was held. The subject debated was "Resolved, There Should Be a Child Labor Amendment." Marie Bomke and Charlie Holcombe took the affirmative side; Rena Berry and Ruth Nehls took the negative. The judges were Mrs. Rose, Miss Clark and Mr. Flowers. They decided in favor of the affirmative side, but both teams had interesting discussions on the question.

The Debating Club, which is a new project at Ward-Belmont, will meet every two weeks throughout the year. Each meeting a debate will be given by members of the club, and through the debates they hope to learn the art of debating and to profit by the material in the debates themselves.

VACANCY ON "Y" CABINET FILLED

The cabinet of the "Y" wishes to announce the election of Virginia Richter, secretary of the Association. Virginia will fill the office left vacant by Muriel Levertitt on her return home and will also take her place as member of the executive committee.

"Y" CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Sunday, March 11
8:30 A.M. Sunday School
2:00 P.M. Play Hour, Tennessee Children's Home
3:15 P.M. Trip to Junior League Hospital
6:00 P.M. Vespers, Dr. Edwin Mims
Tuesday, March 13
7:00 P.M. Visits to ward of Vanderbilt Hospital
Thursday, March 15
3:00 P.M. Visit to Salvation Army Headquarters

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SODAS — CANDY
LUNCHES

KATHRYN MEISLE TO SING HERE

Kathryn Meisle, American contralto, who has appeared at Ward-Belmont twice before, will be warmly welcomed when she is presented again in concert here, March 15.

She has starred with the Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles Opera companies, and is now definitely established as "one of the world's great contraltos." Her voice is of that rare and fortunate quality known as natural contralto. She is a thorough musician, one who can sing such widely divergent types of music as that of Wagner and Bach equally well. Besides, she has a charm of personality and sincerity of manner which make her one of the outstanding favorites of the recital platform.

Miss Meisle was born in Philadelphia. In October, 1921, she made her professional debut with the Minneapolis Orchestra, under Emil Oberhoffer, and in November, 1923, was engaged by the Chicago Civic Opera Company to sing leading contralto roles. Her debut was made as Erda, in "Siegfried."

This popular contralto has been called the "ideal festival star." Foremost among these engagements have been appearances at the Ann Arbor, North Shore (Evanston), Lindsborg, Spartanburg, Westchester, Springfield, and Newark festivals, and orchestras which have engaged this distinguished artist time after time are the Philadelphia, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, St. Louis, Minneapolis and New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestras.

Miss Meisle went abroad in the spring of 1921, making her debut at the Cologne Opera, singing Azuxena in "Trovatore." Later she was heard in a number of other roles, including Amneris in "Aida." She also appeared as soloist with the Kurhaus Orchestra at Scheveningen and was invited to sing at the Berlin State Opera. She is a great favorite at the Hollywood Bowl; she has sung the Verdi "Requiem" four times at the New York Stadium Concerts under the baton of Albert Coates; and the Bach "St. Matthew Passion" three times with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Ossip Gabrilowitsch conducting. Miss Meisle returned to Europe again last summer at the conclusion of her concert tour here to appear in recital and opera in leading German music centers.

A RELIGION FOR TO-DAY. CHAPEL TOPIC

On Wednesday, March 7, Miss Mary Elizabeth Dale, associate secretary of the Vanderbilt Student Association, spoke in chapel. The topic of Miss Dale's talk was "A Religion for Today." She said that it is obvious that the people of today need a religion, but it must be a different one from what people have had before. We are living in a changing world; we all are reaching for something "a little out of the ordinary" and, therefore, our religion must be different.

Religion used to be considered as a protection against the world. Miss Dale said, "We can't think of religion as a protection against the world because we are too much in it."

The religion which Miss Dale believes is meant for today must have sincerity. It must be unselfish and truthful. In the second place this religion must be intelligent. We want to be alert and sensitive to what is going on around us. In the third place, it must be reverent. We must not only have reverence for God, but for people and for the past. We must have a sense of mystery about life and feel curious about it.

Miss Dale concluded her talk by saying that with a liberal and adventurous spirit about life we will be led in the way of the right religion.

DR. BARTON SPEAKS ON CURRENT EVENTS

Dr. Barton spoke in chapel Monday, March 5, on current events. He said that the past few weeks had witnessed the coronation of two world rulers, an unusual event at any time, and particularly so this year.

Leopold III, of Belgium, follows his father, Albert I, who was killed several weeks ago in a fall; and Henry Pu-Yi, a prince of the royal blood of China, becomes king of the Japanese puppet state of Manchukuo. There is little similarity between these two countries. Belgium, although it is small, is right at the crossroads of the world, and has always played an important part in world affairs. Manchukuo has always been a pawn of the nations. It has wavered toward China, Russia, Japan, and back again. Now it is controlled by Japan, although a Chinese prince is on the throne.

Dr. Barton also announced that a school trip to Charleston, South Carolina, is being planned for before Easter, and one to Washington, D. C., soon after Easter. Plans for a swing trip including both of these cities had to be discarded because of the difficulty of making railroad connections.

"Y" COMMITTEE VISITS VANDERBILT

On Tuesday evening, March 6, a very happy hour was spent in Vanderbilt Hospital, by members of the committee, under the direction of Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, chairman. Lucille Enslay, Mary Crockett Evans, and Catherine Crosswell renewed acquaintance with old friends in the medical ward, and met new ones as well. Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Edith Eason, Olga Wardowski, and Mozelle Trout visited patients in the surgical ward.

SPORTS GO INTO INTER-CLUB TOURNAYS

The gym office announces the Life-Saving Examinations. The schedule is:

Friday, March 16—4:45
Tuesday, March 20—3:45
Wednesday, March 21—3:45
Thursday, March 22—3:45
Thursday, March 22—4:45
Friday, March 23—2:45
Monday, March 26—4:45
Tuesday, March 27—3:45
Tuesday, March 27—4:45

These exams last over a period of twelve days, and must be completed within this time.

The schedule for the water polo games is also announced. This year there are only three teams entered in water polo.

Saturday, March 17—3:45
A. K. vs. T. K.
Monday, March 19—4:45
T. K. vs. X. L.
Wednesday, March 21—2:45
A. K. vs. X. L.

The bowling tournament also starts on the same day as the water polo games. The schedule is:

Saturday, March 17—4:30
A. K., A. P., F. E. O.
Monday, March 19—2:45
A. K., D. V., P. T., T. C.
Monday, March 19—3:45
Ang., A., Ecco., Td.
Tuesday, March 20—2:45
T. K., X. L.
Wednesday, March 21—2:45 (Second Round)—4 teams
Wednesday, March 21—4:45 (Second Round)—4 teams
Thursday, March 22—2:45 (Third Round)—4 teams
Friday, March 23—3:45 (Finals)—2 teams

The apparatus meet will be held Friday, March 30, at 3:45.

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BEHIND THE SCENES IN DANCING

In dancing came the dawn
For Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn;
In music, rhythm and action
In the dances of the many nations

The symphony, being the highest of music forms, Ruth St. Denis turned her attention, some years ago, to its more adequate translation into visible dance form. It seemed obvious at the start that one dancer could no more visualize a symphony than one violin could play it. So she created her "Synchoric Orchestra," an organization of dancers, one for each instrument on a symphony orchestra, and first visualized the two movements of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony—a pioneering effort at a real orchestration of movement.

Following this first great experiment, using smaller numbers, she visualized Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," compositions of Brahms, the other early classic composers, and a wide variety of the best in music down to our moderns.

Following very closely to the actual architectural construction of the music she made a closer relation between the written page of the music and its dance rendition than heretofore had been the habit of the "interpretive" and "classic" dancer, while also giving dramatic expression to the emotional content of the composition.

Following in her footsteps, Mr. Shawn visualized many of the Bach Inventions and Fugues, using one group of dancers for each part, or voice, and brought out in visible grouping the contrapuntal phases of Scarlatti's "Pastorale and Appiccic-cio." His "Revolutionary Etude," so dramatically gripping, holds very closely to the music visualization principle.

This season he has visualized the MacDowell "Polonaise" for himself and four Denishawn boys.

Doris Humphrey, who has worked with Miss St. Denis for many years in this music visualization phase of the dance, because of her own creative ability, her intellect and great talent as a dancer, has been enabled to do a magnificent piece of dance writing in the "Sonata Tragica" of MacDowell. Thus a new school of choreography has been established by Ruth St. Denis, in which many dance composers may create beautiful and vital works.

CLUB CHATTER

The Agoras are arousing interest in current events. Christine Jill gave a resume of current topics at the last club meeting.

We hope that Helene Loeb has a grand time in Chicago this week-end. Is it her mother that she's going to see?

Just a word to the "wise"! Any number of Agoras got themselves into trouble by putting their umbrellas on the seats in Loeb's Friday night. Just ask Fran Graham for further information.

One of our Michigan girls said that she certainly enjoyed the dance Saturday night, for "those fast pieces are what northerners like," she said.

The A. K.'s were certainly playful last meeting—especially Margaret Anne Ahlfeldt and Smitty. The club is indebted to Mary Lalla for the program that she sponsored. And didn't Clara make a cute little boy? And don't forget the handsome man in the case—Betty Heck!

Smitty and Sue were a sensation on the program at Sewanee. We hear that they've gotten letters galore. Oh for a voice!

Clara's Hiram was back again last week-end. From all appearances they were sure glad to see each other, too.

"Miss" Gilbertine took Vic, Buzzy and Jones home with her a few days ago. Would that Ward-Belmont was 50 miles from every where!

Frances Warmath was enjoying her visit to the infirmary Sunday when everybody else had to go to church.

The A. K.'s were certainly enjoying water polo during that nice cold weather. The water is always nice and warm—not to mention the air—hot air.

Monday night "Dot" Glanders, Judith Berry, "Cack" Brown, Isabel Coulter, Jean Unsie, Mary Findlater and Bettie Roth had half a dinner at the Del Ver house. I say half a dinner because they prepared enough for four and seven showed up. Anyway they were good natured about it, and "Dot" Glander made one of her "Special" devil's food cakes.

At the F. F. club meeting Wednesday, Miss Scruggs gave a very interesting review of Maxwell Anderson's new play, *Mary, Queen of Scots*.

Why all the mysterious visits to the club, Nig? Kathryn has this made several all by herself. This will have to be looked into.

The Penta Taus had another of those interesting open discussions on campus attitudes at their meeting Wednesday night. Lou Robinson, Eddie and Ida May gave special talks.

This week Ida May was the lucky Penta Tau. Her family came to see her and took her to Montegale for the week-end. But Rose Cyrene and May Nell even got a thrill out of being in a hotel room again, and eating good old blue points to their heart's content.

The Tri K's had an open discussion on problems of group life Wednesday night. Everyone went away wishing that she were "a better girl." Quite a change from coffee pot and murder, Leigh, and much less raucous!

The informal teas in the Tri-K house are being renewed this year. They're just small get-togethers for Sunday afternoons. Funkie will be hostess for next Sunday, and her assistants will be Katrina, Mary Eleanor Clay and Winnifred Marsh.

How many Tri-K's are training for water-polo? Leigh says she is.

What exercise Coulter got on Sunday night! Katrina even learned how to whistle like a choo-choo. Good work, Jane!

Tri-K's hear! hear! Are they as lonely as all that in Texas? And can "Injuns" write letters!

Say, are the X.L.'s ever puffed up—but why shouldn't they be? Did you notice the new furniture on exhibition at the dance Saturday night?

Did you see the dark circles under Nell Betty's and Ann Shaw's eyes? I guess it must have been from the outing club trip.

Anyone who likes good things to eat, come up and see Bettv Hill and Virginia Brice sometime. Not all at once!

It seems as though the Fi Go U Gals were making some headway along the domestic line. Kathryn Crosswell, Hilda Beck, Marion Farr, Lucille

Endsley, Betty Barth and Elinor Mortimer made some delicious fudge the other day.

What's this I hear about Nell Betty's going home? (Can it be spring fever?) Some big affair is to be held at her home, and Betty is to be maid of honor.

The X. L. girls have certainly missed seeing Irene Sartor and we're awfully glad she is able to be up again.

Charlotte Snyder, Ruth Goldman, Nancy Seitz and Esther Helen Azarck preferred Ghosts a la mode at the T. C. house, Saturday night. They say it is thrilling around a fire. . . . Well, perhaps they're right!

We wonder why the T. C. called "Billie" must always go to the Agora Club on Saturday night. Why not stay home sometime? Kathleen Huson, Wilma Harrell, and Marion Kaesar say that there's no better place for preparing food. They should know.

Wander if anyone noticed a certain brunette T. C. smile last week when "Dave" was mentioned by the chapel speaker. Yes? Then you must have noticed a display of dimples by a blond T. C. who sat near and seemed to understand that smile.

A very private birthday dinner was held at the Osiron house last Saturday night for Miss Katherine McKenzie. Mary Driscoll, Clara Enloe, Mary Ellen Stokes, "Fargie" Young, and Rachel Hailey attended. In fact, they prepared the meal.

So Micky Aldridge and her "friends" have taken to breaking the furniture in the Osiron house! They must have hilarious times, eh what?

EXHIBITION OF PARIS ART WORK

The School of Art is showing an exhibition of work not before shown which has been done in Paris by the Paris division of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. The exhibit is of unusual excellence and includes work from courses in advertising, costume design, and interior decoration.

These examples of this famous school's work are on exhibition now in the east corridor of the third floor of the Academic Building. Every week day from eight to five-thirty the girls are invited to come and view it. The group will remain here until March 23.

HETTIE RAY'S

James Robertson—Sam Davis

LUNCHEON DINNER

11 a.m. to 3 p.m. 5 p.m. to 8 p.m.

SUNDAY DINNER

AFTERNOON TEA 5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

3:00 to 5:00 p.m.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of
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GER *Circulation*

EDITORIALS AND FEATUR

CAMPUS COLUMN

ZOUNDS! Twitter-Twatter! And other expressions of high disgust and unhappiness! I thought this was the week for the Senior-Mid edition of the HYPHEN, and I'd already started resting when the plans were postponed, and here I am back at the old typewriter doing me old job—the weeks

EAGLE FEATHER

A WINTER PRANK

On sparkling winter afternoons just when it's comin'
And o'er the earth the setting sun flings rose glow
light,
The strangest kind o' funny things go scamperin' o'er
snow.

DAY STUDENT CLUB CHATTER

ask staggering questions, that Leigh picks roses from flowerless wall-paper? 'Sa lot of fun—that "cuckoo" game!! And Valentine honors go to Virginia Barrett and Pat Schorn-



has so much happened that

THE DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

Saw the bunch headed for Louisville and the Russian ballet go by with all their luggage and wished them a fond farewell. I just learned today that Betty Bryant had to go home for an operation. I'll bet Mary Virginia

WHAT RELIGION MEANS TO ME!

"There are two things in the Bible that impress me more than others. One is 'Thy will be done,' and the other, 'Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength

PHOTOGRAPHS

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PRICES IN CON

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, March 17, 1934

Number 21

SENIORS CHALLENGE SENIOR-MIDS

April 7 is the date which has been set by the Seniors for Senior-Senior-Middle Day. The date was announced in Chapel, Monday, March 12, when the Seniors presented their Challenge to the Senior-Mids in the form of a two-act play written by Katrina van Benschoten.

Those taking part in the play were:

Dorothy Glander. William Barnes, Sr.
Mary Lula Pivoto. Wallace Blair, Jr.
Jenabeth Jones Rastus
Mary Jones Scippio
Ann Shaw Gay Adrian
Wilma Baker Elvira
Virginia Winston Mary Back
Katrina van Benschoten. Timekeeper
And crowd.

PENSTAFF MEETS

IT'S THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN

Bring forth the harps and shamrocks; deck the world in gayest green; for this is St. Patrick's Day!

History tells us that Saint Patrick came to Ireland as a slave, but escaping his bonds, began the task of Christianizing Ireland. Miraculous deeds have been attributed to him, not the least famous of which is that of his riding Ireland of snakes. Strangely enough, it is the anniversary of his death, March 17, about the year 479 A.D., and not of his birth that we celebrate. Although he is recognized to this day as the Patron Saint of Ireland, he has never been canonized by the church.

In America, as well as in Ireland, St. Patrick's Day is celebrated with gay parties and dances. The color scheme is always green and white, the decorations always shamrocks and harps. This green of St. Patrick's is a dark, hard, bright green. There is nothing pale, or soft, or wishy-washy about it. It is the true green of the grass of the "Emerald Isles," and no other green is proper.

If you should wear a bit of green on St. Patrick's day, dress, socks, or a mere ribbon, you are assured good luck, not only for that day, but for the whole year to come. No true Irishman would think of going without his colors on this great occasion. That insistence of the hot-headed Irish upon wearing their green has more than once plunged them into the greatest trouble. Yet, though "they're hangin' men in Dublin for the wearin' o' the green," the Irishman is not phased. Green is his emblem, and "Erin go bragh" his motto.

MISS MASON TELLS OF CON- SUMERS' LEAGUE

Lucy Randolph Mason, executive secretary of the National Consumer's League, was the chapel speaker for Friday, March 9. She said that the United States, in spite of its great wealth and its numerous manufacturers knows too little about the rules of the game of industry. We have let the ruthless element set the pace for our industrial system. The system of exploitation resulted in the drying up of the market, because the people who were being exploited were the ones who must buy the goods. The

NRA is the begin-
which the admini-
bring fair competi-

Miss Mason say
Roosevelt is very
the work of the L



British Type

**WOOLENS
SWEATERS**

CLUB CHATTER

Cheerio for the authoress! Peggy Young read one of her entertaining plays Wednesday night at the Agora Club. If you know Peg's humor, you will realize what a delight to the ears her play was.

Thursday, Mary Jane Safford was the envy of the girls when she received an extra large angel food cake from her mother and treated a group of girls to ice cream and cake. Among the lucky ones were: Tudy, Eleanor Mortimer, Crockett, Becky, Farr, Kay Croswell, Betty Barth, Francois, and Irene Sartor.

A supper which consisted of ham and eggs, rolls, jam, cake, milk, and pickles, was prepared by Ludy, Kay Croswell, and Crockett, who worked on the sidelines with the eggs. Those who indulged in the delicious dinner were: Betty Barth, Marian Farr, Irene Sartor, Mary Jane Safford, Becky, and Eleanor Mortimer.

The respected president is still look-

participated. Dabney looked unusually pretty that evening. She was probably so thrilled over going home. However, it's no novelty with her, because she goes home nearly every week.

The Penta Taus are going to have their formal initiation Wednesday evening. Edith Manley is their new member.

Monday night the committee for the club dance had dinner at the club house and talked over their plans.

At the regular Wednesday meeting, the T. C. club was entertained by Nancy Ann Schmid, who gave a delightful reading.

Saturday night, Wilma Harrell, Marion Kaesaf, Juliet Hutton, and Kathleen Huson had dinner at the T. C. club house.

Sunday the club house side the club house. It should be stated that Marm seems to be will be shining.

Katherine Pier

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BEHIND THE SCENES IN DANCING

The Denishawn Artists

It is possible to bring about a quality performance, such as that of Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and the Denishawn Dancers, only when the whole organization works together as a unit. The unifying principle of this group is an intense, almost fanatic love of the dance and belief in it as a great constructive power—and a faith (backed by an infinite capacity for hard work) that America and Americans have a message to give to the world in relation to this great art of the Dance.

Louis Horst—The first thought of the dancer beyond the movement of his own body, is for the music to which he dances. And also the first mention goes to Louis Horst, who for over eight years has worked with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, with devotion, intelligence, and untiring zeal. He has put at their service his great talent as a concert pianist, as a conductor of orchestra, and has filled those positions, as well as directing the music department of the Denishawn Schools, with considerable distinction. A scholarly musician, with years of creative dance experience, he has done work as an adapter and arranger equal in importance to composition itself—and within the last year has begun to compose for the dance. Altogether his service to the Denishawn movement has been of incalculable value.

Pearl Wheeler—The next thought of the dancer—and almost equal in importance to the music, is the costuming of the dance. It is as the head of this department that Miss Wheeler has earned her justly de-

Charles Weidman first appeared as the Emperor in "Xochitl" with Martha Graham for a two years' vaudeville tour. He then joined Ted Shawn for one season, and then was with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn.

Robert Gorham, who created the role of the Emperor in "Xochitl," after some years of study at Denishawn, unfortunately had an accident which prevented his dancing for some months. He attended the University of Virginia, but his heart being with Denishawn, returned to the fold.

J. Roy Busclark was for two seasons in Ted Shawn's "Jular of the Sea," and has since been connected with the California Denishawn in a teaching and executive capacity.

ARISTONS HOLD CLUB A.B.C. CONTEST

The Aristons at their last club meeting had their own A.B.C. contest, voting for representative club girls and for the typical Ariston Girl.

The results of the contest were as follows:

Athletic	Patty Chadwell
Radiant	Dot Jones
Interesting	Alice Williamson
Scholarly	Elizabeth Gray
True	Elizabeth Crane
Original	Bonnie Hager
Neat	Frances Hales
Girlish	Mary John Atwell
Independent	Ellen Trabue
Real	Helen Power
Likable	Marjorie Connor
Typical ARISTON GIRL	Janet McFadden

REVIEWS OF CUR- RENT PICTURES

Everything this week seems to be a smashing hit. We advise every body to see all the shows.

"NANA"

The much-heralded Anna Sten, dynamic and beautiful new star from Soviet Russia, appears in her first picture, made from Emile Zola's clas-

cast of this one. Miriam Hopkins and Sally Rand, the fan dancer, who is as pretty as she is famous, supports him. Beautiful dancing, good music and a good plot make this an excellent show. Recommended.

SENIOR-MIDS EN- TERTAIN SENIORS

Thursday, March 8, the Senior-Middle class was hostess to the Senior class at the annual Senior-Senior-Middle banquet. The theme of the banquet was "Traditions." Judy Acheson, as toastmistress, presented the background and introduced the speakers.

The time of the banquet was carried back to 1856, when the present campus of Ward-Belmont was a part of the beautiful Belmont estate. Mrs. Acklen, mistress of Belmont, was noted for her gracious hospitality and splendid balls. The program was a contrast of the past and the present.

BACKGROUND

BELMONT, 1856

Vignettes Judy Acheson
A Dance Mary Alice Paine, Frankie Marbury, Emily Taggart.
A Tyrolean Melody Frances Summers
In the Gloaming Mary Eleanor Clay, Stanley Elizabeth Clay.

"A PLAY OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY"

YESTERDAY

Mr. Reginald, a lover Mary Lee Wilson
Miss Angelina, his beloved Arlyne Milligan

TODAY

Joan, a golf enthusiast Marion Farr
Billy, a winner at golf Carolyn Bryant

FOREGROUND

WARD-BELMONT, 1934

Crests and Pennants Jean Stewart
Carioca or Minuet Louise Robinson
Sunshade and Suntan Elizabeth Gray
Time and Temper Nancyann Schmid
Ivy Alice Vivienne Hill
Bells of Tradition Dr. J. W. Barton
The Bells of Ward-Belmont

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of
Ward-Belmont.

CAMPUS COLUMN

As I sit here, the sun is shining
through my window and it is really

EAGLE FEATHER

—
SNUGGLE DOWN

PREP PATTERN

thoughts in an Editor's Spare Time: Wonder if everybody knows by now about an S. A. P. whose shoes got turned up by mistake? They were wearing a meeting, and somebody playfully hid someone else's shoes in the replace. When at match was struck in smoke, and the unfortunate victim had to go around in her stocking sounds like a SAP to us, not an A. P. Speaking of fires, Eleanor Bailey burns her fingers lighting matches and dropping them to see if her love has returned. Smoke gets in her eyes.

And then two senior boarders announced their avowed intention of carrying this summer. One of them came right out and said so. See Ruth Goldman and Frances Etheridge for the interesting particulars.

What B. T. A. football player were Shirley Caldwell, Judith Davis, and Virginia McClellan fighting over? They each wanted him for the Theta dance. We're anxious to know how it was settled. We hope that the best woman won.

Martha Beasley has led a romantic life, with a proposal to her credit already. It was from a passionate farmer who had seen her beautiful picture adorning the society section of the paper, and forthwith he wrote an ardent epistle, giving his assets in farm land, cattle, pigs, etc. We'll just bet that she was thrilled! (Oh, yes!)

Mary Louise Reinke and Ruth Morton had the campus, the girls, and even the watchman fooled the other night. Following a quaint (and darn comfortable) custom of theirs they donned pants, boots, etc., and stalked over to the W.-B. library to return a book. They politely said "Hello" in deep voices to a couple of boarders and thereupon the watchman feared, "What are you two boys doing over here!?" They approached closer with their best stares of righteous indignation, and his face was somewhat maroon all that evening.

Anon. of M. L. Reinke, she says

Andy Butterfield has had three very charming poems (although the meter ain't what it used to be all the time) addressed to her by various gentlemen who have felt the influence of spring and broken out in lyrics instead of messes.

And now for the S. A. E. banquet and dance last Friday. We sat opposite a very cheerful gentleman who according to all signs would have a very bad hangover next A. M. Finally, he sank into a beautiful stupor but everytime anyone mentioned S. A. E., he rose to his feet and shouted "Whoooooooooooo!" at the same time clapping his hands overly loud and bowing elaborately in the direction of the speaker. We enjoyed him tremendously. At any rate, he lived up to the speeches. Martha Craig, Lillian Waters, Mary Louise Torrey and Peggy Dickinson were around, and Peggy, who was dressed all in white and looked too beautiful, unveiled a portrait of her grandfather at the dinner. Everything was hunkey-dorey. That's all for this week, but just wait til next time.

H. H.

THINGS I NEVER KNEW 'TIL NOW

What do you know?—Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse films are worth a hundred times more off the screen than on! That was the one man we thought was making money with his ingenuity.

This week in Washington, Roosevelt addressed NRA Code authorities asking industry to raise wages, shorten the working week and add jobs, implying that the NRA would be made permanent. Roosevelt also proposed the return of air mail service to commercial lines as soon as possible under new legislation, which apparently will require reorganization of the old companies and the dropping of many executives, and ordered the army mail service curtailed. A decision was made to abolish all restrictions on liquor imports for a 30 to 60-day period and to grant licenses to a large number of small domestic dis-



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with a dash of
WHITE

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Second floor

CASTNER-KNOTT

**SOMETHING NEW
SOMETHING DIFFERENT**
FOR CAMPUS, STREET OR EVENING

THE DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

Marjorie Connor caused quite a bit of excitement by breaking out with measles right in the middle of one of

Miss Hollinger's Biology Lab. classes. The honorable editor of the HYPHEN up and went to Chicago, so she did, and left the poor HYPHEN to the tender mercies of two young and inex-

PHOTOGRAPHS

Marvelously Skilful Artistry • Remarkable for Faultless Taste

THE NAME SCHUMACHER

6 Kingfords

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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Number 22

SENIOR - MIDDLE EDITION

MARY LALLA BYRN, VESPER SPEAKER

Mary Lalla Byrn gave one of the student talks at Vesper Service last Sunday, March 18. Her subject was, "What Religion Means to Me," and she gave a great many individual cases.

She spoke of coming to have an awakened sense of religion—doing right rather than wrong—during this war. "Values by which we live, and each of us, whether or not we realize it, have this much of a religion." These standards are entirely ours, and ones which we set high and strive toward.

Living a deeper life means becoming conscious of the power beyond our universe—God. Praying to a Someone close at hand, who can truly understand and help us, makes God very near. Then comes an understanding of how we should meet situations



MR. RIGGS PRESENTS CHAPEL PROGRAM

Mr. Lawrence Riggs spoke in chapel on Friday, March 16, on the subject of "Voice and Verse." His points were illustrated by musical selections. Mr. Riggs was assisted by Mr. Dalton, Sue Salter, Dolores Smith and Burton Wilson.

Mr. Riggs traced briefly the development of the use of verse with rhyme. "Voice and verse have been united from time immemorable," he said.

The following examples were given:

Lullaby (Christiana Rossetti) Cyril Scott
The Year's at the Spring (Brown-

SENIOR-SENIOR-MIDDLE DAY

From time immemorial it has been the rule for all upper classmen to regard all lower classmen as useless creatures who are always in the way and who are good only for being harried at every opportunity. Sophomores regard Freshmen with a particular loathing and disgust, as if utterly incapable of believing that they had once been one of those lowly and despicable beings. So, in their kind and thoughtful way, they prepare for the Frosh several tests which they are required to take before they can be admitted to the real inner circles of college life.

Here at Ward-Belmont these tests, instead of being the usual big rushes and flag pole rallies, have resolved themselves into what is known as Senior-Senior-Middle Day. This supreme test takes place in the course of a single day, and consists of several different parts. These divisions are games between the two classes in practically every field of sport taught at Ward-Belmont.

In order to start the ball rolling, the Seniors are accustomed to cast their challenge to the Senior-Mids in whatever form may suit their fancy. This year the challenge was a play in which the outcome of the affair was left shrouded in mystery. To this challenge the Senior-Mids responded in kind, although they left no doubt in the minds of their audience who was victorious.

Whether or not they will win is a question which time alone can answer. Although upper classmen are always confident of their ability to handle any rash upstarts, yet these very upstarts have often administered severe drubbings to their tormentors. This was proven true last year when the present Seniors, at that time the under-dogs, put to rout the overbearing Senior class.

But it matters not which class wins, if only the winner does so fairly and squarely. Let there be no arguments to spoil a good battle. The true sportsman is he who plays the game for the sheer joy of playing, and wins or loses with equal temper.

The Senior-Mids want the Seniors to understand that they know what is expected of them, and that they will fight to the utmost of their power to prevent the Seniors from winning. But they also want the Seniors to know that they are good sports, and can lose with the best—if they lose—or can win without "rubbing it in"—if they win.

Therefore, on the 7th day of April, 1934, when the Senior-Middles meet the Seniors in friendly but unyielding combat, be it understood by all those present that the Senior-Mids not only can "take it," if they have to; they can "dish it out." Come on, you Seniors! We aren't afraid of your big, bad wolf!

where Miss Hood and Miss Heron, the founders of Belmont College, were her teachers. When they came to Nashville to found Belmont they brought practically their entire faculty with them. Mrs. Tate did not attend Belmont, but about a year later came to Nashville where she attended Mrs. Clark's School, a very lovely private boarding school in the suburbs of Nashville. After her graduation she married and moved to Nashville to live. In 1929 she came to Ward-Belmont as hostess of Fidelity and moved to Founders in 1932.

Mrs. Tate is always interested in "her girls" and willing to do most anything for them, whether it is making an appointment at the beauty parlor or helping to plan a new wardrobe. Eighty-two of the present Senior-Mids, and numbers of last years' and the years' before, know that, although she may get after you for sticking pins in the wall, or objects when pillows fly around too vigorously, that she has an endless amount of patience, and that she really means it when she says, "I love girls, and love to work with them."

THE SENIOR-MIDDLE CLASS

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BEHIND THE SCENES IN DANCING

Although the season is still young, it has already been possible to point out along Broadway at least five examples of dance forms of major significance. If artistic standards have not in every case been of parallel stature, the average has easily warranted some careful analysis of the various contributions.

The first classification which leaps into incandescent letters upon the sky-

CAIN-SLOAN CO.



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CAMPUS COLUMN

Here's something that will make the Seniors sure that they are the grown-ups that they have pictured themselves being. During the past two weeks most of the Day Student Senior-Mids —Helen Power, Katherine Kennedy, Marjorie Conner, Elizabeth Henderson, Patty King, Mary John Atwell, Theresa Howley, Ann Whitmore, Janet McFadden, Katherine Mills, and maybe some others we don't know about—have, as Dr. Hollinshead says, "gone back to their childhood", in that they have had the measles. Frances Murrey has had both measles and mumps.

That's all right, Senior-Mids! Your consolation is that several of the sisters of the *Intelligent Class* (sarcasm) started the fad.

We heard Emily Taggart say the other day that if she had to walk to

EAGLE FEATHER

GOLDEN DAYS

Golden days, glorious in our Senior-Middle year;
Golden days, full of happiness that is so dear!
In our hearts we'll remember them all else above;
Golden days, days of youth and love!

How we laugh with gaiety that has no sting!
We'll look back through memory's haze
And we'll know life has nothing sweeter than its spring
time.

Golden days, Ward-Belmont days, golden days!
M. E. C., '35

MRS. NOBODY

Now nursie, when I'm playing, I'm
A fairy, truly wee,
A-flyin' round on dragon flies
In fairyland you see.

1935 WHO'S WHO

Judy Acheson—Vice-president of
 Ver club; toastmistress Senior-
 Middle Banquet.
 Mary Jane Bass—Secretary-treas-
 er Oklahoma club; secretary X. L.
 club.
 Judith Berry—General Proctor.
 Eunice Mary Bicknell—Treasurer of
 Ver club; president Michigan
 club.
 Nita Bogue—Treas-
 Betty Bowman —
 cabinet.
 Mary Virginia Br
 ent of Oklahoma club
 Mrs. Bucklin—Ch

Martha Pryor—Treasurer T. C.
 club.
 Elizabeth Ann Rall—Chairman
 Pennant Committee for Senior-Sen-
 ior-Middle Day.
 Virginia Richie — Secretary
 Y.W.C.A. cabinet.
 Mignon Sanford—Secretary Texas
 club.
 Irene Sartor—Y.W.C.A. big cabi-
 net.
 Mary Jane Safford—Senior-Middle

has been heard in a recital at Cen-
 tennial Club and also in the Vander-
 bilt series, and Sue Salter sang for
 the Civitan Club last Tuesday.



We like our
 NAVY

STUDENT RECITAL
PRESENTED

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented a student recital on Friday afternoon, March 16. The program was as follows:

Piano—
Sonata Op. 49 No. 2.....*Beethoven*
Miss Jean Marie Burk

Voice—
(a) Still as the Night.....*Bohm*
(b) Mother.....*Julia Herbert*
Miss Mary Eleanor Clay

Piano—
Valse Gracieuse.....*Ambrose*
Miss Anne Caroline Gillespie

Voice—
(a) Krishna.....*Woodman*
(b) Homing.....*Del Riego*
Miss Dolores Smith

Organ—
Dawn.....*Jenkins*
Miss May Rawls

Piano—
(a) Warum? (Why).....*Schumann*
(b) Valse, E flat major.....*Arensky*
Miss Betty Barth

Voice—
They Shall Hunger No More
(from Holy City).....*Gaul*
Misses Isobel Coulter and Mary
Eleanor Clay

Violin—
Londonderry Air. Arr. by *Kreisl*
Miss Elizabeth Glasgow

Piano—
Sonata in C minor (first move-
ment).....*Beethoven*
Miss Katherine Hawley

Voice—
(a) The Star.....*Rogers*
(b) Yesterday and Today.....*Spross*
Miss Betty Jane Ziegler

Piano—
(a) Dreams.....*Stravinsky*
(b) Hungarian.....*MacDonnell*
Miss Mary Jane Dulaney

DAY STUDENT
CLUB CHATTER

The Ecowasins held their monthly social at the Rendezvous last Tuesday. Business was dispensed with in a hurry and the club song started things off in fine spirit. After a very good lunch, a musical program was presented. The Ecco, Vice-president, Angie Cantrell, introduced the President of the N.E.S.C.G.'s, Miss Lotta Learn. Miss Learn explained that the N.E.S.C.G.'s were a society to promote the welfare of college girls, (interpreted, Non-Educational Society for College Girls) and presented some problems very near the hearts of her members. Miss Glasgow, also of this society, spoke on some problems, as well. She discussed the soft chairs in the library, the spacious smoking rooms, and the quantity of make-up worn. Poetry of the college girl's invention was also read and discussed. Mrs. Shackelford silenced them all on this subject, however, and the meeting adjourned to meet again the third Tuesday in April.

The Angkors had a delightful time at the Log Cabin several weeks ago. Henrietta Hickman planned the program which was given between courses. Margaret Green gave a reading, "If I Had My Four Years of High School to Live Over." Carolyn Eskridge read "A Prophecy for Angkors." Judy Davis read "An Angkor's Thoughts During Study Hour," and Henrietta Hickman read an original poem, "A-B-C."

The Triads had their club luncheon also at the Rendezvous two weeks ago. The tables were arranged in the form of a "T" and the feature of the affair was a group of talks by Sara Womack, Landis Shaw, Andrena Butterfield. Cynthia Tompkins was toastmistress and Theresa Howley gave a toast to TRIAD. The date, 1954, was imagined and carried out in the program. All seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

DEL VER DANCE
CENTERED AROUND
CLEVER SKIT

The Del Vers heralded the approach of spring at their dance Saturday, March 17. The gym was decorated as an old-fashioned flower shop, with a huge bouquet as a background for the orchestra and large purple chrysanthemums on the curtains around the gym. At one end was the flower shop.

Jane Pulver and Jean Stewart gave the "special," which was a pantomime of the gay nineties, featuring "Say it with Flowers." Miss Pulver was the coy maiden who refused to be wooed, and Jean the noble gentleman in cat-tails who manipulated the tandem bicycle so deftly. Sally Lou Houk was the pretty flower-girl.

In the receiving line were Miss Hollinger, Jane Pulver, Helen Larimer, Judy Acheson, Betty Roth, Eunice-mary Bicknell, and Jean Dayton. Judy Acheson was general chairman for the dance. Under her were Sally Lou Houk, food committee; Mary Driscoll, invitations, and Betty Roth, orchestra.

MAIL-BOX

Dear Boots:

Don't drop dead. It's just a letter from the little sister you left behind you. I really am ashamed not to have written to you before, but I've kept putting it off, so now I'll take my quill in hand and scroll you a short letter.

Not a great deal has happened here that I know of, except that we have started to play hockey again. I was really good until I landed on top of the ball at the bottom of a pile of roller-skates, hockey sticks, etc.

Every six weeks we have a program in English. Tomorrow we are going to have one. Bill McElhenry and Tom Lillard are in charge, so they wrote a play. Characters—Romeo—Tom; Juliet Zilch—Sara; Mr. Otto Zilch—Bill. Can't you just see me standing on a chair (and raising her voice Juliet called out—"Who honest in my alley?"). It is a tragedy though 'cause I am the daughter of a respectable bartender and Romeo is the son of a low-down bootlegger, so of course I just turn up my nose and pass on or over very gracefully.

Grades came out Friday. Robert and I were both very unhappy, and besides that we had spinach for supper.

Well—"So long kid, I gotta et" (just another line from the famous Romeo and Juliet.) SARA.

Dear Boots:

I'm just getting into condition to even sit—let alone write—Baldy may be a nice congenial horse to you—but oh my—he gave me the toughest look when I was flat on the ground beside him—I wasn't there from choice either. Last Sunday Clair and Lawrence came by after church to know if I would go riding if they could get three horses. I thought of you, but thinking that he would be gentle—you know like a cat in the paws of a tiger. Well, about three they left me at your house. I was to start and meet them at the cross road about a mile north. Well, I started out. It was a perfectly heavenly day and Baldy and I got along nicely commencing with Nature until we got onto the highway—then he wanted to go south and I wanted to go north. I won the first fight. As soon as he was headed north he started from a walk into that ungodly gait they call trot. I knew I couldn't take much of that so I started hollering "whoa!" My gentle voice didn't do a thing but make him run—well, everytime I'd leave the saddle I'd almost fall off—the saddle horn was all that saved me—until I finally came down with 7-8ths of the horse and mother and me. The other 1-8th followed the 7-8ths I rolled clear

across the road—no bones broken—no one looking, and me practically scared to death. Baldy just stopped and looked at me funny—I haven't yet decided whether it was a look of pity or disgust. I just sat there for a long time trying to decide what to do. I fell off of the right side and for some reason (I later found out why) he didn't want me to get on the right side—so—and I didn't much care only I hated to meet the boys—however I finally got up my courage and led him about a half a mile down the road to meet them. Imagine their glee. They put me back on and we started off. They were telling me all about the reins, etc. and everything went beautifully until we got to the bottom of the draw, then Baldy lunged forth into the wildest gallop—up that hill as if I were only a fly on his back. Dust behind me like a wall! I kept hollering at the boys asking them what to do and they hollered to pull on the reins. I was afraid to let lose of the saddle horn, but finally, by the time I reached the gate, I took courage and pulled as hard as I could—just like that—Baldy stopped. I got off again—you know—in a hurry! Clair had a gentle horse that they put on. By the time that we had a ride for a while I was racing with them. I'll bet people thought a million were out instead of just three. I made more noise hitting that saddle than all the horses and Clair and Lawrence put together.

Boots—that night my folks wanted me to go to the show. I stayed just fifteen minutes then went home and went to bed. I'm still stiff and sore. I'm afraid that I never will have that relaxed feeling that you had after three hours of riding.

Well, it's time that I settled my weary bones for a nice long siege with Psychology. Don't forget that I'm expecting a letter someday soon.

Love,
BOBBIE.

MORE DISCOVERIES

In the leisure hours of one pleasant evening I chanced upon an ancient collection of books that had but recently been dragged down from their dusty box in the remotest corner of our attic. There is nothing quite so fascinating as a collection of old books, bound in worn covers, and showing signs of age. I had heard and marginal notings, that may have belonged to mother and great grandmother before her. These books, I was certain, had had a glorious history and a rich and mellow past! There was something fine and proud in the binding, and rightly so, for the pages were filled with thought and tried philosophy. Upon thumbing the pages of a yellow collection of essays I chanced upon a title that caught my eye, seized my curiosity, and sent me chuckling in the direction of pen and paper. One eloquent writer has published a dissertation upon "The Ladies Calling," which, from a masculine standpoint in the reign of Charles II, was responsible for rousing my sense of humor and a desire to disagree with him that the failings of womankind are due to human nature. Edmund Gosse has described what might well have been a popular cartoon in Charles' day. "An angelic dame is seated on a probable bare altar in what looks like an open landscape, raising one hand to grasp a crown dangling in the clouds, and in the other hand, with an air of much affectation, is lifting her skirt between finger and thumb. A purse, a fan, dice, rings, coins, a coronet, and other articles lie at her naked feet—spurned, while she lifts her starry eyes to heaven." What fineness of feeling! Curiosity urges the reader on, for there is a chance to find out how great-grandmother behaved, and when we stop to think of it, how little we do know about our predecessors' private lives! Play books of the seventeenth century. I remembered, told about the Lady Brutes who waked about two o'clock in the afternoon, took

to their great chairs for tea, and left their bedrooms only to descend for dinner and an evening with a box and dice. With the dawn came the bedchamber. Women, most of them, I admit, have long known when to keep silent and how much to tell, for no writer seems to be able to construct a vivid portrait of the ordinary woman in the reign of Charles II and all have to turn to an anonymous divine's account of a woman's loudness of speech and other bad traits. "Modesty," he bewails, "is the first ornament of womanhood" and "a woman's tongue should be like the imaginary music of the spheres—sweet, charming, soft." How these women swore, and what vile boldness was theirs! From early plays such as "The Town Pop, and The Provoked Wife," English professors have unearthed the amazing fact that women writers of old even outdid men in attacking the manners of their fellows. They saw, they said, that modern descendants in vanity, to raiment, spending money on fans and laces that would have sustained a poor family an entire winter. Devotion was even a thing forgotten until an afternoon at the theatre was spent, or an evening of dancing long gone by. The same divine questions not the lawfulness of gaming, but he desires his ladies not to make cards the business of their lives, and especially not to play on Sundays. It was then not an unusual thing for some to take advantage of the high pews always found in the church, and to quadrille under the unseeing eyes of the preacher. Yet he, poor soul, was usually humble, and knew better than to find fault with the "gentle folk."

In the evening the great ladies often invited one or two couples to their apartments, and, unchaperoned, would pass a long evening away with dance or flirtation. We can even go back to the days of Henry VIII. Catherine the Great, or Queen Elizabeth, when such shocking things went on as a mere matter of course, that modern "ah's" and the "well I never's" of the middle-aged could more rightly be moaned over pages of history than over the heads of our moderns.

"There never was a rose so wanton and rebellious as the rose of 1895" we read somewhere, and even "The modern girl of 1920 displays a shocking freedom, probably due to the laxness of our mothers, who were, in turn, a still greater problem." There is a fallacy somewhere! If each generation is shockingly wilder, more independent, and more insolent than the one before it, how saintly people must have been four of five hundred years ago! Yet that wasn't so!

There can be no answer other than that the same faults and dangers were popular with women from the year one on up save that the ladies of old were a little coarser and a great deal more ignorant. Their manners were polished in public—never in private—and they lacked a certain honesty with self. It seems as if in the conduct of woman—and with all things—human nature is evolving through a winding process of improvement up and around in a sort of spiral movement, so that mounting to top-most perfection is a long process for civilization, and even allows for these backward slips.

VIRGINIA WINSTON, '34.

TRI K'S WATER
POLO CHAMPIONS

The water polo tournament ended Wednesday, March 21, when the X. L's defeated the A. K's 7-4. The Tri K's won the tourney by beating the A. K's and X. L's. The score of the Tri K-A. K. game was 23-0. The score of the Tri K-X. L. game was 30-5.

There were only the three teams participating in the tournament and as a result the interest was not great. The number of spectators that witnessed the games was small.

Grace Bossermann proved to be the outstanding player of the tournament.

CLUB CHATTER

The Agoras enjoyed a moving picture Wednesday night of scenes and people around the campus. These were taken by Marion Kaeser. Some of the girls would be surprised to see the positions in which Marian has caught them. She really seems to have the art of the cinema down pat.

Miss Casebeer, the club sponsor, spent last week-end in Alabama.

A taffy pull and popcorn party was held at the club house Sunday night in honor of "Pinkie" Fountain's birthday. The girls who had a fine time picking through it thick and thin were: Kay Combs, Helene Loeb, Mary Ruth Evelynbilt, Virginia Doss, Ruth Frye, Evelyn Cooper, and Margie Kaug.

Betty Bryant who was operated on recently had been reported as recovering rapidly. We hope to see her back soon.

Were the A. K.'s ever proud of the speech Mary Lalla made in chapel Sunday night! Maybe going out with her dad Sunday morning gave her such inspiration.

Charlotte Heck had quite a time in good ole' Owensboro the past week-end, and poor Betty!—Well, she has everyone's sympathy.

Last meeting of the A. K.'s were hurried up a little. They drank their coffee on the run and took their cookies with them. Honestly, when they get so interested in a subject it's terrible to tear away and go back to the dorm.

Nellie was certainly playing the part of a Good Samaritan during that slushy spell. She ran all over the campus with an umbrella conducting friends to and from classes.

Sunday night Gilbertine and Duke were sure going to town on their astronomy. After studying all the stars they dropped into the house and listened to Nellie play the radio.

Smittie was sure feeling silly Monday night. You should hear her mock Joe Penner.

Bomke is certainly getting absent-minded. When the maid asked her if she would have butter milk, she looked up in utter amazement and said quite haughtily, "No, thank you, gingerbread, please."

What Anti-Panner gracefully declined on the club steps for a kodak picture only to discover that she had chosen the same spot as an insignificant little mudpuddle! Seems to be that when a solid meets up with a liquid at the same time and the same place, something is bound to happen. It did!

WHOOFS! Come on down and dance to our brand-spanking new victrola records! When it comes to picking the hot-cha music, Elise and her brother certainly do take the cake!

Well, well, Martha Anne, you would eat something out of a can and get sick! Serves you right, and a new member at that! The only two cans in the club house that I have been able to find are filled with Dutch Cleanser and burnt matches . . . so funny!

Lucille Endsley returned from her week-end with two new additions, a permanent wave and a permanent boy-friend. Methinks that between the two, she should be one happy woman!

"You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me" chanted Balsiger as she nonchalantly lost the fourth fountain

pen in two weeks! And the murder in them there eyes—you vicious woman!

After the formal initiation at the Penta Tau house Wednesday night, the girls made some marvelous fudge—except it didn't get hard. It certainly should have, because the marshmallows that they put in it were like bricks. Rose Cyrene even went outside and beat it without luck. Better fortune next time, girls!

Ponder has been having quite a hard time. First it was her wisdom teeth—the trouble, of course, being caused from overstudying, and then the measles. Stanley also has the measles. Suppose they have plenty company, though.

And did you see Mr. Paulus, Rose Cyrene's daddy, in that great big Texas hat Saturday afternoon on the campus? Also ask Ida May, Marjorie, Margaret, Sue, May Dell, and Mozell how much attention it attracted in town Saturday night.

The Tri K's held a business meeting last Wednesday:
Jane Carroll likes Parliamentary Law—

Miss Carling objects to those who "make motions" in place of "moving"—

Palm Sunday was selected as the date for the next test—What, was the vote on the Tri K open house—unanimously???

The water polo players gathered in a huddle in one corner while those who dread the life-saving tests broke some awful strange holds in another.

Imagine the surprise when Hershey, Kat, and Jane Carroll marched into Miss Morrison's office singing the famous "Happy Birthday" chorus on Thursday! Hope that apple wasn't squashed, Miss Morrison! They had an awful time with it.

Katrina and Jane were enjoying a sermon on soap while sketching from the Tri K terrace the other day. In connection with this is the question: Where are the two missing Tri K knives? Guess they'll have to pass the knife again next supper party.

Friday night a group had hamburgers and chess pie at the Tri K Club. Let's count them: Betty Randle, Katrina, Geibel, Jean Munsie, Judy Berry, Jane Carroll, Balsiger, Nell "Elise," Ann Tallulah, Munger, Charlie, Bomke. What a mob! Rose Morrison was surrounded by up-thrust palms and everyone meditated on past sins and future life.

Tri K commends both the valiant water polo players of Saturday and those who cheered with their mouths full (tch! tch! Mary Eleanor!) from the balcony.

Martha Pryor, that lucky T. C. who lives in Decatur, Ala., went home over the week-end.

Mary Marm Lincoln also went home this past week—and she was excited!

The T. C.'s seemed to be enjoying themselves during the bowling tournament. Warren, Patterson, Randle, and Huson took time about encouraging each other to raise the score!

Louise Longworth is to be congratulated for her well-thought-out program for the T. C. regular Wednesday meeting. It was a dance—but better than the ordinary kind!

Do you know why Mary Jane Bass was so happy last week? The secret is out: her father was here last night, and reports show that Bob Durand, Marjorie Edmondson, and Georgianna

Martin shared in the pleasure since they were invited out with Mary Jane.

Mary Milan seemed to be the center of attraction at the Del Ver dance Saturday night. Mary's mother was here for the week-end, and James Harder, the "hero," seemed to occupy a great deal of Mary's time.

Poor Bob isn't smiling any more since she has been in the infirmary. Guess the week-end was too much for her. What about Rena? She hasn't been seen around lately, she has been sick and everyone hopes that she will feel better soon.

The X. L.'s had a surprise program last Wednesday. Ann Shaw played the piano and Bob Durand and Marjorie Edmondson sang. Ann ("Daisy") and Jane Wilson acted out the pantomime of the monkey and the organ grinder.

KATHRYN MEISLE
APPEARS IN CONCERT

Ward-Belmont School presented Kathryn Meisle, contralto, in recital, Thursday, March 15, in the school auditorium. Miss Meisle has appeared twice before on the Ward-Belmont stage, and as usual she was most enthusiastically received.

PROGRAM

I.
Zur RuhHugo Wolf
To rest, weary limbs; tired eyelids, gently close. I am alone—soon vanishes the Earth. Lead me, Oh! ye Powers immortal, into the light of deepest night.

FussreiseHugo Wolf
With fresh-cut staff, I saunter forth at dawn o'er hill and valley. Like birds who sing with secret thrill, thus, in spring and autumn, doth my inmost soul feverishly awaken. O Soul, thou art not so sinful as the teachers stern would have it, but still dost thou love and sing for the great Creator and Keeper. O that my life might be full of effort untrailing as a perfect morning's wandering!

Nimmersatte LiebeHugo Wolf
And such is love! No kissing can content it. For water, aye, leaks through a sieve, though fools would fain prevent it!

Verschwigene LiebeHugo Wolf
Fond love-thoughts concealing, who'll tell their meaning, or stay their swift flight?

Ich hab' in PennaHugo Wolf
I have in Penna one beloved abiding; a second in Maremma; another in Aneona; a fourth in Viterbo, still others in Casentino, Magnoine, four in La Fratta, and ten in Castiglione!

II.
L'île heureuseChabrier
Fleur jeteFaure
Aria: Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voixSaint-Saens
(From the Opera, "Samson et Delilah")

III.
*Aria from the Coronation Cantata, "Moscow"Tchaikowsky
This work was composed in honor of Alexander III, and the aria depicts the Czar offering a prayer to the Almighty on taking the oath of allegiance.

Homeland MineGretchaginoff
Whether by DayTchaikowsky

IV.
The Day Is No MoreJohn Alden Carpenter
How's My Boy?Sidney Homer
Baby's Night SongGerard Williams
TransmutationWinter Watts
The Witch's SongHarold Davidson
Near to TheeOssip Gabrilovitsh

*First time in Nashville.
Edwin McArthur at the piano.



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that you have a
leg size as well
as foot size?

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THE DIARY OF MIS- TRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—
"Shorty" Kassel and Nell Betty are back from their trip home. I saw

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them being greeted ever so rapturously by Thelma Martin.

Down to Club where we sat around and cussed and discussed everything in general. Back from club to the Library, where Betty Randle, Doris Sherman, Sunny Taylor, and many others were trying to get their history papers done.

Thursday—

Saints preserve us! Marian Farr and Marj Jacobson have mumps and "Shorty" has measles. How childish we are! Eleanor Mortimer was gloomily prophesying a quarantine for the whole school this morning, but I guess she changed her mind.

To the concert tonight were Katharine Meisle, in a perfectly stunning blue lame dress, sang powerfully. She did two of my favorites: "Una Voce Poca Fa," and "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice." Everyone was a good little girl this time and kept nicely quiet. In my corner we were all greatly occupied in trying to discover how Miss Meisle signalled her pianist when she was ready to start. It was a difficult problem, and one to which we could find no solution.

Friday—

Some people are just plain lucky! Patty Brown Harvey's brother is here, and so are Juanita Phillip's and Esther Helen Azarch's families. Ginny Barrett and Frances Prince are going to Ginny's home in Louisville, and Kappy Pierce is taking Jane Meyer and Pat Schorndorfer to Asheville, N. C., for the week-end. Oh, well, maybe Tuck and me go home sometime, too! We feel strongly with Garbo in this matter.

Saturday—

All the little Del Vers were running madly around trying to decorate the gym this afternoon. And the *Milestones* broke down and gave us a formal St. Patrick's Day dinner. (I noticed at breakfast that Jean Stewart, Mary Jones, Dukie Hill, Betty Bowman, and many, many others were sporting green in honor of the day.)

The dinner was very nice, but the Del Ver dance was more fun than a turtle with fleas. The gym was decorated absolutely spiff, and the special was the last gasp in cleverness.

Sunday—

Rain and colder! And it was *hot* yesterday. This weather is the silliest stuff! I went to church in a drizzle, waited for a street-car in a drizzle, and all in all enjoyed a very drizzly day. Mary Lalla Byrn spoke in Vesper tonight. I like this idea of having student speakers.

Monday—

People continue to get the measles. Janet Newbury has the two weeks' kind! The ice is freezing on the trees and the sunset tonight made the trees look superb. It was a most beautiful sunset—all purpley orange red in streaks across the sky, with a clear, cool green below.

The Senior-Mids answered the Senior challenge in chapel today with a skit by Mildred Clements, Hershey and Nancyann Schmid "mada da" perfect organ grinders—Hershey's voice just slays me—and the monkeys were aptly chosen to give a true-to-life portrayal of their roles.

Tuesday—

Oh, my! The trees were beautiful in the sunrise this morning. They looked like the rock sugar trees in Hansel and Gretel ought to look, but my heart bled for the poor broken Magnolias!

We had weenies and sauer-kraut for lunch today, and as usual, I stuffed myself to more than repletion.

Open swimming has become a popular place now that the bowling teams have been chosen. I saw Slymme, Mary Jones, Charley, Sally Lou Houk, and one (or both) of the Hecks (I never can tell which is which) among others disporting themselves playfully about.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

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Number 23

WORDSMITH EDITION

ALUMNAE RETURN FOR HOMECOMING

We welcome all you Alumnae back to Ward-Belmont. This promises to be one of the largest Homecomings we have had since the custom was started. The following list of Alumnae who have returned for the 1934 Homecoming was complete at the time the HYPHEN went to press. Several names will be added no doubt, and we are sorry to have to omit them.

Joe Baker, Margaret Balsiger, Delia Lee Barlow, Idel Boyd, Katharine Bothwell, Ludie Emerson Burton, Marjorie Canterbury, Betty Carlton, Elizabeth Ragon Carter, Edith McBryde Cass, Henrica Cherrington, Ophelia Colley, Virginia Davenport, Ann Durand, Marion Conner Dawson, Mildred Edmondson, Jane Ann Epperson, Lora L. Nedaye Eppes, Helen Goldman, Irma Rutledge Grammer, Margaret K. Grogan, Ethel Hamilton, Helen and Susan Hardy, Hortense Hart, George Hickey, Nellie Hurston, Mel Krieger, Mary Ann Kelley, Myrtle Whitford Johnson, Josephine Olson Kading, Jeannette E. Kircher, Mrs. E. P. Lilley, Elise Livingston, Marjorie Majors Lunsford, Annette Adoo, Jean McLennan, Mary Savan, Mary Moody, Mary Mullins, Neumann, Helen Parker, Merry Le Palmer, Mrs. A. M. Pate, Mary Virginia Payne, Rebecca Powell, Ruth J. Potter, Aileen Reager, Barbara and Mary Alice Ringo, Virginia Rudabush, Mrs. R. M. Rowland, Mary Jo Seavill, Dorothy Schaefer, Elizabeth Shirk, Christine Siegmund, the Tippens Smith, Margaret Moris Sprague, Sue Swinford, Jane Wier, Virginia Throgmorton, Mary Axel, Mal Noy Van Deren, Edith Wickers, Elizabeth Wilhoite, Betty Wiert, Dorothy Zaugg, and Elizabeth

DR. CLARKE, CHURCH SPEAKER

My theme this morning is one that is very old. To use an old term, it is self-renunciation I would speak of about," said Dr. J. E. Clarke, pastor of the Presbyterian Advance, when he spoke in church services at Ward-Belmont, on Sunday, March 25. Dr. Clarke continued by saying that, "It is self-renunciation which is the secret of strength in the hours of temptation. Self-renunciation has nothing to do with things, but with persons. We must first think of giving up ourselves."

He went on to say that self-renunciation is back of all unusual service life. There is, too, the incentive of continuance of service. "The real theme is of continuing, of 'being up ourselves.'"

Give yourselves unto the Lord, and you may be perfectly assured that you'll receive more than you'll give. You may keep yourself, but you'll miss the fullness of God," asserted Dr. Clarke.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Monday, April 2—
"Grandmother's Grand-daughters go to School"—Part II, Dean Clark.
Wednesday, April 4—
Reverend Howard Kerr, Hillsboro Presbyterian Church.
Friday, April 6—
"Vocational Opportunities in the Future"—Miss Ruth Hayes.

WORDSMITHS

Wordsmiths was organized in the fall of 1927 at the suggestion of Miss Margery Shepard (now Mrs. Lawrence Polk of Chattanooga). Miss Ransome was its first sponsor. The idea of having a literary organization at Ward-Belmont came originally from Vanderbilt where both teachers had been affiliated with the Scribblers club.

Elizabeth Wenning, one of the charter members of the club, says that the try-outs were very exciting. "We put a number on our contributions and our name in an envelope similarly numbered. Then we waited for what seemed a very long time while a faculty committee judged the manuscripts. One day in chapel Miss Ransome got up and after telling what a wonderful literary club Ward-Belmont was going to have, read the names of those who had been elected. It was very exciting to have our names read and to have to go upon the stage, because we had not had the least idea that we had made it."

Margaret Alice Lowe was chosen president of the newly organized club. Its membership was limited to twenty. The name, Wordsmiths, was made of the initials of girls who were charter members. They adopted a little anvil with Wordsmith written underneath as their emblem.

This club met every Tuesday in the Y.W.C.A. room, and from an old HYPHEN we learn that they had a terrible time writing their essays, poems and stories.

Since that time Wordsmiths have been chosen by try-outs held in the spring and fall. This year there are eleven members. Two of whom were chosen last year, six last fall and three this spring. The club meets on alternate Monday nights at one of the clubs or in the faculty sitting room. Miss Theodora Scruges is sponsor, Nancyann Schmid, president, and Gail Lawrence, secretary-treasurer. This year Wordsmiths have as their project the making of a booklet of poems and sketches which they have written themselves.

WARD-BELMONT ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION BUSINESS WOMAN SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

The Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association was not organized until 1923. At first the Association was not very active. The arrangements for the state luncheons now so important a factor in the organization were made through the representatives and not the alumnae.

It was not until the fall of 1928 that the Association became active. This work was accomplished by Virginia Lurton Smith '25, who was brought here to create the position of Alumnae Secretary and sponsor of the HYPHEN and Milestones. The Association became well organized, filing systems installed, and work was begun to get in touch with all former students. The original files, containing the names of less than a hundred students, have grown until today they contain over forty-six hundred names of former students.

The first really organized and (Continued on page 8)

DR. BARTON, CHAPEL SPEAKER

Dr. Barton spoke in chapel Monday, March 26, on the significance of Holy Week. He said that too often we observe Lent by depriving ourselves of candy and buying "cokes" with the money, or by doing without things which we did not need anyway. In observing the trivial point, we forget its background and real significance.

Holy Week, according to Dr. Barton, should mean a searching of our activities in school life. We are, most of us, a long way from home and restraining influences and some of us have slipped a little. Cheating in examinations and daily work need go on only as long as the pupils in a school tolerate it. The faculty takes action when a case is brought to its notice but it takes the cooperation of the whole school to do away with it entirely. Let us take Holy Week as a personal thing, not merely as a holiday. Let it bring us closer to the things that mean the most in life.

Chapel, March 23rd, was devoted to a talk given by one of the successful business women of Nashville. Miss Mabel Ward, senior partner of the Satsuma Tea Room, painted a picture of her career which has been full of adventure, unexpectedness, and success.

Miss Ward reviewed the history of the tea-room business, and stressed the fact that every girl should be trained for a profession, or be interested in some hobby. Above all, she must keep alive and awake to insure her success. Home economics is an excellent field to enter.

"To run a tea room," Miss Ward said, "one should have a good business partner that can be a supplement in personality and ability, and start working in a town of at least 100,000 people, using as little equipment as possible. Learning by experience from the 'inside' is tremendously valuable. In a tea-room business one must possess good health and plenty of fight, for there is adventure, and all phases of work to do . . . from painting, decorating, and personnel work, to writing ads."

Miss Ward illustrated her points by an account of her own career, telling how she gave up a teaching position to start out in the business world. By chance she came to Nashville, and here opened up a tea room with the scantiest of equipment and a small knowledge of management, working up, until today the Satsuma Tea Room has become one of the favorite places to eat in Nashville.

SENIOR EXPRESSION GIVES RECITAL

The first of the Senior Expression recitals was given Tuesday evening, March 27, by Kathryn Combs. She gave a cutting of the play, "One of the Family."

The play was centered around the possible situations that may arise when a charming young lady, but quite without a family tree, disrupts an old New England family by marrying the eldest and most outstanding son. The presentation of the selection was splendidly given.

MANY ACTIVITIES PLANNED FOR HOMECOMING

From Thursday, March 29, until Monday, April 2, the campus has, is, and will be teeming with excitement, for Homecoming is here at last! There's quite a problem of "who is staying with who," and "who is coming, and who can't come," and a matter of living a double life by attending classes and greeting every alum that arrives—all at the same time.

We wish everyone that ever belonged to Ward-Belmont could be here, but since that isn't possible, the HYPHEN wants to give its readers a resume of "what's going on."

Friday, March 30, there was an after-dinner coffee and reception for the senior class, faculty, and alumnae, held in the X. L. club house from 7:00 until 8:30. At 8:15 Miss Townsend presented some of her pupils in an expression recital in her studio.

Saturday, March 31, there is to be a luncheon and annual business meeting for the alumnae, and in the afternoon a tea will be given in the Del Ver club house. The class of '28 plans to have a dinner here in the evening. A dance is also scheduled for Saturday. The "Special" promises to be very clever.

Sunday morning, April 1, the F. F., Del Ver, Tri K, and T. C. clubs will entertain with breakfasts. An early morning Easter service is to be held in Recreation Hall. The week-end's (Continued on page 8)

APRIL 6, DATE OF DANCE RECITAL

The followers of Miss Sarah Jeter and Miss Louise Smith are eagerly looking forward to their annual dance recital, to be held April 6, in the Scottish Rite Auditorium. They will know from past experiences that this recital promises much in fine entertainment.

We have heard only a bit of the many unusual attractions to be offered. That the first half of the program will be given by children from three years to about twelve years of age is a promise of charm. But mentions of "Little Women" and a "Schubert Waltz" raise expectations even higher.

In the second part of the program another group number reminds us of the splendid "Spanghetti" routine of last year. Three Little Pigs' sounds interesting and amusing. But what delights us most of all is to hear that Sarah Jeter and Fletcher Harvey are to give an exhibition waltz.

And these mentions are only hints of what's in store for those that attend the recital. Any one that has once seen a Jeter-Smith dancing recital will urgently say that to miss it is to miss a real treat.

"Y" CALENDAR

Sunday, April 1—
7:30 A.M. Early Easter Service, Rec Hall.
9:00 A.M. Egg Hunt, Junior League Home.
2:00 P.M. Egg Hunt, Tennessee Children's Home.
6:00 P.M. Vesper Service, Dr. John Barton, speaker.
Tuesday, April 3—
7:00 P.M. Trip to Vanderbilt Hospital.

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WHEN BIGGER AND BETTER PARLOR GAMES ARE MADE, WE'LL MAKE THEM

The parlor game is back. Amusements calling for dexterity with cards, sleight-of-hand tricks and quick guessing games are in vogue. The hey-day of the dancing lady and the cavorting beau is on a decline. Now you don't have to be able to play the piano to be popular; parlor games are an asset.

If the depression has done nothing else for the American people, it has at least brought the one-time popular parlor game back into favor. No longer are all evenings filled entirely with dancing, shows, and nightclubs. No longer are parties mere gatherings at which bridge, dancing, and eating are the main attractions of the evening. Party-goers now amuse themselves with any number of games, ranging from "Pig" to "Scavenger Hunt." But, more about those particular games later.

Just how the depression has brought about this great change of amusement is clearly seen. Gallant beaux often find that financial conditions have greatly altered the condition of their pocketbooks. Playing cards for money began to become less popular as the size of the pocketbooks began to shrink. Dancing, nightclubs, and shows all took cash, and often cash was lacking and not too plentiful. Charming hostesses found that elaborate parties caused a decided strain on their reduced allowances. With one accord, belle and beau alike sought cheaper and equally amusing entertainment. It was then that they rediscovered the parlor game.

Instinctively the parlor game hit the spot, for it appealed to everybody. Easy on the wallet, it was nevertheless amusing. It not only stimulated conversation and acquaintance, but as well proved rousing to the wit and imagination.

We must not fail to mention two factors that have undoubtedly helped the depression to spread the parlor game over the American nation. Along with the business conditions, the movies and Eddie Cantor have done not a little to make dear the parlor game in the heart of the American public.

The movies have helped in two ways: First of all, they have brought back memories of the good old days, and with these memories come the parlor games and the amusements dear to our forefathers. We have at last discovered how they could possibly find fun in such pastimes. Then, too, several movies have shown the celluloid heroes and heroines indulging in such diversions as—you guessed it—the parlor game. I remember one movie I saw that made particular feature of a "Scavenger Hunt." In this movie of which I speak, the main objects to be obtained were a decidedly happily married man and a woman of thirty who could truthfully say she had never been in love. Now, for an ordinary "Scavenger Hunt," for us everyday mortals, I would not suggest such goals. Instead I should suggest such objects as a hair from a horse's tail and a "no parking" sign. They are equally exciting and effective.

Perhaps I should give you details in case you someday might care to indulge in this hunt of hunts. When the couples assemble, give each pair of two or four a list of some three or four objects which they are informed they must find. The number and description of the articles to be obtained depend entirely on your own wishes and originality. A prize is offered to the ones who return first with their orders completely filled. The fun obtained from securing the articles is only heightened by the vast assortment that will gradually be accumulated.

Eddie Cantor has written many articles advocating the parlor game and suggesting many new ones. He

has introduced a popular and rather clever game, I believe of his own fashioning, and it has spread from coast to coast. One person (preferably someone against whom you have a grudge) is picked to be "It," unbeknown to him. The players are coupled off, each taking alternate turns to secretly slap his partner's face. Imagine "It's" surprise to find his partner has been slapping him with fingers covered with a sooty substance. It is a very chagrined, black face he presents to the others who have remained wary and unsoiled from their section of light slaps.

There are any number of guessing games we might suggest, should you be looking for something more stimulating to the wit and imagination. A person selected as "It" can try to guess what the chosen object in the room is by asking an question: "Is it a vegetable or no." I spent an entire evening once trying to discover the object, which I later found were the holes in a lace dress I was wearing. A similar guessing game centers around such diverse things as movie stars and vegetables. "It" is sent out of the room and is brought back to discover, by guessing, the identity of a certain person selected in the room as the subject. "It" can ask each person what vegetable, fruit, movie star, car, and so on, the subject resembles. Any number of complications may arise. I put myself in a nice pickle one night when I insisted a certain young gentleman reminded me of a parsnip (he really did). He was none too flattered by my description of him and paid me back in full when my turn came, saying I looked not only like a cabbage, but Marie Dressler as well.

I suppose most of you have "coffee-potted." For those of you unfamiliar with the rules of this sport, permit me I had best explain. In this guessing game the person chosen as "It" must try to discover the verb of action that has been selected. He may ask any question to attempt to find out the identity, substituting for the word, unknown to him, the term "coffee-pot."

For those of you who prefer card games, I can enlighten you as to a few of the least sensible of the card contests. Undoubtedly you have at some time played "Pig." Enough sets the cards, equal numerically, are selected to provide such a set for each player. The cards are then shuffled and distributed. The object, of course, is to get four like cards. Each player passes a card he does not want to the player on "His" right. This routine is kept up. The first person to succeed in obtaining the like cards will place his finger by the side of his nose. The other players must follow suit as soon as they observe this procedure. The last player to so place his finger is the "pig." The penalty of being a "pig" lies in the fact that none may converse with him. Should they answer one of his questions, they become "pigs" themselves. Many an evening I've spent, lonely and forlorn, hoping against hope that I could, by hook or crook, at least one other porker to my list.

Those of you who find no fun at all in the pastime called bridge will probably like "Silly (or Backward) Bridge." In this very unelevated game, you never look at your own cards, and rather holding up for the benefit of fellow-players. It is up to you to bid and play your partner's hand. If you make your bid, you had better give it up and return to straight auction or contract.

What party is complete without some card tricks? I shall not attempt to give you any, but instead tell you that any number of volumes have been published on the subject. No longer do you need to be the best dancer in the life of the party; have a few parlor games up your sleeve. Do not overlook in your study of such dexterities the very handy game of "Fifty-two Pick-Up." Once you have secured someone to play with you, easy street has been achieved. Merely throw an entire deck of cards on the floor, and calmly inform your partner that his part of the game is to pick the fifty-two up. Should your

partner comply with your request your joy will be complete. If not, will probably, with much loss of dignity, have to stoop and retrieve the cards yourself.

I cannot close this article with giving at least brief space to a favorite trick of mine. In fact, it is the first time I have divulged a secret in print. In very assured tones boast that you can push a card through the handle of a teacup. Without hesitation, someone in the crowd will say that such a feat is an impossibility. Procure the drinking cup and ordinary teacup and ask the crowd to try before you. They will give up. Then comes your hour of glory! Take a pencil, put it through the handle of the cup and with it press the glass a slight push. You have succeeded!

Having given you a start to bigger and better parlor games, I am sure expecting great things of you. Long may really good parlor parties reign in our fair land!

HELENE LOEB, '34

SLOPING PATHS

The other day while walking down the street, I happened to notice a wonderful specimen of architecture. Its lofty towers seemed lost in the clouds that floated around it amazingly.

It was the new Empire State Building. It had every convenience a modern building called for. One hundred and eighty stories, and solid as a rock.

As I stood there gazing up at it, I was conscious of a neighbor's staring. I glanced sideways at him. He was tall, wonderfully built, handsome in spite of the dirt and heavy beard. A down-and-out!

As I watched him, tears came to my eyes and he carelessly patted the side of the building. Somehow, I'm sorry for him, so I went up to him and said:

"Nice building, eh, what?" He turned, regarded me, and in a smooth, low voice answered, "Yes, think so."

"Know much about architecture?" I asked.

"A little. I studied at Cambridge." This statement made me gasp with amazement.

"Cambridge," I repeated, stunned, and I regarded this towering, discouraged-looking man.

"I say, do you know anything about this building? Anything you like about it?"

"Sure," he replied, glancing up. "Built it."

NANCYANN SCHMID, '35

S'MATTER, POP?

There was no doubt about it. "Bubber" had been very bad! He had deliberately left the house against his mother's wishes, when he had promised faithfully to stay at home. Since this was before our era of modern education and child psychology, I motto "spare the rod and spoil the child" was still firmly upheld. "Bubber" had decided that a whipping would soon set her son to rights. But "Bubber" had a different idea, and hearing of his mother's intention, ran into his room and, crawling under the bed, curled up in the farthest corner.

When the father of the house came home that evening from the office, "Bubber" was still under the bed. His mother sent father after son! "Bubber's" father accordingly thrust his self under his son's bed. "Bubber" was at once all anxious for his parent's welfare and with a cautious whisper queried, "What's the matter, Pop, is she after you, too?"

It suffices to say that the particular whipping in question was indefinitely postponed.

HELENE LOEB, '34

RECOMPENSE

million worlds may fall—
million lovers weep their loss,
but the sea rolls on undaunted
and the gay waves lightly toss.

As they surge forever,
all they know the tale by now
of a maiden, her lover,
and the forgotten vow.

Some men, like pebbles
in a mammoth glacier,
move incessantly;
but usually down.

WINIFRED MARSH, '35.

SHOES

Pillars sagging in the dusty sun-
ne, paint peeling from its weather-
-ten sides, its sign of faded gilt
-ing by one chain, the Floradora
-se had undoubtedly seen its best
-ss. Nevertheless, it was still re-
-table and many ladies of another
-eration refused to stay elsewhere.
-Within, the heavy overstuffed fur-
-ure, dusty corners, lace curtains
-d flowered Victorian carpet whis-
-red sadly of the bygone days when
-y had known the touch of silk and
-in; and when the youth and
-s of the countryside had flocked
-re to dine and dance.

A relic belonging as much to the
-st as the furniture and the sign
-s old Sam. He had come to the
-radora house as a young boy. Now
-was old, and his joints creaked as
-shuffled about his duties. His chief
-right when his work was done was
-tell stories of the gay '90's. Sam's
-ork had been to gather the shoes,
-ere they were placed just without
-e bedroom doors, clean and polish
-ed and return them to their owners
-morning.

Then there had been row upon row
-shoes. High-heeled boots, dainty
-ppers of embroidered satin, or
-avy well-tailored boots with the
-ames of well-known makers inside,
-uch work, yes! Many of them, yes!
-ut it was with the pleasure of the
-ster craftsman that Sam had
-aned them and with pride that he
-turned them in the morning to re-
-ive the deserved praise and remu-
-eration of their owners.

Tonight he shuffled wearily down
-e hall. He was getting old and
-iff. People, nowadays, especially
-e type who had frequented the Flo-
-radora house in late years, were not
-particular about their footwear,
-and Sam, that connoisseur of richness
-nd beauty had fared badly. Tonight
-ere were only three pairs on the
-econd floor. The heavy square-toed
-oots would belong to the linesman
-who had been held up by bad weather.
-The large, weary-looking pair of
-ones with the turned-up toes be-
-longed to old Hans. Sam really did
-ot mind cleaning Hans' shoes. Al-
-though he was merely a butcher, his
-ather, and his grandfather before
-him had supplied the house with the
-ams for which it was famous. But
-se days had fallen on the house of
-einze and now old Hans came to
-own only once a year to buy a Christ-
-mas present for his invalid wife. Al-
-ways it was the same present, and
-very old and respected brand of
-ese was kept in stock for Hans'.
-hen Sam had fallen the shoes up
-nd proceeded down the hall. The
-only other room on that floor was
-occupied regularly. Sam sighed as
-e picked up Miss Hallecknote's
-eavy, sensible oxfords. His heart
-as sore and his eyes ached for the
-of a real lady's shoe. He re-
-ounted peacefully to the third floor.
-His fading eyes almost missed the
-pair of shoes placed there. Then
-e saw them and forgot everything
-se, for they were undoubtedly the
-oes of a lady. Small, dainty, high-
-ealed and high-heeled, they brought
-ack clearly the days of his glory.
-Sam reached for them and hobbled
-ainfully to the little storeroom
-where he kept his few small belong-

ings. Carefully from its wrapping
-he brought out the magic cleaner
-which had won him so much praise
-in bygone days. Far into the night
-he worked—then when the shoes were
-finished—slept, so soundly that he
-failed to hear a high, shrill voice
-demanding that the management re-
-store "them there shoes plenty quick
-or pay up!" So soundly that he didn't
-hear the manager demanding—"For
-heaven's sakes, Sam, where are the
-shoes for 308?" It wouldn't have
-bothered him much if he had, for to
-Sam a lady was still known by her
-shoes. He would probably have con-
-cluded sadly that styles had changed
-in ladies as well as shoes. But in-
-stead he slept on!

GAIL LAWRENCE, '35.

HEAT

For weeks the sun had beat merci-
-lessly down on the hot, white sand of
-the beach, and now when farmers had
-reached to pray for rain, their crops
-were ruined anyhow, even the luxuri-
-ous sun lovers who spent their time
-lounging lazily on the shore and
-usually had no use for rain, began
-to wish that the eternal sun would
-"let up," thinking that a gray day
-would end the boredom that was com-
-ing over them. But the sun con-
-tinued to shine, and the blue sky from
-which one could usually gather an
-illusion of delightful coolness, became
-hot and burning and seemed to close
-around one instead of lending space
-and imaginative relief to the sun-
-suffocated earth!

In the evening the sun would sink
-like a molten sphere into the lake,
-turning the sky around it to blazing
-fire that was finally smothered by the
-clouds of night that covered the earth
-until dawn. The cloud gave no re-
-lief; it merely shut in the heat that
-the sun had created during the day.

Some people joked about it and
-invented novel ways of getting cool;
-small boys consumed quantities of ice
-cream; weary mothers lost patience
-with their children. Everyone tried
-to get away from each other. Hus-
-bands stopped commuting to the lake,
-preferring the more intense heat of
-the city to the discomfiture of win-
-ing children and harassed wives.
-Sons and daughters spent hours rid-
-ing at top speed or swimming in the
-lake.

Then one night the sky in the west
-was clouded and the sun burned its
-way through heavy darkness. The
-wind began to blow and the lake was
-retired to small ripple's with narrow
-white crests. The sand stung the



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legs of new bathers and swimmers who scurried for their cottages. In the west the black clouds rolled over the sun, they covered the lake, and finally they made their way to the east which was still brilliant with the blue of the sky, with the clouds of the day! With the clouds came rain, gently at first and then with such force that the hard ground could not drink it fast enough.

It was in the cottage that the greatest change took place. The people were suddenly very gay. It was cool! One could breathe without feeling stifled! They drew down the awnings laden with dust; they pulled heavily on windows stuck with the heat heated in the sun. Families were grand! It would be so nice to have them together again. Rain made one actually hungry! It would be nice to have something hot for dinner, something different from the

chilled salads, iced fruits and drinks that had been picked at daintily, almost peevishly, for the last few weeks. A steak would be nice—with onions; no one would probably drop in on a night like this. It would be fun for them to play games after dinner and tell stories around the fire the way they did on Sunday nights in the city. It would be cool enough for a fire, and it seemed like Sunday with the family all together. Then finally to go to bed and sleep with the definite sound of rain instead of the dreadful feeling that the heat was closing in and could smother one!

Rain! The sound, the beauty, the blessedness of rain! It lashed the trees against the windows, making them cool to touch; it made things clean and lovely; it refreshed one's heart and body, revived one's spirit and made life wonderful again.

MARY MARJORIE LINCOLN, '34.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Ward-Belmont.

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EDITORIAL

WELCOME, ALUMS!

Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!
It's always fun and a real pleasure to welcome people.
But, perhaps, at no time in the school year are we more
anxious to say "We're glad to see you!" than at Home-
coming. It gives all of us who are at school now a thrill to
see former students come back on the campus.

We may not know you all but, nevertheless, we feel
we've met you somewhere, for are we not all Ward-
Belmont students? You have come back during this
week-end to renew memories, as we have come to build
them. You see in us the gay times, the excitement, and
even the struggles you had here. Perhaps you are re-
membering even now a Homecoming you experienced
when you were welcoming back the alums. We see in
you the realization of what we hope will be our feeling
for Ward-Belmont and the associations we have made
here when we are alums and come back for our Home-
coming.

The old girls—that is, the ones that have been here
before this year—are anxious to see their friends and
the girls they have met at past Homecomings. But the
new girls are excited, too. They are eager to meet the
alumnae they have heard so much about, and to make
new friends with those who have a common interest.

Perhaps, at this time, school means more to us than
ever before. We see those who have loved it return for
another visit to its surroundings. This week-end must
surely give us a little insight into the appreciation of
the school that comes, we are told, with future years.

We are so truly glad to have you here! We know, as
we think of parting time not far distant, how grand it
must be to see old friends, old familiar places again!

So we say: Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!

H. L., '34.

WORDSMITHS

Wordsmiths, even as the name implies, is an organiza-
tion for those who are interested in creative writing;
but the ideals of this organization are not known to the
majority of people.

First, it stands for those who are interested in writing;
second, it's purpose is to develop this interest. Word-
smiths could better be called "Craftsmen" in story writing.

The Wordsmiths are very ambitious, as well as tal-
ented. Their aim is for higher and better knowledge in
the fields of essay, poetry, prose. Everything that they
write is criticized by fellow-members. The society is not
a group of critical girls, however, but a group of inter-
esting and congenial girls who have writing as a hobby.

Our development is through our achievements of the
past, and aids in the future, and we truly hope for a
successful and happy year together.

N. S., '35.

EAGLE FEATHER

DRESSING UP

I put my clothes on little dog,
And so ashamed was he
He hung his head and shut his eyes
As mournful as could be.

He wore my knickers on his legs,
My scarf around his jaws,
My sailor blouse and leather belt,
With mittens on his paws.

(Continued to column 3)

CAMPUS COLUMN

I guess I have a lot to make up
for, after that column in the Senior-
Mid edition last week. That certainly
turned out to be a nice paper, and it
was interesting to read all the things
I'd been thinking about. This week
seems to be another guest edition.
The Wordsmiths are taking charge,
and here's to better and better stories
and poems!

This week-end is really going to be
a busy one. All those in charge are
just praying that it won't turn any
colder and that the rain will stay
away for just this one week-end. Jane
Pulver is certainly agitated! Saw
Sarah Dewey and Margaret Balsiger
at lunch time on Wednesday. They
were among the first to arrive. All
these sisters who are coming back to
stay with the little sister over the
week-end and compare thoughts about
the Alma Mater are: Ann Durand,
Dorothy Zaug, and, of course, Mar-
garet Balsiger.

Too bad the Tri K's had to post-
pone their tea, but it wouldn't have
been much fun just to have so few
there. Anyway the cinnamon toast
wasn't wasted at all. It was devoured
in short order at tea time. Katrina
lives up to her statement that the
West is a great place. She is cer-
tainly good on her Indians.

Those Seniors who didn't show up
for the picnic last Saturday after-
noon really missed a swell party. I
was glad that it rained because I like
playing indoors, when there's not so
much chance of having a lot of work
to do. And afterwards in the Del
Ver house for a picnic supper! Such
garbs those girls in the skit got them-
selves into—"Shorty" made a dream
of a hero, and Helen Larmer was the
ideal *Hillbilly* gal!

Katherine Combs did herself proud
Tuesday night when she gave her
expressions diploma recital. I fully
enjoyed it, and the audience was most
responsive.

M. F. Banker is almost too excited
to let live. I've never seen one girl
get as thrilled over anyone as she did
when her "Sam" got here this week.
Just saw Nedvay Eppes—this is
turning into an alumni column in-
stead of just the usual campus news.

One of the high spots in this year's
entertainments was the breakfast
that Judy Acheson gave in honor of
her mother's visit last Sunday morn-
ing. It was truly worth leaving the
warm bed on sleep-Sunday to go down
and meet Mrs. Acheson, who is quite
a lovely person, and I can see where
Judy gets her distinctive manners. A
truly lovely affair!

Ruth Nehls' family arrived quite
unexpectedly last Thursday night
when the little lady was just before
playing in her recital. Quite a nice
family to come all that long way from
Iowa!

Mighty good to see Lege around
again. Just looking like a million
dollars. Sorry she couldn't stay a
little longer and meet the other alums.
But we did enjoy seeing her!

I've got to go walking now for the
spirit of the thing. So I'll close and
see you again next week.

LIFE'S CLOUDS

Clouds are very happy
Dancing in the sky,
Changing colors constantly
Drifting, aimlessly high.
Clouds are like memories;

At first they are faint
Then they gather color
Growing bright by Nature's paint,
They spread over the heavens
Then begin to fade away.
So are our own memories,
At first we have nothing to remem-
ber;

Then gradually we gathered them
each day,
Then the apex, when we believe,
And our treasured memories
Fade into endless nothing—
Death!

RENA BERRY, '34.

(Continued from Column 1)
And then he flattened out and whined
And wouldn't jump or run,
But acted awful cross with me
And wasn't any fun.

He seems to love me very much,
Therefore, I cannot see
Why he should hate to wear my clothes
And hate to look at me.

NANCYANN SCHMID, '34

FINDING A WAY

Last night I was tired and restless,
So I rode down a darkened road
That was sheltered on either side
By overlapping oaks;
Down in a quiet hollow
I found myself again,
Just listening to the crickets
And to the night birds sing.
I found I had two beings
Instead of just an outer "one."
Looking into a shadowed pool
I saw that "one" was hard;
But, sitting in the placid moon
And thinking of past days,
I realized I had grown old too soon;
But inside I was a child
That had traveled many ways,
And I've found myself again.

RENA BERRY, '34

REVOLT IN A FATALISTIC TIME

Did God thrust me forth into His timeless world
A mere equation—solved and tabulated.
A jest for Him who plays with minds and souls?
Does all that really matters—loves, strivings, faiths—
Sink to a nothingness even now predestined,
Penned long ago by the hardened hands of the Parac-
Or did God send me forth to live as a lone and wandering
being.

Endowed with selfness—life all my own—
Bound only by the eternal arc of the starry heavens
To be solved not by you, nor fate, nor time—
But by me?

JULIA ACHESON, '35

SANDS OF LIFE

Boundless sands reach before me
And spit back stifling waves of heat.
Without hope I keep trudging on,
'Till far off there looms a cool oasis.
I strive to reach its shade,
Hope dies, forlorn, within me,
As the dream melts before my gaze.

WINIFRED MARSH, '35

FOG

Quiet as the coming day,
Simple as a child knelt to pray,
Chastly as a passing soul,
Hopeless as an unreachable goal.

I stand like a worshiper in a shrine,
Reveling in its beauty, half divine;
Its glory leaves me shivering, agog—
Weirdst of mysteries—thickest of fog!

WINIFRED MARSH, '35

OLD MEN

The old men sit 'Round the stove, And talk of the Day's work. They stretch Their weary bones, And settle themselves Deep in the wicker Chairs That creak Under the weight Of these tired bodies.	Mud from off His shoddy shoes. One of his companions Knocks his pipe Upon the stove's ledge, Refills it, And settles back Into his chair With half-closed Eyes. The old men Sit And drowsily Await their evening meal.
---	---

MARY FOOTE JONES, '34

SONG FOR A RAINY DAY

Trees—dipping with mists,
Wind—rustling in leaves,
Folks—rushing through streets,
Birds—crouching in eaves.

Flues—breathing forth smoke,
Ships—rolling at sea
Clouds—heavy with rain—
All gloomy but me.

MARGARET YOUNG, '35

SPRING

Cold winter's day
Soft-blown by April's sweetest breeze
Has crept away,
And spring, once more my heart to seize,
Again makes gay
Amidst the blossoms of the trees.

MARGARET YOUNG, '35

CLUB CHATTER

What a surprise when Frances Graham sat down to the Agora piano Sunday night and played like an old artist. By the way, she plays by ear.

Radeen, you're progressing at each attempt and was your face red!

Helene Loeb gave a most interesting talk at Vespers. We certainly wish everyone could have had the opportunity to hear it.

We hear that Kay Crosswell had a pretty "rare" time Sunday night. Unless you want to see her blush, don't mention it.

If you want to taste candy that'll melt in your mouth get "Ludy" Enslay and Elinor Mortimer to make their marshmallow fudge square for you. Those that were lucky to get some recently were Frances Graham, Mary Jean Safford, "Becky," and "Crocket."

Can you feature Irene Sartor and "Ludy" making bacon and tomato sandwiches?—Well they did Saturday night at the Agora club.

Olga Wardowski had charge of the program at the A. K. Club last week and everyone wishes she would have charge every time—or rather wishes she'd have more birthdays. Perhaps it should be explained that it was her birthday, so the entertainment was mostly refreshments. Many more happy birthdays, Olga!

All the A. K.'s are having an awful time trying to listen to both the discussions of the dance and the Easter tea. Virginia Shaw is chairman of the tea, and Wilma Baker has charge of the dance.

It's too bad so many of the girls missed Miss Sander's talk at vespers. Charlie was away visiting her room-mate of last year. The mumps were still keeping Betty Heck in the infirmary, and Mary Lalla had gone home for the week-end. Ellen Trabue was a guest for vespers and tea. It was so nice to have her.

The club wishes to announce that—Gilbertine Moore has a new permanent.

Kitty McKenzie got a box of food from home.

Cherry and Betty Willert are coming back for homecoming.

Frances Warmath spilled chocolate on the recently dyed rugs.

Virginia Winston has not as yet decided what college will be honored by her presence next year. (We expect her to make up her mind any moment, now.) Anyhow, she and Mary Marm are going to run a newspaper in Pecos across the street from the Anderson-Plycott Daily.

What little Anti-Panner is going to be in seventh heaven this week-end on-account-of because her mother is coming and bringing Bill?

Those strange noises floating out from the club house around dinner time Saturday night sounded like excitement, so we stuck our noses in. Guess what! There was the most swelligant dinner brewing, and no one offered us a bite. Shame on you, Francis Summers!

Zounds 'n ethers!—here's what we call "nature in the raw." Some overly ambitious Anti-Panner trudged down to the club house on sleep-Sunday morning to cook breakfast. Mary Lee Wilson was chief cook and bottle washer, and the waffles were positively elegant.

Oh, me, oh, my!—seems as if Janet Newbury kind' got herself into some-pin'. Just think! Measles and mumps at the same time—bet it doesn't tickle!

Whoops! Me thinks that Sara Joyce looked mighty sweet-like in those baby bangs. Guess maybe she would look cute in anything, though.

One little Anti-Panner up and packed her bag last week-end and headed for Chicago quick-like-a-flash. Did you have a good time, Sybil, and

how many people succumbed to those bee-u-ti-ful eyes?

The program of the F. F. club was a complete revelation to everyone. Polly Gay had everyone showing off her hidden talent with her "surprise program."

The first number on the program was a song, using the laundry list for words. The tune which Nita, Carolyn, and Doris tried to keep was "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" Try it sometime. Then Miss Davis entertained us with a "dramatic" interpretation of "Boulevard of Broken Dreams." After that Eva Ohlaver and Betty Frantz gave a real New Year jig. Then a duet was given by Alsha McCourt singing "Melancholy Baby," and Rosemary Horstman singing "Springtime in the Rockies." M. E. Huggins gave a lecture on "How to Fly Like a Horse," with illustrations!

Juanita Phillips, Mary Hobson, Mozelle Trout, and Harriet Ostergren gave very good imitations of four of the faculty. Even K. Mathis has talent; she played a childish selection on the piano. Jean Weis gave a cute reading. Then Alice Adams and Nig Banker gave a new version of chopsticks on the piano. Another dance was given by C. Sutton and F. Street; it was really charming. Another duet by E. Irwin and Muryle Hall of "Come Up 'N' See Me Sometime"—no tune, but it was good, anyway. The last number was given by Miss Reuf who gave an imitation of Joe Penner; it was "Don't Never Do That!"

All in all, the program was unusual and pleasing and everyone entered into the spirit of the idea. Polly Gay was finally persuaded to sing "Three Little Pigs," all full of blushes! Hope you surprise us again sometime, Polly—we love it!

"Guess Who," formed the main entertainment for the Penta Taus Wednesday night. Ruth Robinson was "it." She had the most horrible time trying to find out who the other "it" was. She never did, in fact. Mary Alice Paine later read an article from a sub-deb magazine. It brought forth a few giggles but also gave some useful hints.

Saturday night Virginia Reed, Mary Alice Paine, Kathryn Hyde and others had dinner at the Penta Tau club. What a dinner! Never saw as much food in my life! There was enough for at least twenty, but they managed to consume it all.

We Tri K's feel pretty proud about being water polo champions. Both our games were exciting, to say the least.

The Tri K's held an open forum discussion on "Honor" last Wednesday night. Leigh, thanks for the fine contributions, and Trina, thank you for the excellent definition of two kinds of honor.

Did you know that Trina can make the best waffles with nuts in 'em and everything? If you would like to hear a verbal commendation, just ask any one of the Randle, Winston, Lincoln, Van Benschoten suite. The entire suite went down to the club for breakfast on Sunday. The only difficulty was that there was no egg beater. A suggestion has been made that the Tri K's have a kitchen shower. How about it?

The Tri K's were all so busy on Sunday afternoon either studying or having happy family reunions that their tea was postponed. Too bad, but on Sunday evening all the Tri K's who were present enjoyed the best cinnamon toast imaginable. The club owes this splendid idea to Patsy.

Trina, will you tell us more about the Injuns some time?

Wonder if the T. C.'s will eventually just have to abandon fireside hour! Most of them are lucky enough to be in town for Sunday evenings. Charlotte Snyder has been asking what it's all about!

(Continued on page 7)



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THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET

Even now, five years later, I shudder when men tell me that I am beautiful, more beautiful than a dream.

I had really forgotten that Nordralie Schaeffer lived there. I arrived in the city about as tired and dirty as one can, was duly met by the committee from the women's clubs association, and carried away to the rather mediocre room in the city's best hotel. Not for anything would these well-bred women have asked me why I chose to arrive a day before I was due, and thus incur extra expense for them, but I knew they were puzzled. Several times they mentioned, casually, the lecture tomorrow, but I was unable to evince surprise. Finally, when the conversation permitted, I told them about the summer cold I was taking. I have learned from experience that if I don't stop those colds in the very beginning, they will be with me until the next spring. I told them I had decided to take advantage of the reservations which they had made for me, and rest until the time of the lecture. I let it be understood that I would be responsible for the charge of the extra night in the hotel. Their relief at not having to spend an extra nickel usually has a gratifying effect upon the average committee of women's clubs' associations. Therefore, the committee warmed to the point of cordiality mingled with awe. I made them yet faster friends by saying that I would be unable to attend any of the dinners or luncheons they were beginning to feel should be given in my honor. As a parting show of good feeling, they offered me their own personal remedies for a cold like the one I was taking. The chairman, the woman with the bird nest in her hat, phoned down to the desk for a quarter's worth of onions, and suggested that I eat one every hour and drink two glasses of hot soda water before and after each onion. The tired woman with the motherly air gave me a box of aspirin from her purse. The third woman, tall and overdressed, gave me a small vial of powders which, she assured me with a twitching eyebrow, were not a drug, but were prepared for her by her doctor for just such an occasion.

I accepted them all, with promises to follow directions. My nose was tight and close. But nothing could approach my eyes and head for pain. They ached dully and watered profusely, probably out of sheer sympathy for themselves. I knew my head was large beyond all proportion, and somewhere inside it there was the delicious beat of African drums, a roaring, rumbling pulsing beat that turned my voice into high tonelessness. And my tongue was dry and wanted to roll up at the edges. Oh, well! You all know how a cold feels. The committee left, finally; then I took the hottest bath I could draw, because my body was numb and lifeless except for a sort of continuity of aches and pains so evenly distributed that I was convinced my body was heat proof. As clearly as I can remember now, I took a sensible dose of all the remedies offered me—yes, even unto the onion. And then I added on a few of my own—orange juice, hot lemonade, and so on. So to bed!

I slept soundly until about ten o'clock the next morning when the telephone awakened me. I emerged from the bed just far enough to reach for it, and noted as I did so, that my cold was wondrously improved. However, I knew I'd be in a sort of

fog for the lecture, but everything would be all right.

"Hello," I said, wondering just what the women's clubs could have thought up.

"Hello, Punk!" came the voice, and I wriggled and tingled with anticipation, for I had not been called "Punk" since my prep school days. I wondered who could have recognized me from the picture in the paper.

"Yes?"

"Punk, this is Nordralie Schaeffer. I thought I recognized in the picture of the formidable Miss Mercer my bosom-friend of yesteryear. What are you doing in town? I mean, aside from the lecture? Why didn't you come to that hotel? Why didn't you come out to my house? I'm hurt."

"Wait, Lee, and I'll tell you all—I'm just here for the lecture and—"

"Sorry, Punk, I'm in an awful hurry. You can tell me later. What I want you to do is pack your bag and come out here right away. I just must see you! Look up H. J. Schaeffer and come to that address. I have to run. 'Bye.'"

Apparently she ran, for I couldn't get her on the telephone for more details. But why should I? Let me always been the kind of girl that went straight to the heart of a thing, and then on to something else. She was frail and helpless in appearance, I recalled, but that was only a guise for unexpected efficiency and the capacity for getting done a great many things at one time. A pretty, high-strung, intelligent girl, who did things her own way and dominated everyone, yet was extremely intolerant of anything unconventional in others. She had a reputation for being rather a snob about family at school, but those of us who knew her well understood that her attitude resulted from too much eugenics at too early an age. I wondered if she had changed, and decided not, because she was always so sure she was right. I looked forward to seeing her, and regretted that my limited time would prevent the kind of talk old friends ought to have after not seeing each other for so long. She would be impatient with my engagement and dismiss it lightly as a thing of no consequence. I wondered why she had been in such a hurry over the phone. And then I wondered why she was in town at all, because her parents had a house on the lake, and it was midsummer.

By the time my cab arrived at her comfortable house with its inviting gardens, I had eaten a generous breakfast, and my cold had almost gone, except for a slightly heavy feeling as a result, probably, of taking an aspirin and a dose of those powders just before I left the hotel. I was stimulated, too, with the possible portence of the visit, the knowledge that I looked young and charming as I once had in prep school, and I was filled altogether with a sense of well being.

I noticed that there was a great bustle of activity around the house. The driveway was full of moving vans and trucks. Husky men were carrying heavy loads of canvas-wrapped lumps. I could hardly suppress my excitement as I walked towards the house across the lawn. There was no need to ring the doorbell because Nordralie was standing squarely in the open door and arguing with the foreman of the vans. Satisfied that she was just the same in every way, I watched the argument. It was brief. There could only be Nordralie's side to an argument.

"You have the wrong load of furniture delivered to the wrong house. We have already had one load of furniture today, and that's all we care for just now."

"Are you sure you got the right furniture, ma'am? Sometimes there's a mix up—"

"Of course it was the right furniture. I bought it myself, and recognized every piece of it. O hello, Punk! Come in! I'm so glad to see you."

And that was her greeting. The workman stepped aside with a defeated look.

"Punk, don't mind the confusion. Something awful's happened, and I don't know just what it is, but I strongly suspect that both Mother and I bought new furniture for the house. Oh, dear! You have two bags, haven't you? Well, oh, Cochrain? Oh, where is he? Coch—rain? You can't imagine how awful it is to come to a house in the summertime, with no maids or anything! Cochrain!"

A rather youngish butler appeared. I thought fleetingly of the admirable Crighton and then let my thoughts follow Lee's uneasing prattle.

"Cochrain, will you take Miss Mercer's bags up to her room? Punk, do you want to go up now and then hurry, right down to help me find places for this furniture until the decorators come tomorrow? I never saw such a mess. Your room is the first one to the left at the head of the stairs."

Cochrain had disappeared up the steps, taking two at a time, and so, for no other reason than that I had been temporarily dismissed, I mounted the steps, opened the first door to the left, and stepped into another world.

My first impression was of the utter monotony of taupe color in the room. The walls were a dull, relieved except by four small windows above the picture moulding on the wall opposite me. Since the light was so obscure, I sensed that there were taupe walls and ceiling. Certainly I was standing on a deep-ply taupe rug. A second glance at the walls assured me that they were taupe mohair, and as yielding to the touch as an overstuffed set. In the far right-hand corner of the room there was a small fireplace, but it was as smooth as part of the wall, and had no mantel. Nor fire! Only ashes! Dead! And then I noticed to the left a bed, without head or foot, covered with a quilted taupe velvet spread whose softness was indented with the recent imprint of a relaxed body. The silent strength of the room seemed to sap me of the ability to move. I was just a pair of eyes.

And then I looked up. He was walking toward me slowly and steadily, but I could see from his slightly glazed beard dark eyes that he did not really believe I was there, but if I was—I absorbed his physical particulars, but much of it was new. He was not any taller than I, and his head was quite bald except for a strip of, I swear, taupe colored hair. His skin was yellow with the pallor of one long confined inside a semi-dark room. No, I thought quite calmly, there is a committal matter at issue. The color of bones long buried but finally dug up and washed, and painstakingly put together by means of little wires. I could almost see my father and I working in his small basement laboratory under one flickering light when I was a child and had fashioned my first skeleton as an anatomy lesson. Yes, his skin is that color. Blending with it perfectly was the yellow silk polo shirt he wore, revealing his thin, flabby neck that hung in long folds above the open neck. The silk shirt clung to him as though it were his skin, indeed, it sheathed an emaciated figure that reminded me of the bony devils conceived by the Medievalists. Below his ribby torso a slender, almost girlish waist, was a pot belly of the most repulsive sort. I could not look far enough, but I saw a certain impression that his feet were small and effeminate and encased in canvas sneakers. His eyes were on a level with my own, and very, very close. He put his hand out tentively, and finding firm flesh, closed his bony fingers around my arm with a possessive thrill. His other hand caressed my shoulder, drawing me to him.

"You are beautiful," he said, in his sepulchral voice, "more beautiful than a dream."

I felt myself lifted at the waist by two strong muscular hands, and set down just outside the door which silently swung shut after us. And then Cochrain carried me to the bed in the next room, as gently as a child.

WILMA D. BAKER, '34.

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SHAMROCK STALKS LIONS

Shamrock Murdock paced rapidly up and down his study, a brilliant green dressing gown trailing behind him. He had just received word that Pomperduke, prime minister of Zouester, would pay him a visit at seven o'clock. It was nearly seven now, and the little detective was alive with curiosity to know what would bring the pompous prime minister to see him. Since retiring from active practice in his native land, he had moved to Zouester, where royal favor and permission to poke his inquisitive nose into all crimes that interested him. This, however, was the first time that a member of the cabinet had called upon him.

Exactly at seven o'clock the bell rang. Shamrock nearly tripped all over himself in his eagerness to admit the plump, worried personage who waited on the doorstep. After preliminary greetings were over, and the state of each other's health had been satisfactorily established, the minister said, "Mr. Murdock, I have an exceedingly difficult mission which I hope you will undertake. It would require utmost secrecy and discretion on your part."

The little detective's eyes fairly glistened with anticipation as he nodded for the other to continue. "Well, a very important paper has disappeared. It is such an important paper that if it should fall into the wrong hands it might plunge the whole country into war. I must have it before cabinet meeting tomorrow, or I am a ruined man."

"What kind of paper was it? How and when did it disappear?"

"If you remember Tuesday evening, that is last night, is the regular time for cabinet meeting. I had the paper in my hand ready to bring it up for discussion when the meeting was interrupted by the discovery of a robber in the Princess Miriam's apartment. I—naturally—joined in the chase, and forgot all about the paper in my hand until I happened to notice that I still had it as I dashed past the castle gate. I thrust it into one of the large jardinières which stand on either side of the door, intending to get it on my return. When we did come back, the hour was so late that the meeting was hastily adjourned, and I thought no more about the paper until this morning. When I went to get it, it was gone."

Successfully concealing a smile at the idea of the plump Pomperduke chasing burglars, Shamrock inquired sympathetically, "And have you no idea who might have taken it? Did anyone see you put it into the jar?"

Pomperduke blushed and explained that he thought everyone was away chasing the burglar.

"Could you describe the paper?"

"Why, yes! It was written on heavy official paper and sealed with a state seal of red on which are two roaring lions. Then, you will undertake my mission?"

"Yes, it interests me very much."

Having ushered the minister safely out, Shamrock decided to examine the scene of the crime. He took out a dilapidated bowler hat, and a short, stubby pipe and strolled up the street toward the palace. Once there he entered by the main door, and was looking for a short chat with the gate-keeper. As he entered the gate he met the princess's personal maid and stopped to inquire after the health of her mistress. The princess was, it seemed in excellent health, but her maid had not fared so well. The episode of the robber seemed to have upset her considerably.

"You should see the room. It is a perfect mess. The robber brought in huge hunks of red clay, and the carpet is simply ruined."

After she had passed along, Shamrock made his way to the entrance on each side of which stood large white jars engraved with the state seal of two roaring lions. The jar nearest him was quite clean and white. Evi-

dently it had not been disturbed for some time. The other jar was slightly dirty, and at the base was a damp ring where it had been moved recently. Then Shamrock made another discovery. One of the jars bore the seal of the state, but on the other, two placid lions pawed gently at each other's tails.

Shamrock considered deeply. Where had he seen jars like these before? Jumping up he started at a dog trot across the sultan's well-kept yard until he reached the entrance to the sunken garden. Here stood a jar exactly resembling the one at the palace gate, and there was the spot where the jar at the gate should have been. After some little search, Shamrock found the other jar lying on its side in the grass. It showed evidence of much mistreatment, and down one side was a long crack. Closer examination revealed that in the bottom of the jar were some muscled bits of paper, a bit of red sealing wax, and some particles of red clay. By the light which he always carried with him, Shamrock examined the ground around the jar carefully. Finally, he found that for which he was looking, and pocketing the evidence, made his way homeward.

Once home he examined his exhibits carefully. That black dirt could easily have come from the sultan's garden, but the red clay was found only on the river bank. Shamrock was well acquainted with the people who inhabited the river bank. In return for occasional favors, of an official nature, they often gave him valuable information.

Early the next morning he sauntered in the general direction of the bank, stopping now and then to chat with one or another of the strange people who lived there in boxes, caves, dugouts, or whatever else they could find for shelter. Finally he stopped in front of the most sumptuous of these dwellings and tapped gently on the sacking which served for a door. There was no human answer, but a low growl warned him that visitors were not welcome. Nothing daunted, Shamrock prowled around for a time, then sat down on an upturned box to await the master's return. In a few minutes he came.

"Top o' the morning to you, Tagg."

"Good morning, Mr. Murdock."

"Where have you been lately, Tagg. I haven't seen you for some time. You haven't decided that old friends weren't good enough for you, have you?"

"Why, no sir."

"I thought that maybe since you have started hobnobbing with royalty that an Irish detective was cold potatoes."

The man looked at him with wide eyes. "You wouldn't tell on me. I didn't get anything an—"

"Well, I would hate to get you into a trouble. I do believe that I could forget last night if it weren't for one thing. I can't figure just how you escaped with the whole cabinet and all the guards out looking for you."

"That was easy. I just hid behind a curtain until they had all run out, then jumped into one of them jar things that stand on either side of the door. I didn't have such an easy time getting out, though. The thing tipped over and cracked. I fixed it, though. While the guards were all out looking for me, I moved out of the door from the garden up beside the door. Tripped on the stair and like to broke my neck, I did! Ruined a perfectly good shoe."

"What did you fix the shoe with?"

"An old piece of paper stuff I found in the bottom of the jar."

"I'll give you a dollar for the shoe. Just as a souvenir of a smart man."

The old man looked at him suspiciously for a minute, but drew off his shoe and took the dollar.

"I know you wouldn't let me down, roveer."

"Thanks, Tagg, and next time be a little more careful."

"Yes, I will. But I'd like to know, how did you know that I had done it?"

Shamrock laughed. Then he turned the shoe over. On the bottom was a large hole into which had been stuck a piece of paper. Right in the middle of the hole was the royal seal of Zouester. Then he pointed to a print on the ground where the same lions appeared.

"There's another just like it in the sultan's flower bed. Next time don't use state papers to fix up holes in your shoes."

GAIL LAWRENCE, '35.

CLUB CHATTER

(Continued from page 5)

The T. C.'s are busy planning their tea dance to be held in the near future. Wilnetta Warnock is chairman for the orchestra committee, Jane Bucklin of the invitation committee, and Louise Longworth is in charge of the refreshments.

Virginia Brice was in charge of vespers service at the X. L. club Sunday evening.

Irene Sartor talked on "Modern Enemies of Youth." She said that some of these are laziness, false evaluation, and selfishness, and that they can be overcome only by means of Divine help. Betty Hill led the closing prayer.

Laddie Miller Graves spent the week-end at her home in Scottsville, Ky. She took with her Rosella Lee Lewis, Mary Ellen Stokes, and Georganna Martin. The girls had a grand time.

Did you see Mary Milam in Rec Hall Sunday night all dressed up for the new boy friend? What will James say?

Plans are in progress for the annual Easter breakfast given by the X. L. club in honor of the X. L. alumnae who have returned for Homecoming. The committee in charge consists of Virginia Cornelius and Mary Milam. It promises to be a delightful affair.

Hilda Beck, Mary Crockett Evans, Katherine Crosswell, and Elinor Mortimer made some very delicious fudge the other day. Even Marion Farr who has had the mumps thought that it was good.

WINTER NIGHT

The hoot owls moan beneath the moon To greet a lone wolf in the snow. The deep night whispers its own tune, A song of pines and the river's flow.

A rabbit pauses—lifts one ear, Then scurries homeward into the night. Somewhere, crashing brush, a deer Comes down to drink by pale moonlight.

VIRGINIA WINSTON, '34.

That terrible feeling has come again, That indescribable, gnawing, rebellious depression, That maddening, bubbling strife, bitterness of one's self!

Feeling of utter loneliness—nothing— Just shattered thoughts running through a numbed brain!

Oh! to be able to put into words that hopeless feeling

To transport my thoughts to another's mind, And leave an empty shell—yet at peace and rest!

That mood of discontentment, that wanting—yet not finding, That disappointment in something—but what?

RENA BERRY, '34.

SPRING SONG

It smells like spring outside, it does, All nice and fresh and clean. The limbs on all the maple trees Are starting to dress in green.

The birds outside in the courtyard Are quarreling over some crumbs. A robin's singing lustily, "Cheer up! Cheer up! Spring comes!"

MARGARET YOUNG, '35.

ARISTONS WIN BOWLING TOURNNEY

The annual bowling tournament was completed Thursday, March 22. The Del Vers, defending champions, lost to the Aristons in the finals after leading throughout the tourney.

The X.L.'s tied with the Aristons, and were thus qualified to enter the finals. The Aristons out-bowled the other two teams, although the Del Vers were handicapped by the loss of Jacobson and Glander.

Those bowling in the finals were:
Aristons
V. Barnes, P. Chadwell, E. Boyd, E. Trabue.

Del Vers
H. Larimer, M. Page, C. Brown, V. Ferguson.

X.L.
A. Shaw, D. Wheeler, V. Cornelius, E. Mortimer.

MUSIC STUDENTS ENTERTAIN IN CHAPEL

The chapel program on Wednesday, March 28, was devoted to a music program. The program was as follows:

Voice—
(a) Spirit Flower . . . Campbell-Tipton
(b) Danny Boy . . . Irish Folk Song
Miss Isobel Coulter

Violin—
(a) Arioso Bach
(b) Minuet Porpora-Kreier
(c) Hungarian Dance No. 2
Miss Amelia Baskerville

Piano—
(a) Concert Etude MacDowell
Miss Frances Rose

STUDENTS ATTEND "Y" CONFERENCE

Monday, March 26, Martha Jane Chattin, who is chairman of the World Fellowship Committee, Lydia Fountain, Frances Graham, Mary Jane Safford, and Louise Longworth went as representatives from Ward-Belmont to Scarritt College to participate in an inter-collegiate discussion regarding the functions and purpose of the Student Volunteer Movement on the College Campuses of America.

Tea was served in the parlors of Scarritt, after which a vigorous discussion took place, with Henry Hart of Vanderbilt acting as chairman of the meeting. Jesse Wilson, General Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, then spoke to the group of the problems confronting the movement in its contacts with students and world life.

Five colleges were represented at the Conference.

"Y" HOLDS LENTEN SERVICES

Each morning during the past Holy Week various members of the Y.W.C.A. Cabinet have conducted an early worship service in the Big "Y" Room. In these services, the girls have followed day by day the actual events which occurred during the last week of Jesus' sojourn on earth, culminating in his resurrection on Easter Sunday.

The girls who have conducted the services are:

Monday—Martha Fisher.
Tuesday—Thelma Martin.
Wednesday—Mary Alice Paine.
Thursday—Gail Lawrence.
Friday—Martha Jane Chattin.
Saturday—Mathilda Dougherty.

REMINDER

In winter
I love to sit
Beside the fire
And hear the wind
Whistling through the pines.
It's like a voice
Long gone,
Calling to me
Through the dusk.

MANY ACTIVITIES PLANNED FOR HOMECOMING

(Continued from page 1)

festivities will be brought to a close with the A. K. Club's Easter tea and an after-dinner coffee at the Agora Club.

AGORA COFFEE

On Sunday after dinner, the Agora Club will entertain the alumnae and faculty with a coffee. Christine Hill has charge of the refreshments; Elizabeth Airhart is chairman of the invitations committee; Helene Loeb and Catharine Croswell will pour. During the coffee Martha Rucker will play the violin, accompanied by Mrs. Rose at the piano.

TRI-K BREAKFAST

On Sunday morning the Tri-K's will give a breakfast for the alumnae. It will be at nine o'clock in the club house. Mary Eleanor Clay is chairman of the breakfast.

A. K. TEA

One of the loveliest affairs of Homecoming week-end is the formal tea given in the A. K. house from three to five o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Virginia Shaw is chairman of the tea. Alice Vivienne Hill is taking charge of the invitations and Nancyann Schmid has charge of the orchestra committee.

X. L. BREAKFAST

Plans are in progress for the annual Easter breakfast given by the X. L. club in honor of the X. L. alumnae who have returned for the Homecoming of '34. Those in charge of the breakfasts are Virginia Cornelius and Mary Milam. The breakfast promises to be a very delightful affair. Rena Berry, X. L. president, also aided the alumnae office by taking charge of the Friday evening reception in the X. L. house.

PENTA TAU BREAKFAST

The Penta Tau club is having a breakfast on Easter Sunday morning for all the old Penta Taus who will be back for Homecoming of '34. The breakfast is an annual entertainment in the club.

OSIRON BREAKFAST

The Osiron club will entertain at breakfast on Sunday morning of Homecoming week-end at the club house. All Osiron alumnae and the present club members will attend.

DEL VER TEA

The Del Ver club will give a tea Saturday afternoon, March 31, for all the alumnae from four to six. They will also have a breakfast for all the old club girls and the Del Ver alumnae. Both of these will take place at the club house.

F. F. BREAKFAST

There will be a breakfast Sunday morning at nine o'clock in the F. F. club house for the F. F. alumnae and the present club officers.

WARD-BELMONT ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

(Continued from page 1)

planned for Homecoming such as we have this week, was in the spring of 1929, at which time the Alumnae Association dedicated the chimneys in the tower. Each succeeding Homecoming has increased greatly in size and success.

The present officers of the Association are:

President—Catherine Blackman, '28.
First vice-president—Grace Cavert Stumb (Mrs. Paul).
Second vice-president—Kathryn Funk, '31.

Secretary-treasurer—Mary Jane Pulver, '28.

Past presidents who will be here on the campus for the present Homecoming are Linda Rhee '14, Mary Elizabeth Cayce, '28, and Mrs. Lucile Oliver Zanone, '22, who was acting president last year in the absence of Elizabeth Barthell, '28.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, April 7, 1934

Number 24

SENIOR-SENIOR-MIDDLE DAY SAT-URDAY EVENT

For the past two weeks both college classes have been preparing for Senior-Senior-Middle Day. Enthusiastic athletes have risen faithfully at six-thirty to attend early morning practices and left the tea-room early to attend late afternoon practices.

The variety of sports has appealed to a large group. A girl, by attending three scheduled practices, has made herself eligible for a team. Each girl might participate in two sports.

The first sport of the day was archery which immediately followed the parade. The second sport was bowling, and the third baseball. The last two sports, water-polo and basketball, were held after lunch in the order named.

With the exception of water-polo, there are more letter athletes taking part in sports this year than formerly, so that the day promises to be a very successful one.

SENIOR COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

The following girls from the Senior class have been appointed to head committees for Senior-Senior-Middle Day:

Yells and Songs.....E'Lois Geible
Decorations.....Marie Bomke
Parade.....Robert Mungert
Stunt.....Charlie Holcomb
Athletic Manager.....Catherine Brown
Individual Sport Managers—

Bowling.....Anne Shaw
Basketball.....Dorothy Glander
Water Polo.....Mary Marie Linn
Baseball.....Dorothy Jones
Hockey.....Martha Fyeatt

SENIOR-MIDDLE COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

The following girls from the Senior-Middle class have been appointed to head committees for Senior-Senior-Middle Day:

Yells and Songs.....Peggy Young
Outfits.....Edwina Holland
Decorations.....Rachel Hailey
Pennant.....Elizabeth Ann Rall
Parade.....Mary Lalla Byrn
Stunt.....Marjorie Wells
Athletic Manager.....Rosemary Horstmann
Individual Sport Managers—

Bowling.....Marguerite Page
Basketball.....Gilbertine Moore
Water Polo.....Eleanor Irwin
Baseball.....Patty Chawell
Hockey.....Toska Ann Von Borries

W-B. TO SPONSOR

ALL-STUDENT VESPERS

Next Sunday evening, at 6:30, Ward-Belmont School will be hostess to a vesper service for all students of the city. The service will be led by Dr. Shailer Matthews, dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, who is delivering the Cole lectures at Vanderbilt this year. The Vanderbilt Glee Club will furnish special music.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Monday, April 9—

"Dieting," by Virginia R. Dickinson.

Wednesday, April 11—

Rev. Moultrie Guerry, Chaplain of the University of the South.

Friday, April 13—

"Pauvre Sylvie"—a play by the French Department.

MORNING EASTER SERVICE HELD

The early morning Easter service, which is among the Ward-Belmont traditions, was held on Easter morning at 7:30 in Recreation Hall. Dr. John L. Ferguson, pastor of the Arlington Methodist Church, led the devotional meditations of the morning. He spoke of the Resurrection and dwelt particularly on the appearance of Jesus to Mary Magdalene. The main theme of Dr. Ferguson's message was the fact that the Christ appeared to those who needed Him the most.

Many of the students, faculty, and alumnae were present at these services. Lydia Fountain, president of the Y.W.C.A., presided. At the beginning of the service the Y.W.C.A. Cabinet, assisted by members of the choir, marched down the colonial staircase in Recreation Hall singing Easter carols. Special music during the service was given by Martha Rucker, violinist, with Lyda-rene Majors Lunsford, class of '28, at the piano.

VANDERBILT "Y'S" ENTERTAIN W-B. CABINET

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hart, Morton King, president of the Vanderbilt Y.M.C.A., and Jane Sutherland, president of the Vanderbilt Y.W.C.A., greeted the members of the Ward-Belmont "Y's" Cabinet on Wednesday evening, March 28, at Vanderbilt.

Henry Hart, Jr., as chairman of the program committee, presented Bill McKee, a former Vanderbilt student and now a student of the Divinity School of Yale, who led a discussion on "The Meaning of Religion to Life on the Campus Today."

SENIORS-SENIOR-MIDDLES CARRY ON TRADITIONAL DAY

Today witnesses the carrying out of another of Ward-Belmont's most treasured traditions. Senior-Senior-Middle Day is one of the oldest and finest of all traditions at Ward-Belmont. If we glance through some of the HYPHENS for other years, we will find the write-up of this event always gracing the front page. It is interesting to note what other classes did, and which of the two classes won each year.

The year 1919 seems to be the earliest recorded Senior-Senior-Middle contest. In that year the Senior-Middles emerged the victors. An interesting part of this contest is the fact that the Senior-Middles challenged the Seniors.

The following year, 1920, the Seniors tied the Senior-Mids at 19 each. The contest that year was rather a fizzle because of bad weather conditions.

In 1921 the Seniors were the victors in an easily won contest.

In 1924 the Senior-Middles won, and in 1925, as Seniors, they won the cup again.

In 1926 the Seniors were victorious over the Senior-Middles.

In 1927 the Senior-Mids won the day.

In the issue of the HYPHEN for April 21, 1928, an obituary notice was printed mourning the Senior-Mids' *Hope*. The item was sad and gloomy, properly bewailing the untimely demise of *Hope*. The Seniors buried the Senior-Mids' *Hope* too soon, however, for the lively lady rose unexpectedly from the dead to lead the Senior-Mids to a glorious victory.

In 1929 the Seniors challenged the Senior-Middles with this song:

"Now, listen Senior-Middles gathered here;
The coming conflict gives you much to fear.
When the immortal gods go forth to win
Your mortal arms will never save your skin.
When mortals dare to meet our weapons strong—
Then they are sure to end where they belong,
For fate has sealed your woeful destiny.
The gods will win!!!!!"

And that year their challenge was sustained, for the Seniors, who, as Senior-Mids had won the year before, carried the day. They were thus the second class of Senior-Mids who proved themselves strong enough to win twice in succession.

In 1930 the Seniors defeated the Senior-Mids.

In 1931 the Seniors retrieved their honor by defeating the Senior-Mids.

In 1932 the Senior-Mids who are the reigning Seniors now, drubbed their Seniors mightily. It remains to be seen if they will be the third class to win the coveted cup two times.

DEAN BURK, CHAPEL SPEAKER

The second part of the talk, "Grandmother's Granddaughter Goes to School," was given by Dean J. E. Burk during the chapel hour on Monday, April 2. At the beginning of his remarks Dean Burk stated that every three years this school makes investigations concerning its former students who attend other schools. He had just recently received a letter from Duke University concerning Ward-Belmont girls who are there at present, and he read and enlarged upon several points brought out in the letter.

It was stated that these former Ward-Belmont students stood well academically, participated in many student activities, were courteous and cooperative in campus life, and had made themselves welcome on the Duke campus. The letter in conclusion stated the things which the university hoped to give the students. These included an inspiration for knowledge, a normal social life, and an opportunity to develop their lives to the fullest possible extent. Dean Burk further stated that the purposes of both schools were preparation for future life, and the creation of a happy life at school.

W-B. ORCHESTRA TO GIVE CONCERT

The Ward-Belmont orchestra will give its annual concert on Tuesday, April 10. The selections to be presented include a wide selection ranging from Bach to Purcell. Two selections of Lawrence Riggs, of the Ward-Belmont Music Department will be played. The concert artist will be Annette McAdoo, diploma student in violin.

EXPRESSION STUDENTS GIVE RECITALS

Three presentations of plays have been the features of the Expression Department during the past week. These plays were a continuation of those being given by Senior expression students.

Lillian Kelly presented "Book of Charm" on Thursday, March 29. The story was that of a romance in which the boy hoped he could win the girl of his dreams by the acquisition of charm. The entire recital was well done.

On Friday, March 30, Jennabeth Jones gave a cutting of "Daddy Long-legs." The story was an old one, but the presentation was lively and interesting.

"Mrs. Partridge Presents" was given by Mary Foute Jones on Tuesday, April 3. The story centered around a mother who, a famous dress designer herself, had high ambitions for her children, but which were not at all to their liking. The recital was splendidly presented.

DR. KERR GIVES POST-EASTER MESSAGE

Dr. Howard Kerr of the Hillsboro Presbyterian Church was the speaker for chapel on Wednesday, April 4, 1934. His text was taken from the twenty-fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. John.

"Simon Peter did not fish for sport," said Dr. Kerr, "it was a business—stern, hard and bread and butter business." And when Peter said, "After that I go fishing," it was significant because Easter had been over just a few days, the Master was gone, and Peter faced the necessity of adjusting himself to a new life. The interesting question arises as how Peter went about his job. That day he went fishing with a new sense of dignity in his work. He took with him the power of the resurrected spirit. He realized that there was no necessity in leaving the thrill and exaltation of his experiences with Christ now that Christ was dead.

"So it should be with all of us," said Dr. Kerr. "If we have a new zest for life after Easter, Easter has truly meant something to us as it did to Peter."

"If you all are having a difficult time getting back to your books and to routine, you have gained nothing from Easter. If you carry the experiences of Easter into your daily life, you will find that you can have Easter every day."

You will find Christ everywhere after Easter. If you find the new life you will find Him there. In closing, Dr. Kerr said, "Easter is over. Let us go fishing."

MR. HENKEL PRESENTS GOOD FRIDAY MUSIC

Mr. F. Arthur Henkel was presented in an organ recital of Good Friday music in chapel Friday, March 30. It was thoroughly enjoyed by both students and faculty and created an atmosphere most appropriate to the occasion.

The program was as follows:

Chorale Prelude.....C. H. Parry
Gethsemane.....Schure
Prelude to "Paradise".....Wagner
Postlude—"In Paradisum".....Dubois

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Beginning Friday

MARGARET SULLIVAN

in

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MRS. ROSE PRESENTS PUPILS IN RECITAL

Mrs. Kenneth Rose presented her pupils in a recital, assisted by Virginia Taylor, violinist, pupil of Kenneth Rose, Wednesday, March 28, in the Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

Song of the Sea *Harriet Ware*
Submerged Cathedral *Debussy*
Mildred Clements
Improvisation and Melody *Brown*
Alice Adams
Auld Lang Syne *Scotch Air*
Reflection *Thompson*
June Wise
Lullaby *Brahms*
(Arr. by Anderson)
Margaret Burk
Prelude in F *Bach*
Chasing Butterflies *Lamont*
Anna Marie Cate
Venetienne Barcarolle *Godard*
Ann Hall
Concerto in A Minor (First Movement) *Viotti*
Virginia Taylor
Concert Etude *MacDowell*
Frances Rose
The Bell *Wright*
Veil Dance *Wright*
Jane Cornelius

EASTER, SPON- SORED BY "Y"

The girls of the Florence Crittenton Home were delightfully surprised Easter morning when they went in to breakfast. In the center of the dining table was a most attractive cart, filled with Easter eggs and chicks, drawn by a cunning little duck. And each girl found a nest of gaily colored eggs at her plate. After breakfast the duck was taken to the nursery where it delighted the babies.

Even though the rabbits were very busy, they did not fail to visit the women and children in the medical ward at Vanderbilt Hospital. When the breakfast trays arrived, each person found a nest of Easter eggs.

Whether you ever knew it or not, old ladies like bunnies and Easter eggs just as much as children do. The ladies at the Old Ladies' Home were not forgotten on Easter morning, because they also found attractive remembrances from the rabbits when they went in to breakfast.

The committees under the direction of their chairmen, Matilda Dougherty, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, and Thelma Martin, were responsible for making Easter a happier day for those people.

EASTER EGGS TO JUNIOR LEAGUE HOME

Soon after breakfast Easter morning, a taxi left Ward-Belmont Campus laden with a large box of eggs (honey-to-goodness dyed eggs) and girls. The eggs, which were now en route to the annual egg hunt for the children at the Junior League Home, had been colored the day before by Ann Shaw and members of her committee.

However, the Superintendent met the girls at the door with sad tidings. There were eight new cases of measles! Even though the girls couldn't stay, the children must not be disappointed; consequently the eggs were left and the girls returned.

TENNESSEE CHIL- DREN'S HOME

As the Ward-Belmont girls arrived at the Tennessee Children's Home, Sunday afternoon, bringing dozens of Easter eggs, about forty children quivered with excitement and anticipation. The hour had arrived for the great Easter egg hunt! The girls disappeared to the other side of the playgrounds where they met Mrs. Henry Cain, who was waiting with many interesting additions to the

party. She had a large rabbit, filled with eggs, for each child, and many candy eggs, too. Not to mention the four great prizes!

Soon Eva Charly Ohlhaber, Harriet Ostergren, Jo Ann Crawford, Jeanette Knowles, Lydia Fountain, and Arlene Hershey were busily engaged in hiding the eggs. Everything was ready—and, at last the troop of children was free to hunt to their hearts' content! As excitement was running high, a little four-year-old Raymond found an egg in an old teapot, and was he thrilled! After prizes and rabbits were given to the children, they all feasted upon ice cream and angel food cake. One little boy expressed the sentiment of the entire group when he said, "This is the nicest Easter party we've ever had!"

Back of this party lies an interesting story. A short time ago a man and his wife adopted a child from the Home. They were so happy to have her that they sent a check to Mrs. Cain to be used for the other children at Easter time. It was their thoughtfulness which made rabbits and ice cream and cake possible for these children on Easter Day.

CLUB CHATTER

The Agoras had after-dinner coffee for the alumnae Sunday, and what a gay colorful spring gathering it turned out to be!

The club was decorated with vases filled with flowers of all varieties, and Martha Rucker added to the atmosphere by her violin.

Marion Kaeser was seen dodging about taking pictures while Radeen Tibbetts and Christine Jill tried to keep steady in serving. Helene Loeb and Kay Crosswell poured, and what efficient hostesses they make!

Dorothy Zerk joined in the last club meeting. Which reminds me that Margaret Shaw still blushes if she's reminded of General Monitor's meeting. Ask for details.

Radeen seems or rather is quite a tapper. When accompanied by Cecil Seitz, they prove to be interesting entertainment.

The lucky girls were Jane Keyport and Jane Hoffanburg, whose parents were here during Homecoming week!

Marjorie Abbott and Margaret Coulter have quite a flare for tennis. Gilbertine has been playing, too—Y'all keep it up—

Were the A. K.'s ever glad to welcome Cherry, Willert, Troxel, Elise, and the other alums back! Sure wish they could have stayed longer!

Virginia Richie looked mighty pretty and happy Sunday. Her mother, aunt and uncle were here to see her Easter. In fact, the A. K.'s were very happy to have some of the families here. Mr. and Mrs. Schmid were here, too.

Mrs. Parks (Miss Wells) was at the tea also and helped welcome the old girls home.

Bomke and Dukie spent Monday afternoon down at the house sleeping and reading. Maybe this spring weather was too much for them.

Nellie was at the club Sunday morning straightening up the house. The club just couldn't get along without her.

The twins looked cute dressed alike at the dance Saturday night and at the supper Sunday. They really looked like "twins."

Kitty and Clara were very glad to see Mary Driscoll's family, so it is heard. Did you enjoy yourselves, girls?

Woe is me! All the fond mammas, papas, boy friends, and what-have-yous are gone, and everybody is weeping bitter tears. The Anti-Pan Club house is practically floating in salt

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water! What, with Frankie's Bill leaving, 'n everything!

Carolyn and Frances looked swell Sunday afternoon—and the corsages! Whoops! Smitty also sported an attractive corsage. And so did Bomke.

Virginia Shaw certainly managed the tea beautifully. The A. K.'s owe her a great big helping of thanks.

And did you hear about the gorgeous cake that Marjorie Abbott had at club Thursday night? It was her birthday and Rose Cyrene, May Dell, Ida May, and Margaret helped her celebrate.

The little Ant-Pans certainly did themselves up in a big way to show their seven old girls just what they're missing. Balsiger even got up early to supervise the cooking, and at last, Charlotte Anne had good intentions.

The Sunday morning breakfast was simply "swelligant," and the old girls were gobs of fun! Methinks Kelly kind of got a little flustered over the ham and eggs, 'cause she absent-mindedly put salt in her coffee instead of sugar.

Bright thought! Wonder what it's gonna' look like twenty years from now when we as alumnae are on the outside looking in?

My goodness—two more down! Elise found those tell-tale red splashes popping out, and immediately up and goes home for the weekend. Must be nice! Then Martha Anne decided that ptomaine poisoning wasn't enough, so she trotted up to the infirmary and convinced them that she also had that fatal disease. Oh, you measley people!

Nuts—that Anti-Pan lamp has gotten itself into trouble again! The little gold dojigger (guess it's a screw) has disappeared and no one can tell where to find it. If anybody sees it around, please give it the "come-hither" glance and send it home. Uncle and Auntie-Pan are getting kind of worried on-account-of-because the lamp shade won't stay on without it!

Wednesday night the F. F.'s all indulged in a dinner, and what a dinner! All the members were seated around a long table with Miss Reuf as hostess and Nig as "Host." Harriet Ostergren, who was in charge of the food committee certainly knows the weak spots in the hearts of her club sisters for she had green salad, fried chicken, baked potatoes browned on top, peas, and delicious cherry roll covered with hard sauce.

Miss Reuf was very much disturbed over the way K. Mathis made away with the hard sauce and the way Nita devoured the hot rolls. During the dessert course Folly Gay presented Miss Reuf with a big box of candy, compliments of the members. Miss Reuf wanted to open it, but Frances Street meekly said no! along with a chorus of others.

Polly then told everyone to scout for eggs and did those F. F.'s fly around! Viva Lee got the prize, an Easter basket, for finding the most eggs. After the eggs were all found Carolyn suggested that Viva Lee wanted the meeting to adjourn. It was suggested that there was fear of finding more eggs. At least that's what someone said!

The new F. F. vice-president is Mary Hobson.

The Osirons were most awfully sorry to lose Evalyn Cooper, who was forced to go home on account of illness.

And have you heard about Thelma Martin's Easter gift? Do ask her about it!

The Osiron alumnae breakfast was

more fun. Lots of the best food, and Micky Aldridge's orchid, all for the entertainment of our alumnae! We were all so glad to see them, and welcome them back.

Tri K's want to congratulate Peanut to all the club alums who came this year and to all the others who were missed.

Tri K's want to congratulate Buzzy for her good apparatus work. And Buzzy, what does a cat look like when it's caught in the cream?

Tri K's send their love and an invitation for next year's Homecoming to all the club alums who came this year and to all the others who were missed.

Easter gave a slant on each Tri K's progress in various love affairs. "They said it with flowers" to Miss Carling, Rose Morrison, Stanley Elizabeth (who really should have invited hers in two for the rest of the club) and many others. Dr. Grenfell's telegrams thrilled the remainder.

Just met Katrina in the hall with a bunch of clothes. Hear these Tri K's are teaming up—Jane Carroll and Tri K's are rooming together.

Edna St. Vincent Millay's *The Princess Marries The Page*, given by Mary Jones last Wednesday. "Peanut" really is a genius at such things, and she made each one of her listeners a prize looking for nice red apples. Good old Tri K appetite!

Well, well! Tri K's were surely surprised by the appearance of some unexpected alums. Jean Holsinger, president in '31, drove up with good old Toney. Then, Kiesel dropped down from Wisconsin to enjoy a ride on Pilot. Judge and several others arrived amid cheers.

Easter morning brought the traditional Tri K alum breakfast with Mary Eleanor as "chief" of the committee. Thank fortune the silver was washed in great style!

Tri K's had some fun organizing a "big ten" for baseball. Anyhow they have "Casey at the Bat."

Mary Marm, did the rest of your party desert you last Saturday night? The Tri K house was the scene of a big cake party—Ummmm!

The T. C. breakfast given in honor of the alumnae was a success! It created quite a bit of disturbance in the kitchen as the cooks were evident amateurs, but by the way their efforts were received by the alumnae, they were encouraged to try it again.

Official advertisement: Bucklin is no mindreader. T. C.'s, turn in your names for guests for the tea dance, April 13!

The T. C.'s were proud of little Warnock's skill in apparatus. These small people can do big things sometimes.

Did you see the X. L. girls hunting for eggs Sunday morning? They said that the Easter bunny had been here. Guess he was all right, because you never saw so many eggs in all your life.

The X.L. girls gave a breakfast Sunday morning for the X.L. alums, and they had a grand time. The alums were thrilled about the new furniture, so they sat in every chair in order to see how comfortable they were.

It seems that they didn't want to leave their Alma Mater at all, and most of the girls had tears in their eyes as they bid their good-bys. The Seniors had a grand time while the alums were here, but they do feel rather lonesome now that everyone has gone. I guess the Senior-Mids will feel the same next year.

Elinor Mortimer was certainly remembered Easter morning. Never saw such a big box of food! Irene Sartor, Mary C. Evans, Marion Farr, Lucille Endsley, Mary Jane Safford,

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3:00 to 5:00 5 p.m. to 8:30

We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends

and Betty Barth enjoyed the contents of the box Sunday.

Bob, where in the world did you get all the corsages? Tell us the secret as we would like to get some.

My word, Virginia Brice had the mumps! She must have eaten too much at the Easter dinner? Ann Shaw, are you sure you haven't the mumps? Do take care of yourself or you will have to keep Virginia company.

Just to let you know that this reporter isn't falling down on the job we wish to announce that in collaboration with another Angkor she sat up half the night deciding on something to do for five minutes in chapel. It's a tie between an Egyptian minstrel or a pantomime of "The Night Before Xmas." We let you know who won!

May we again welcome back to our fold, Susan! She seems to be the scouting-aroundest member of the club so she's the natural one to welcome. But we don't believe her visitors were ever properly welcomed back, so here you are!

For three successive Tuesdays the club "en masse" had planned to have themselves to Club Village to have their pictures "took." It's rained us out everytime but "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Ellen's head of the picture taking and we've seen more than one frown on her face as she tries to get our versatile members in characteristic poses.

We are just rolling in wealth! It's the first time all our dues have ever been paid anywhere near on time—take your bow, Carolyn! It seems to have gone to our head. Some of the Scotchier members are beginning to worry over the way we're tossing five-dollar bills away to orphans, etc.

Blue night of sapphire hue,
Sprinkled with silver stars;
Gray clouds of distant skies;
Float into memories of yesterday;
Through the quiet solitude,
Come stealing back thoughts

Of those who are dead.
Voices not heard for years,
Voices of those who were dear,
Oh, blue night, you are beautiful to see,

But, alas! Beauty can bring such pain.

My inner self stifles the cries
That arise, causing me to rebel.
Will life continue? my life of hell!

RENA BERRY, '34.

To be able to take atmosphere
To one's self, to squeeze, to hurt,
Humiliate, crush and—
Fling away, unconscious
Of any wrong feeling
In one's heart.
Can we never do wrongs
Without a tortured soul hurt?
A feeling of guilt and regret!

RENA BERRY, '34.

Every hour a different experience;
Each day a new book complete;
A volume born during the year;
A library of many manuscripts—
Gathered from a single life.

RENA BERRY, '34.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Ward-Belmont.

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EDITORIAL

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

"Character is higher than intellect. . . . A great soul will be stronger to live, as well as to think."

The purpose of sport, in general, is, first, to satisfy the play instinct. If a sport fails to meet this requirement, then it fails to be a good sport. Sport should be play, and the moment a sport ceases to be a joy and a delight for the participating contestants, it ceases to be worth while.

When a player enters a game, and the whistle has blown for the game to begin, the player should put the best he has into the game, knowing that if he wins or loses, he has done his best.

Beyond this, there is a second, and much higher, objective—the contribution sports and good sportsmanship make to one's moral and social development.

First, to put it into plain language, good sportsmanship is essential to clean living. This has always played such a high part in the life of youth that a too high estimate could not be placed on its value.

Second, through sports and good sportsmanship one is able to develop self-discipline. Rules and restrictions! The one thing to know is that only through rules do we rise to greater freedom. How does one become a good player? After watching an interesting hockey game, we feel that the most outstanding player has had to give up certain things to play a hard game. She has developed within herself a self-discipline which time cannot take away from her.

Third is cooperation. This is strongly developed in team games, but even the on-lookers play an important part. Those who have gone before us in previous years have always cooperated in every way in making Senior-Senior-Middle Day a day of fun, friendly rivalry and good sportsmanship.

It is a day of competition, and oftentimes we forget that life, itself, is a competitive thing whether we like it or not. There is a feeling of keen competition, but it is on the field and in cheering groups that this becomes a minor thing and the general atmosphere predominates.

From being a good sport, one should learn the joy of living at the highest point of joy and enthusiasm. Each girl should learn the lesson of self-discipline and know that she is the better girl who can prove herself worthy of it.

V. L. D., '34.

Good sportsmanship! What is it? We may talk much about it without knowing definitely the meaning of such a state. In fact, we may be good sports without fully understanding the significance of the phrase.

But to know the real meaning of good sportsmanship is to either realize we have and must keep it, or to realize that we are lacking in such a quality and must acquire it. The dictionary characterizes a good sportsman as "one who competes fairly in any contest, according to the rules and spirit of the art or practice of field sports." That definition covers many phases. It means more than the mere participation in sports.

First of all it means that those entered in the sport must play not only fairly but to the best of their ability. Correct play is honest play. It means more to us, for all of us do not go out on the athletic field; we must consider the team as our representative. It is up to us to support them to the best of our ability and in a spirit of honest and fair play.

There is an unpublished rule in the field of sport that one must be a good loser. This is a frequently repeated warning whenever an athletic contest is to occur. It can never be overemphasized, for it is the very backbone of good, clean sport. More than that, it means sport thoroughly enjoyed.

(Continued on column 3)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Well, most of the alums and families have departed and the campus has settled down to peace, quiet and spring fever, particularly the spring fever. (Did you hear about the Senior-Mid who went to sleep in class—and was she embarrassed!)

It certainly seems too funny to stay downtown after dark. When we run into W-B girls we feel as though one of us should run down the nearest alley. It will be nice to get used to, though.

Most of Ward-Belmont and their families seemed to be at the Andrew Jackson Saturday night. Jimmy and his orchestra were quite overwhelmed by requests.

We hear that Zaug particularly likes Easter candy, since so much of it is in the shape of jelly beans. Ask her the connection between jelly beans and Wisconsin.

Betty Otis departed Wednesday noon and Founders is enjoying a well earned rest. We do hope she enjoys her stay at home. She has been planning it for so long.

Peanut (Miss Mary Foute Jones, to you) we are proud! Ah, yes, you have joined the ranks of the Misses Siddons, Cleve and Barrymore. And did you see the posies, black cellophane 'n all, that our budding actress received?

Betty Randle finally got away for a week-end. To Louisville, no less. Some people have all the luck.

Frankie Marbury, judging from glimpses caught here and there, enjoyed her week-end immensely. Too bad that they have poison ivy in Percy Warner though, Frankie!

Speaking of Percy Warner—Mary Driscoll and her brothers asked a policeman if he knew the way to Percy Warner Park. He said, "Yes!" Loquacious, we calls him.

Did you see:

Smith and Lincoln—or who was it—being removed from Founders the other day, bodily, solely and entirely? We heard something about "We can't have any bodily injury." Now will they be good?

All the daffodils on the campus!

All the alums falling into each other's arms with "D-a-r-l-i-n-g, so g-a-n-d to see you again!"

The flowers at the A. K. tea! And the cakes, too!

Lib Glasgow at hockey practice at 6:45 A.M.

Mary Marm with both orchids and gardenias on Sunday!

Well enough for one spring day, especially when its as hot as today. See you!

A LONE PINE

Mad waves flogged by frosted winds,
Lashed wildly the frozen shore;
Dredging a lone pine's bared roots;
Enfeebling its rigid stand.
Like cast-iron tips of the slave-driving cat.

The greedy waves tore fiendishly,
Ensnaring vital props of the tall old pine

Which shivered and shook with rage.
Spurred on by the pine's great anger,
They redoubled their tumultuous play;
Dashing ice-d sprays to its highest boughs;

Snatching the earth from its base.

Robbed of its aged and dignified footing.

The great pine raised its arms in prayer;

With a last fond glimpse of the wide blue sky

Relinquished its pride and fell to the waves.

WINIFRED MARSH, '35.

Houses—each witnesses of life.
Houses—friends without tongues—
How nice to possess mere friends
Void of speaking apparatus!

RENA BERRY, '34.

EAGLE FEATHER

DAY'S END

I watch the clouds
Gather over the windswept
World.
I watch the swans
On the lake,
As they swim toward
The shore for shelter
Against the night.
I watch the clouds
Get darker,
And settle in layers
Of heavy black
Across the sky
That is unfriendly,
Cold and bleak.
As the darkness
Settles around me,
My heart is chilled
My spirit is grown old.
I was never meant
To be left in the dark.
My soul cries
For the sunshine.

M. F. J., '34.

THOUGHTS

Some thoughts, like rivers,
Clear and rapid,
Running in the highlands,
Draw others to them
As they rush on through
Green and wooded lanes;
Replenished by silvery springs;
Destined to reach the sea.

Other thoughts, like rivers
Crawling sluggishly
Through the lowlands,
Branch out incessantly
Into swamps and flats
Drugged by logs and weeds;
Destined to become nothingness;
Or die in a stagnant pool.

W. M., '35.

DAWN

Fine cob-webs, lacy spun
With silver shining dew-drops
Glitter in the sun.

Morning mists, wispy fine,
With twisted thread of grayness
Lift a thinning line.

M. Y., '35.

WHEAT

Glowing, waving
Fields of wheat.
Shining, gleaming
Masses of yellow grain
Like the sea
Glistering in the sun.
Bread for the hungry poor
From wheat stacked at the
thresher's door.

Rain and sun
Beating down upon
My fields of wheat;
Rain and sun
Harming and healing.

M. F. J., '34.

I WONDER

I wonder if the sun is out
Or if it's raining hard.
I wonder if the grass will sprout
In our tired yard.

I wonder if the lilacs bloomed,
And if the sap is sweet
Which flows from all the trees well-
groomed,
Which line our brick-paved street.

I wonder if dear Jennie Wren
Will live her life of ease,
And will the robins nest again
In our tall poplar trees.

I sit and wonder all day long—
I'm such a silly lot,
To think that everything is wrong
When I know it is not.

M. Y., '35.

(Continued from column 1)

Our definition speaks of the spirit of play. We play games, we indulge in sports, for the fun we may get out of the contest. The best man will win; there is no stopping that. But sometimes the poorest man may win in that his sportsmanship is of the highest type. There is a hope that today good sportsmanship will be even higher than it has ever been before. It can never be too high.

H. L., '34.

PREP PATTER

Signs of Spring

Anklets, Homecoming, backless dresses (etty Frantz), people bumping into each other with tennis racquets (Dorothy Evans, Mary Louise Sink, Ruth Morton), Seniors dashing off the campus at lunch and dashing back on again without having their Latin (Landis Shaw), weak iced tea in the lunch room (heavenly only—we haven't been there since we got our privileges), cameras, girls home for more money, outdoor classes (Miss Hay), hot cross buns, baseball and more anklets!

Frances Etheridge's spring poem hits the well-known nail on its head. It goes like this, if we remember correctly:

... And I wait for things to happen
Though I know not what they'll be—
But I think the right solution
Is a new spring hat for me."
Right you are!

Hippy Bearden was at lunch at Landyland (adv.) the other day when Margaret Greene told her, on some occasion or other, that she was gullible. Hippy rose back in high dudgeon, even refusing to speak. When at school again, she rushed to a dictionary to look up the offending word. The first definition was "simple."

Who is the fond beau that Anne Huddleston found it so hard to say good-bye to Sunday afternoon, and why did Nancy Houghland's heart crack the same day? (No connection, we hope.) What juveniles attended a decidedly grown-up Easter egg hunt? And what boy had only seen a fair maiden twice before he asked her to church Easter Sunday?

Everybody came back to school after Easter sporting corsages. Audrey Butterfield got one with sweetheart roses, which could mean most anything, and Jane Meadows had orchids, which is not to be lightly passed by. Then everyone knows that Elizabeth Fraig led the Alpha Chi grand march and that practically the whole high school of W.-B. lent grace to the occasion. Oh, they rate!

Ruth Godwin has a new silver Beta bracelet, and Virginia McClellan has a lovely pin. We tried to find out those, but couldn't. Maybe we'll know next time! Two sophomores ovah each other, were asked for dates by two outstanding S.A.E.'s—one a star baseball player—"In the spring a young man's fancy..."

Speaking of April Fools' Day, Bonny Hager's fond family set all the clocks in the house up an hour on Monday, and Bonny arrived at school the next morning at seven o'clock. Something else we want to mention before we forget it is the fact that etty Penick can draw the cutest pictures of cats we ever saw. We're going to get one or know the reason why.

Wonder if you've heard that boner: Many deaths were caused by elocution. Again we agree.

Right now, we've a ringing in our ears, and practically spots before our eyes—we can feel chills and fever coming on. Get out the spring tonic, or spring has come!

REVIEWS OF
CURRENT PICTURES

Looking for Trouble

The unsung heroes of the telephone repair system! Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie face fires, earthquakes, lizards and, in addition to all this, Spencer has a rival in Morgan Cumby for the love of Constance Cum-

blings. Arline Judge is in the movie, too. We couldn't personally recommend it because we don't like a single member of the cast, but it's fast, funny, and the dialogue is right there.

"Only Yesterday"

A simple story, beautifully told. Margaret Sullivan loves John Boles not wisely, but too well, with the expected consequences that he goes to war without hearing what has happened. She won't tell even years later after he has married, until she is dying. Then he gets a letter from her, in time to give him a new incentive for living after the crash of '29. That's all, but Margaret Sullivan's excellent work and the direction by John Stahl make it a fine picture. Also Bonita Hume, Edna Mae Oliver, Billie Burke, Reginald Denny and Jimmy Butler. Recommended.

"George White's Scandals"

Cinema version of the famous revue. Rudy Vallee, Jimmy Durante, Cliff Edwards, and a ballet of tiny tots. Naturally, there are some George White numbers, and evidently Mr. White was so pleased with some of the big musical hits that he saw fit to repeat them. Which only makes the movie longer. Very good, but hardly inspired.

"Hi, Nellie"

Trip-hammer action, fine humor, cleverly built-up suspense, and ace-high acting by every member of the cast put this picture in the front row of newspaper dramas. Managing editor Paul Muni, on account of supposedly falling down on a job, is relegated to the Heart Throb Department, which has the byline, "Nellie Nelson." Then a bright reportorial job wins him back his desk. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks, Pat Wing. Especially recommended.

THINGS I NEVER KNEW

Our interesting friend, Mr. Samuel Insull, late and possibly soon of Chicago, sailed into the harbor of Istanbul, Turkey, last week and found that he could not sail out, at least for the time being. The Turkish government apparently wanted to arrest him and turn him over to the United States as an Insull possession but hesitated to do so while he remained aboard the grimy freighter. Cagney Insull refused to come ashore and Turkey refused to allow the ship to sail away.

Austria unveiled its new constitution last week. It gives the president about as much power as Emperor Franz Joseph had when he ascended the throne, and the president may change the constitution whenever an emergency makes it desirable. The document reduces the rights of the people, asserting all power comes from God instead of from the people.

Italians, 10,000,000 of them, voted in a chamber of deputies election last week and 98 per cent voted for the fascist state of men. So 9,800,000 Italians won't be in wrong.

President Roosevelt, in the 56th week of his reign, did these things among others:

(a) Averted the threatened automobile industry strike by setting up an all-powerful grievance board of three for the industry and calling up factory councils in which labor delegates will speak for only those men who elected them.

(b) Vetted the independent office appropriation bill because it would tear \$228,000,000 out of federal pay cuts and veterans' compensation.

(c) Indorsed the pending stock exchange control bill and asked that it be enacted without being further weakened.

(d) Signed the "big navy" bill.

(e) Recommended a proposed amendment to the Constitution which would apportion east state's electoral vote according to its popular vote.

(f) Embarked on Vincent Astor's yacht for Jacksonville, Fla., for a cruise and fishing trip.



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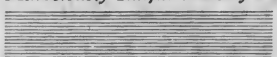
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THE DIARY OF MIS- TRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

Saw Glander back from her week-end this morning. She looks as if a good time were had by all. Whistled down to club this evening and watched my talented sisters perform. Went to the library and looked at a lot of books, and then went back to the room to find Tuck peacefully asleep with the "Quiet is requested for the benefit of those who have retired" sign ensconced precariously outside the door.

Thursday—

To Class meeting, where our spirit was warmed with some hearty urgings for pep in the forthcoming contest between the grave and reverend Seniors and the poor and lowly Senior-Mids. Went out feeling so full of pep I nearly said "Boo" to Viva Lee Davis but my courage failed me. As usual there was nothing but dust in my mail-box.

The alumnae are beginning to drift in by the dozens, and there is no more peace in the library. The stillness keeps being shattered by droves of Seniors who all get up at once and trip outside with glad cries of, "Well, look who's here!"

Friday—

The alumnae are here in force now. Slips are on the table for breakfast and lunch and dinner all two both. Tuck and I don't quite know what to do about such divine luck.

There is no peace within a radius of six miles of Senior. Such a noise, or noises I never did hear. The old girls even arise at the ungodly hours of six in the morning to begin their shouting at one another. Tuck and I feel very left out. We go around falling on each other's neck and greeting each other with wild shouts. Mary Ellen Hudgins thinks we should be allowed to go home while the alumnae have the campus in peace. I think so, too.

Saturday—

Went to town, leaving the campus to the alumnae. They had a dinner in the little dining room, and grace wasn't said until we poor little 'count boarders were halfway finished eating. It seemed very odd to hear grace in the midst of a bite of roll (if you get my subtle meaning).

The Alumnae Association got very generous with a dance for the Alums. Again we thought we would not let ourselves horn in, so we stayed in a corner and sucked our thumbs and got a great deal of enjoyment out of it.

Sunday—

Easter Sunday, and we went to church in black and blue. It bruised my delicate fashion sense, too, but a corsage from Johnny helped. And did the preps ever rate the orchids! Mickey, Ginny, Fran, Pat, etc. Did I burn! Was I mortified! Woe is me!

It's been a perfectly heavenly day all day. I just asked to be out in Johnny's Heavenly Hilda, but the best I could do was to sit out on one of the benches and watch the world go by.

Monday—

Most of the alums have departed, and the campus is having itself a day of rest. Methinks it needs it, poor thing! And now, to add to the noise, or continue it, the Seniors have started rallying around the flag, girls. They do say, over in Pembroke, that cotton in the ears is the only remedy around nine-thirty. Well, we have our little shouting, too, only we have it earlier. I'll bet we make just as much noise as they do.

Tuesday—

The weather continues to be lovely. In fact it waxeth hot around the collar, so to speak, and I do not like hot weather. If they call this just mild spring weather, I wonder what it will be like when it gets to be honest-to-goodness summer!

Everyone does her studying on the campus now. And sun glasses have popped out all over the campus. Not only the measlars!

THE COLLEGE SHOPPER

Speaking of spring fashions doesn't seem quite apropos. According to the weather this will have to be all about bathing suits—and organdies. Here we go for summer clothes:

There is much swish in material. Taffeta is tremendously important at all times and all things, especially a fine black and white silk pattern which look gray from a distance. The old-fashioned hiss of alpaca is heard once more. You can have your pep from gauzy tulles and silk organdies, silver metal cloth, satin taffetas, crepe, Rosalba (whatever that may be) and rough dark tweeds. These are made of silver, cellophane, the sel, spangles, and genuine desert cactus.

By day, every blue known to man! Natural of all shades, almost greens, black, and Chinese and Japanese reds are the colors you will wear. At night, the colors of the silliest bonbons in the sweet shop, blurred pastels, prints, chartreuse yellow, lime green, gray and white prints, and the vibrant splash of poppies, tulips, and daisies. Skirt lengths are as short as you like for sport, about eleven to twelve inches up, on the street, a little longer than for tea dancing, to the ankle for floor for dinner, and as for later evening, spread like flower petals on the floor.

Feathers have not gone out. Quail, Chinese pheasant feathers, coque feathers, and osprey are all back again. Even white sea-gulls spread their wings aslant across black tulle. Dresses button down the back. Cambray hang loose like peasant smocks. Blouses are worn in the afternoon. One must wear masses of ruffled, ruffled, organdie collars, and scarves, bibs, ruffs, gilets, cravats, of pique taffeta or tie silks will be seen. Ricks of artificial flowers and ornamental fastenings decorate and plainness that remains.

Dresses are influenced by antiquity modernized. Ideas come from China, the South Seas, pre-war Paris, the 18th century, puff sleeves of Josephine, and the picture sashes of Regency. As for the hats, brims are back—in hats, saucer, or Napoleonic effects. You'll have to agree that summer promises to be especially gay, and we'll look our best, so the designers predict.

Just to rest at the foot of a mountain
And watch the clouds float by;

Just to rest on top of a mountain
And be content to die.

My life's so small in comparison
To all the lengthy spread,
But my soul is great if not greater
When I have the mountain for my bed.

Let me stay all my life on God's look
out,
Just to drink in the wondrous sight
Just to be a part of his universe,
My God, what unbelievable height
RENA BERRY, '34.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

Over the unmarked hump of ground in South Dakota's Black Hills where lies "Deadwood Dick" Carver, boom town desperado and dime novel hero the Deadwood Chamber of Commerce voted to place a rough stone monument and a brass plate?

During a suit in a Sacramento, California, court in which it was disclosed that Max Baer had made \$500,000 in the last 18 months and spent it all, the heavyweight amused himself by putting matches in his lawyer's shoes and lighting them, sticking gum in his lawyer's hair?

—Time, April 2, 1934.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHIEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, April 14, 1934

Number 25

W-B. DANCE RECITAL PRESENTED

The dancing department of the Ward-Belmont school presented its annual dance recital on Friday, April 6, in the auditorium of the Scottish Rite Temple. The recital was under the direction of Sarah Jeter and Louise Smith.

The program was as follows:

PART I

"Little Women" Gilbert Margaret Burk, Dorothea Cole, Ann Core, Mary Dalton, Betty Ruth Davenport, Phoebe Douglas, Dolly Nance Fisher, Clara Knox, Sarah Knox, Katherine McNeill, Martha Word Sanders, Mary Diell Townsend.

Gypsy Tambourines Krentzlin Betty Bryant, Mary Ann Graham, Evelina Harwell, Nancy Ross, Gypsy Warfield.

From a Toy Shop Herbert (Dance arranged by Claire Lea and Richard Stuart)

Dolls: Elise Campbell, Edith Davis, Mary Alene Edwards.

Soldiers: Jane Barton, Jessie Osmont, Adelaide Roberts.

Gavotte Wyatt Mary Cooper, Corinne Howell, Nell McQuiddy, Mildred Milam, Betty Ann Rowlett, Alice Thompson.

Old Dutch Grieg Betty Rae Davis, Ann Gayle Fought, Betty Ann McConnell.

Shoemakers' Tap Revel Customers: Mary Dalton, Katherine

(Continued on page 6)

SPORT VARSITIES ANNOUNCED

The gym office wishes to announce the varsities for the past sports, water polo and bowling. The bowling first and second varsities and their average are:

FIRST

Page 114
Shaw 111½
Trabue 108½
Larimer 107½

SECOND

Wheller 106½
R. Barnes 106½
Chadwell 103½
Warren 101½

Unofficial high scores were:
Mathis 117½
Glander 113½
Davis 105½

The water-polo varsity is: Grace Bosserman, c.f.; Nell Betty Anderson, r.f.; Jane Cason, l.f.; Victoria Keidel, r.g.; Sunny Taylor, l.g.

The following girls have won both the club and W-B. letter in apparatus: Marjorie Edmonson, Patty Chadwell, Nita Bogue, Salanie Sherman, Grace Benedict, Elizabeth Crane, Wilmetta Wornock.

Club letter won: Alice Williamson.

SENIORS WIN SENIOR-SENIOR-MIDDLE DAY

Senior-Senior-Middle day proved to be a great success for the Seniors. For the second time in two years the class of 1934 has shown its supremacy in athletics.

The first sport of the day, baseball, put both classes in an exciting frame of mind. The Seniors led throughout the game, but the Senior-Mids made a spectacular rally in the closing few minutes. The final score was 24 to 16.

Due to the threat of rain the order of the games was changed and hockey followed baseball. The Senior-Mids outplayed the entire game, never once threatening to score. At the final whistle the score stood 6-0 for the Seniors.

The outcome of the day was settled when the Seniors won the bowling. The margin was slight, however, and the Senior-Mids looked better in this sport than they did in any of the others.

Water-polo was a walkaway for the Seniors with the score standing 33-8 at the end of the game.

The Seniors had no trouble with basketball, and it was just one basket after another. The final score was 74-18.

The Senior-Mids, however, are to be commended on their fine sportsmanship and enthusiasm exhibited throughout the day.

MRS. DICKENSON SPEAKS ON DIETING

"There is no royal road to slenderness," stated Mrs. Virginia Dickenson in her talk on "Dieting" before the Ward-Belmont students and faculty on Monday morning, April 9, during the chapel hour. Mrs. Dickenson told why it was that some of the girls gained weight and gave advice as to the best way of reducing healthfully. She was speaking of the normal girls, not those who were exceptionally stout or unnaturally thin.

Mrs. Dickenson said that the regular amount of sleep that the girls here get, and the amount of food eaten during and between meals would naturally tend to make the normal girl gain. It was estimated that between 2,000 and 2,400 calories per day is expended in energy. The rest of the calories which their girls find so hard to resist in their favorite pies or rolls stored up in fat. These foods which make the storage of so much fat possible are the carbohydrates. It is these carbohydrates which should be lessened if the girls are to diet at all sanely. Mrs. Dickenson particularly advised that the protein foods still be included

(Continued on page 6)

HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL ANNOUNCED

The high school honor roll for the month ending April 2 has been announced. The girls who have received this honor rating are:

FIRST YEAR

Jean Burk, Susan Cheek, Ann Carolyn Gillespie, Virginia McClellan, Willadene Smith, Jane Vance.

SECOND YEAR

Grace Benedict, Matilda Gibson, Sarah Goodpasture, Marion Hill, Lucile Johnson, Barbara Leake, Mickie Perry.

THIRD YEAR

Jane Bagley, Sylvia Cohen, Elizabeth Love.

FOURTH YEAR

Mary Louise Bearden, Ellen Bowers, Evelyn Braden, Andrena Butterfield, Elizabeth Butts, Virginia Carlsen, Margaret Craig, Martha Craig, Louise Douglas, Margaret Greene, Henrietta Hickman (all A's), Landis Shaw, Louise Stanley, Sybil Sudowitz.

WARD-BELMONT CONCERT PRAISED

Kenneth Rose Presents String Ensemble of 38 Pieces in Refreshing Program

By SYDNEY DALTON

Instead of presenting an orchestra of symphonic proportions this year, Kenneth Rose, head of the violin department at Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, offered a string ensemble of thirty-eight pieces in the annual concert on Tuesday evening.

The three dances by Henry Purcell, that opened the program, had all the rare charm of this early English genius, and the Sarabande, Minuet and "Sailor's Dance" were refreshing in their simplicity and melodic gracefulness. They were presented with ease and clarity. The lovely Air, from the Suite in D, by Bach, probably one of the most beautiful melodies ever penned, was done with good tone and balance, and a nice sustaining of the melody. It was followed by a Fantasia by Mozart that was carried through with good intonation and considerable spirit.

With the valuable assistance of Hazel Coate Rose at the piano, the ensemble furnished a most acceptable accompaniment for Annette McAdoo, who played the Andante and Adagio Religioso, from Vieuxtemps' Fourth Violin Concerto. Miss McAdoo played with most agreeable tone, surety and facility, winning a well-deserved success.

An interesting number was one entitled "Two Sketches," composed for

(Continued on page 4)

DR. SHAILER MATTHEWS, VES-PERS SPEAKER

Dr. Shailer Matthews, dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, was the speaker at the city-wide young people's meeting held Sunday night, April 8, in the Ward-Belmont Auditorium. Dr. Matthews spoke on the "Moral Problems of the Younger Generation."

He said that the key to the grave moral problems which confront the younger generation can best be found in the changes which have taken place in the outward things as fashions in language and literature.

One of the gravest problems which confront us is the relationship between men and women. The whole foundation of old morality was based on the idea that all men are created equal. Now for the first time women are also regarded as equals. This is one of the most important problems which must be lived out by the younger generation. Another, arising directly out of this, is democracy in education. A whole new set of questions, economic, political, national and international, have risen from the idea that every human is a person.

"In this day of machines the utilization of natural forces has displaced human forces. What are we going to do with the millions of people whose jobs are being filled by machines?"

(Continued on page 6)

OUTING CLUB OFFERS EXCURSIONS

A series of spring trips have been recently announced by the Outing Club to begin Saturday, April 14. These trips, which are to various places of interest in the vicinity of Nashville, are expected to draw a large number of girls who wish to take their remaining privileges by week-ends away from school.

The first of these trips which will be a visit to the Mammoth Cave, is scheduled for April 14-15. The party will leave Nashville on Saturday at 12:19 and return Sunday evening. The cost of the trip is \$11.00 and will include two trips through the cave, four meals, railroad fare, bus fare, lodging, and chaperonage.

The second of these trips will be to White Bluff. The party will leave

(Continued on page 6)

ARISTON-ECCOWASIN ENTERTAIN WITH DANCE

The Ariston-Eccowasin dance was held Friday night, April 13, in the gymnasium. The color scheme was carried out in blue and black, and the general scheme of the decorations indicated various Friday, 13th, superstitions.

The various committees are as follows: Orchestra, Emily Taggart; special, Emily Taggart and Elizabeth Polk; decorations, Betty Anderson, Elizabeth Glasgow, Helen Power, Elizabeth Gray, and Mary John Atwell; invitations, Ann Whitmore and Frances Hale.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Monday, April 16—
Announcement of Honor Roll and Dean's List—Dr. John W. Barton.

Wednesday, April 18—
Helene Loeb, speaker.

Friday, April 20—
Stunt Day by Day Student Clubs.

CALENDAR OF "Y" EVENTS

Sunday, April 15
8:30 a. m., Sunday School.
Leader, Alice Adams.
2:00 p. m., Play-hour at the Tennessee Children's Home.
3:15 p. m. Visit to Junior League Hospital.
6:00 p. m. Vespers—speaker, Yoshi Akagi, Tokio, Japan.
Thursday, April 19—
7:00 p. m. Trip to Vanderbilt Hospital.
Friday, April 20—
7:00 p. m. Visit to Old Ladies' Home.

THE WARD-BELMONT ORCHESTRA

The Ward-Belmont Orchestra which has filled a definite place in the educational and cultural life of the community and through the medium of its annual concerts, many successful young artists have been introduced to the Nashville public, was organized under the direction of Kenneth Rose in 1918. Recognizing the artistic benefits to be gained from a more closely knit organization, Mr. Rose has this year changed the character of the orchestra to that of a string ensemble. This is in keeping with the policies of the Juilliard Graduate School and other prominent conservatories.

This year the featured soloist was Miss Annette McAdoo, of Lebanon, Tennessee, who is a diploma student in violin and a pianist of ability. She was heard in two movements of the Vieuxtemps "Concerto, No. 4." An additional interest was lent to the program by the presentation of two sketches, "Meditation" and "Sunrise," for orchestra by Mr. Lawrence Riggs, and composed for the Ward-Belmont Ensemble during the summer and autumn of 1933. These sketches revealed a poetic and skillful understanding and manipulation of the orchestral medium. Mr. Riggs, Director of the Department of Musical Sciences at Ward-Belmont Conservatory is widely known as a scholar and musician of high attainment.

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"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"
With Clark Gable — Claudette Colbert.

**JOY EXHIBIT SHOWN BY
ART DEPARTMENT**

The most enjoyable of the art exhibits held at Ward-Belmont this year by the school of art has been the one of the water colors done by Miss Sue Joy. Miss Joy very kindly lent her canvases for exhibition purposes to the school and during the entire time they have attracted much favorable attention.

Miss Joy, who is an outstanding member of the younger artists group in this country, this past fall returned from two and a half years art study in France, Spain, Morocco and the Balearic Isles. She has portrayed most vividly the out-of-the-way places and scenes, and her color shows great clarity and strength.

Most of her work is Spanish—scenes of Spanish streets, cathedrals, harbors—some of which strongly show the Moroccan influence. Miss Joy has an unusual understanding of the art of blending colors and skill in reproducing the natural colors with a striking realism. She has caught in so many of her paintings the atmosphere of the place as in the small one of the market showing the natives beneath the awning displaying their melons and fruits for sale. The fishing craft at the water's edge, the waterfront topped by the old city clustered around the cathedral—all of these catch and "put across" the foreign atmosphere.

Miss Joy's canvases make one want to own them and want to book passage on the first liner for the countries she has visited. The school of art was delighted to be able to have this group of Miss Joy's water colors on exhibit and the students-thoroughly enjoyed it as evidenced by the numbers in the exhibition room at all hours.

MUSIC NOTES

The Ward-Belmont Orchestra broadcast several numbers over radio station WLAC on Thursday evening, April 12, at 7:30.

Miss Amelia Baskerville and Claude Sharp, pupils of Kenneth Rose and Sydney Dalton, respectively, will be presented in a joint recital on April 17.

Mr. Rose has been invited to play on the Artists Program of the Tennessee Federated Women's Music Clubs in Chattanooga on April 20. He was also asked to stay and judge the violin contests being held at that time, but he was unable to accept that part of the invitation.

Of equal interest is the fact that Mr. Rose also received an invitation to be one of the committee of three to judge the violin contests of the Kentucky Federation of Women's Music Clubs being held in Louisville on the 16th. He will judge with Mrs. Edgar Sulliman Kelly, former president of the National Federation of Women's Music Clubs, and with Mr. Newmann of the Cincinnati Conservatory. Mr. Rose will also talk at a luncheon to be given that day.

A. A. NOTES

The A. A. Board held its regular business meeting at the F. F. club house on Tuesday night, April 11. The meeting was preceded by a swimming party and dinner.

It was decided that the cups and club letters that have been won the past season shall be given directly to the clubs. The varsity letters shall be given at the final meeting of the board in chapel.

The individual sport managers also reported on their sports.

Tennis doubles will start on Monday, April 16, the finals to be played on May 16.

Only three weeks remain before baseball games start. The tournament will be held from May 5 to 12.

The Archery tournament will be held on May 15.

The Spring Riding Show will be held on May 12.

**STUDENTS PLAY AT
CENTENNIAL CLUB**

The Music Department of the Centennial Club presented Isobel Goodloe, former certificate piano pupil of Amelia Throne, and Martha Rucker, diploma student in violin at Ward-Belmont, as two numbers on a program given Wednesday, April 11, at 12 o'clock.

They gave the following program:
Hymn to Sun,Korakoff-Kreidler
Tambourin ChinoisKreidler
Martha Rucker.
Hazel Coate Rose at the piano.
MinstrelsDeBussy
Mazurka, op. 6, No. 1Chopin
Etude, op. 26, No. 5Chopin
Isobel Goodloe.

PREP PATTEN

The columnist is in a desolate mood.

Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring!
We welcome you once more again,
A torrent of pain, cold weather again,
A long theme to write, a poem to recite,

A thermometer ninety in the shade,
A book report that just has to be made,
No fire in the furnace the coldest day,
A beaming hearth blazing to welcome May.

A tonic, a chill, a fever to kill
The hunt for a hat, the diet against fat,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring—
Oh, phooie!

We don't know quite what to do after you lyrical or maybe not so lyrical outburst—Ho-hum—nothing to write, nothing to do except chase after Virginia Carson's or Grace Benedict's serves in tennis—well, it seem to connect somehow. Everything this time of year is so vague somehow, we feel. Perhaps, instead of a desolate, we're in a philosophical mood this spring day. But all this doesn't alter the fact that we seem to have nothing to write about.

Don't miss the day students' plays to be put on in chapel about a week hence. There's one about Henry, the Eighth, written in rhyme with Joe Penner (the Duckman) variations, and one about Helen of Troy called "So This Is Paris!" The Triads won't tell us about theirs, but they might have a far dance, who knows? Or to be mysterious and Spanish, *quien sabe?* You, of course, realize that all these obscure ramblings are merely put on to fill up space and not for any other purpose.

Notes on the Baseball Season—Peggy Wrenne and Florence Welsh are plenty good. And Marion Hill's a grand first baseman. We wish to enter a formal protest against the exclusion of heavier bats brought in by us—(Ed. note—and where would you be when one of you slung the so-called heavier bats—my dear, me dear, they raise so much larger bumps!)—to take the place of those peculiar indoor ones that are strewn about the field. Why play indoor baseball outdoors? For the first time in years, it seems that the Angkor club is going to have a baseball team. The whole organization fainted from the shock.

And of course you know that Nashville's baseball team (now we're getting away from school) beat the Giants, Yankees, and Indians, too, in exhibition games. Our team has wound up on the bottom of the league for so many years it's pitiful—if they're looking up now and reaching for the pennant, we expect to camp down at the baseball park all summer. Anybody else want to go?

That dance recital was absolutely the loveliest thing we've attended in ages. We especially liked that "Angles and Curves" number, and we heard more comments on the beauty of Sara Joyce Beasley than on anyone. Jane Bagley's "Harlequin" was good and we loved Mary Cozart's "Serenade." And those "Three Little Pigs"! Grace Benedict and Sarah

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NASHVILLE TENN.

Goodpasture and Queeny Sloan were darling. We want one of those pig heads so badly. Llewellyna Granberry, Jane Vance, Martha Clay, Marjorie Lewis—we could go on forever naming performers who did themselves proud. The dance recital every year is one of the things that makes you glad you go to Ward-Belmont.

In the spring, young men's fancies are still turning—There's one who thought so highly of Betty Butterfield that he gave her a gorgeous ring, and another one whose heart is breaking on account of the indifference of one of the members of the Junior Class. And still another is much smitten with a dark-eyed freshman. Mary McKennie Sharpe has a grand ring given her by an admiring swain and so has Janet Stonestreet—his initials are D. L. and then Mary Louis Gorry comes in for her share of romance and a young man told us that he thought Marion Hill got prettier every day. What youth is Virginia McClellan knocking for a row of lampposts, and who grows fonder and fonder of Judy Davis?

We like Peggy Blackman's drawings, paintings, sketches and what have you, and Hilde Beck's cute spring clothes and Patsy Schorn-dorfer's hair put up, and everybody's coronet braids (by the time our darned old hair grows long enough, braids will be out of style, demodee to you).

We dislike sulfuric acid, for we have blisters all over our hands from dabbling in it (in a playful spirit) and we dislike themes on Tennyson versus Browning, and we've already given our views on baseball. Outside of this, we're in a beautifully pleasant mood this evening.

Extra! Rush Edition! Scoop!

Did you hear (and if you were in the locker room at 3:45 last Tuesday, you couldn't help hearing) Becky Hall's rather startling outburst against a certain other team member, the Angkor club, baseball, school, and practically everything in general? It seems the other girl had asked Rebecca to get the ball after a long grounder had been hit into the outfield. The reaction to this was couched in terms of "unmitigated violence." We suggest she get "M" for Temperamental in the ABC Contest.



BEHIND THE SCENES

This past week certainly has been "behind the scenes," but most of us are sorry it's all over for recitals are such fun and only come once a year.

Congratulations to:

Smith and Miss Jeter for putting it over again. For Smith's grand music and Jeter's patience and skill in teaching us. Wasn't she swell with Fletcher in her dance—and her costume—um! um! I'm afraid I stayed behind scenes too long to get a glimpse of the dance.

To the little lassies in the "Gypsy Tambourines"—weren't they darlin' and lovable in that dance?

To the "Old Dutch"—really this was the cutest thing I've ever seen—and weren't they all swell?

To "Judith Brandon" for her grand dancing, but we will never stop raving over her and her dancing. But she sho'd did herself up grand Friday.

"To the 'I Raise My Hat' number—I felt I was in New York again. It really was grand and ritzy, wasn't it?

To "the Angles and Curves"—I loved the lights on this number and everyone so enjoyed doing that dance.

To Dolly, Jean, and Emily for their "Hey! Rube"—weren't their costumes darlin' and the sandpaper idea was very new in these here parts.

To Dolly, for her grand dancing—and I'll tell you toe-dancing is plenty hard, but tappin'—um! Um! Anyway, congrats! It was a smooth number. To Mary Cozart for her toe-dancing in Serenade. She's another one I never tire watching.

To Jane Bagley for "Harlequin."

To the "Three Little Pigs and the Big, Bad Wolf," I think this was the most enjoyed number there was! Did you notice the pigs' curly tails and the wolf's disguise?

To Mary Alice Paine for her solo in the "Midnight Sun." Nice work! And a few more extra compliments for gracefulness and nice work to: (I should put my name down, but then—)

Sarah Goodpasture
Grace Benedict
Jean Good
Queenie Sloan
Eva Ohlhauser
Frankie Marbury
Elois Geibel
Emily Taggart
Katherine Harris

And last but not least, to Mary LeSueur who made all those swell costumes.

CLUB CHATTER

The A. K. Club meeting last Wednesday was devoted to discussions of the dance and also to eating a box of candy that Frances Warmoth brought to club.

Sue Salter is back from the hospital. She's pretty smart to be up and going to classes already. The A. K.'s are all glad that she is back.

The beaming smile on Virginia Shaw's face last Saturday was due to the fact that her mother and daddy were here. Some people have all the luck. Gilbertine managed to have her mother here for Senior-Senior-Middle Day, too.

Marjorie Abbott is among those who went to Washington Thursday. The A. K.'s told her to be sure and give the president best wishes from the club.

If anyone wants a large blue hat, see Nancyann Schmid. She has a lovely one that she is trying to sell. The price seems to vary a good deal. Ask her about that.

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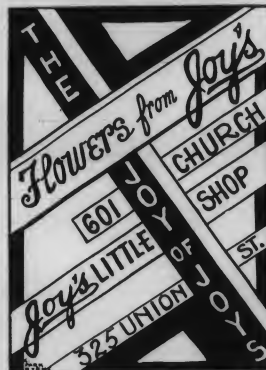
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LUNCHEONS

The T. C. tea dance was held Friday from four to six. Those in the receiving line were: Miss Shackelford, sponsor; Mary Marm Lincoln, president; and Betty Randle, vice-president. The girls on the committees were Billy Warnock, Jane Bucklin, Martha Pryor, and Louise Longworth.

PENSTAFF MEETS

The Penstaff club met Friday, April 6, in room 114, Academic Building. Plans for a Penstaff edition of the HYPHEN were discussed, and it was decided to have one in the near future. After the business was concluded, contributions from members of the club were read. They made up a varied and interesting program.

The F. F.'s found out something entirely new about Nita Bogue Wednesday night at club meeting. She looks like a Buick car, a "gardenia on horseback" and reminds one of a kangaroo and "Orchids in the Moonlight." In a game of guessing, Nita proved to be the girl who was being described, so you can see that Nita really has some very fine points.

Nig also displayed her skill at a game she knew nothing about, and did we find out things about her?

Ray Baker, one of the alumnae, joined in a game of "Pinch 'em," but Jean Weis proved too much for Nita and Ray. The new F. F. vice-president, Mary Hobson, is really proving herself worthy of her position.

Somehow or other, the Anti-Panners just can't get down to business meetings, what, with the new victrola records 'n everything! Oh, well; what's a mere matter of secretary's reports and pep talks compared to a new Cab Calloway record?

Must be! Marian Bullock went home last week-end and took Elise with her for moral support. And did they have a good time! Probably Mack is still in bed catching up on lost sleep.

That Beasley woman certainly can do things with her hair! This time she curled it up on top of her head and looks like an old-fashioned lady.

The Anti-Pans are mighty proud of their president—in fact she's kinda swell! Why? On accounts-of why she has a brand-new spring bonnet, and looks positively duck in it. It's black 'n white, and matches them eyes exactly.

Things are getting to be plenty mysterious around the Anti-Pan club house. What we'd like to know is:

1. Whatever became of the sweater Baisiger was knitting in November?
2. What makes Frankie's eyes so shiny and starry?
3. What would Marian Bullock and Elise do if they had to stay on the campus over a week-end?
4. What power has Mary Lee over the victrola to make it do the things it does?

"Izzy" reported on *As the Earth Turns*, by Carroll, and Funk gave a resume of *No Second Spring*, by Beith, at the last Tri K meeting. Quite a literary meeting, and really enjoyed by everyone! Tri K's all agreed they'd like to change the end of *No Second Spring*. Wonder how the author would take the suggestion?

Wednesday was a warm night for disputes but battles were valiantly waged in Tri K discussion. Tea dance vs. dinner. How shall they decide?

Announcement (in a whisper): Jane and Kat haven't been late to meals once lately. Good influence!

Why does Tri K president eat so much fruit? Maybe the suite will answer!

Leigh returned from Athens ready to "carry on" here. Atta fight, Leigh, we all are ready for work after such nice vacations.

Margaret Louise, you have a wicked pitch in baseball! Go to it! And Patsy, two bets on you. Come on, Tri K's! Bat 'em down. If Dr. Barton reads grades in chapel again, all Tri K's should be forewarned to "take it" blankets. Or shall we, Miss Morrison?

Mary Jones' mother was here for sometime, and Tri K's missed their Peanut quite some.

We wonder what would happen at regular club meetings if there was not a Slymme Warren to move "adjourment." She is as dependable as a compass.



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EDITORIAL

WHY HAVE MUSIC?

Don't we often wonder why, when such organizations mean only added work for us not so musically-minded people, schools and colleges have glee clubs and orchestras? Most of the time we spare the hours of attendance and practice grudgingly, until concert time comes around and "all hands are on deck," with the parts somehow learned. The audience as well thinks of the concert as an added responsibility that must be faced cheerfully, and so prepares to undergo an evening of—yes, boredom. But to their surprise the concert arouses that interest and love for good music that all of us have, whether we realize it or not, and everyone pronounces the performance capital, and feels extremely proud of their progressive school that has such attractions to offer. Then, why can't we appreciate the fact that music improves our lives, and so give full support to the organizations that bring music within the range of us all?

This week our orchestra, under the able direction of Kenneth Rose, gave a concert which should make us proud. Not only does such music give us enjoyment, but in the very audition of a concert there are things to learn. The group giving the recital symbolizes not only control of tone and harmony of sound, but in its execution of these there has been put hours of work, and effort to cooperate and give the best individually for the beauty of the whole that others might share benefits.

To most of us, who do not make a study of music or have any special talent, an orchestra, a glee club, and the activities of music students are immensely valuable. Who knows, through these, more of us may find a hidden talent, for their influence can color and enrich the lives of the whole group. Let us, then, welcome and appreciate that influence.

V. W. '34.

SPRING FEVER VS. VIGOR

Spring fever is in the air. There's no doubt about that. It's no wonder we are prompted to say a few things about the effects of this disease and what one must do to prevent it.

Not that this ailment is an entirely uncomfortable one, for it is accompanied by an acute case of laziness, and laziness is often a very pleasant thing. But when have spring fever can do to work, particularly to school work! This warm weather, even though at times it may be a bit "blowy" or rainy, is, nevertheless, inducive to an attitude that says "Why work, after all?" So accordingly, school work is left in a state of sad neglect. Worse than that, the mind is filled with any number of worries, for the question arises as to whether it is better to do one's work or to loaf in a thoroughly pleasant and carefree sort of way.

Though loafing and laziness may be nice, remember that there still remains a quarter of the school year to be completed. Put off spring fever for a few more weeks until the school year is finished. You'll find it pays. After all, school here lets out quite early and most of you will have a chance to get over your spring fever after you get home and before the other schools are out.

Keep in mind, too, that the folks at home are right around this time starting spring cleaning. They're not showing any symptoms of lazy spring fever. And, may we also remark, that it seems strange that girls that are so seriously bitten with the bug of spring fever that they cannot possibly do their school work, nevertheless find great energy for tennis and other such sports.

H. L. '34.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Spring has certainly come, and with it the warm weather and a touch of that good old "spring-fever." Girls out playing baseball and riding horseback. I don't see how they do it, and yet it surely looks great.

Well, the Seniors did just what was expected of them. You see, they've a certain amount of energy, and at a crisis they call on that little bit, and really do wonders! It was truly an eventful day, and Duke and Cack ruled supreme as Mary and Queen of the day. This should be a lesson to Dr. Barton: in the midst of a parade one should not be too gallant that one almost ruins the occasion by running into the float, even though the ladies be Mrs. Rose, etc.

When Miss Hollinger called for reports the other morning in Biology class, Mary Lalla Byrn pipes up with "I've got fleas!"

Imagine a gym class staying and practicing without a teacher to watch! That's just what the baseball class did last Tuesday afternoon, and it was more fun! That's about the first time that ever happened.

You all should belong to the Athletic Board. The members entertained themselves with a marvelous chicken dinner at the F. F. house last Tuesday night after a half hour of strenuous swimming.

The tennis tournament begins Monday. I wonder who will win in the doubles.

Friday the 13th doesn't sound superstitious for the T.C.'s, having their tea dance on that fatal afternoon. Hope no one tries to tear down the house. And the Aristons and Ec-cowans are having their dance that night. Their invitations were most clever. Betty Anderson did them.

Viva Lee certainly had too much wedding. Got back on Monday night and hasn't been worth a d— since. Moral: Keep out of weddings.

Her roommate now is on her own individual tear in the city of Chattanooga. Hope her family will keep a watchful eye on her.

This typewriter almost refuses to go on. Have been working it pretty hard. Guess I'd better stop and give it a rest. See you next week!

"Y" OFFERING SENT TO LABRADOR

The Easter Thank Offering taken by the Y.W.C.A. amounted to sixty dollars. It has been sent to Sir Wilfred Grenfell, to be applied toward the salary of Violet Stone, who works in St. Anthony's Hospital and who is in charge of occupational therapy among the patients. The following letter has recently come from the Grenfell headquarters:

Dear Friends:

We are most grateful for your last year's contribution. Through help such as yours, the doors of hospitals, schools and orphanages were kept open on the lonely coasts of Labrador and Northern Newfoundland. Had those doors been closed, many people who were restored to health would have died for want of medical care, and children would be growing up untaught, for no other social agency is at hand to supplement or carry on our work.

The people of the North have put their faith in us. We can assure you that your continued interest will be deeply appreciated.

WILLIAM L. SAVAGE.

WARD-BELMONT CONCERT PRAISED

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. Rose and his ensemble by Lawrence Riggs, head of the theory department of Ward-Belmont Conservatory. Of the two, "Meditation" and "Sunrise," the first was particularly intriguing, at first hearing. Mr. Riggs writes melodically and with nice flow in his part-writing, and he knows how to handle his instruments.

MacDowell's "Reverie"; "Grand-

EAGLE FEATHER

Deep, red leather chairs	By velvet cord.
Orange sofas and green sofas	Stained glass
Woody smells	Beamed ceilings—
Of pine and birch.	Oak panels
Smokey fires	And tapestries—
Roasting food.	Candlelight
Heavy walnut doors	Warm rooms—
Black marble stairs	I am tired.
Soft cushioned rugs.	It is quiet.
Purple draperies	And I will rest.
Softly held close	

M. J. '34.

RECOMPENSE

A million worlds may fall—
A million lovers weep their loss,
But the sea rolls on undaunted
And the gay waves lightly toss.

Thus they surge forever.
Well they know the tale by now
Of a maiden, her lover,
And the forgotten vow.

W. M. '35.

FAIRY WAYS

Fairies dress in Queen Anne's lace
With buttons of clove red;
They part their hair with a gay cock's comb,
And sleep in a daisy bed.

P. Y. '35.

STORM

Storm goes clad in a dark gray cloak
With rain drops her dress is pinned;
Her eyes are the flash of the lightning's stroke
And her hair is long tendrils of wind.

P. Y. '35.

mother's Minuet," by Grieg, and the virile Fantasia "Kamarinskaja," by Glinka, brought an enjoyable program to a successful close.
A large audience applauded generously.

MAIL-BOX

Dear Boots:

I thought that I would get even with you. I decided not to write to you until a perfectly sublime, sunny day came along, they being especially rare pleasures up here. Let's start a "Put-off-until-tomorrow-that-which-does-not-require-doing-today" club just to spite these people who think that letters should be answered within six weeks of the date received.

Boots, I'm so thrilled I can scarcely keep my L. C. Smith (my Remington is in the shop for much-needed repairs) from going into a gallop. April 30 marks the end of my second period of enrollment in the CCC. I'm going home! Despite the fact that you, Bangs and I all enjoyed being away from home last summer, I'd be willing to bet that anyone of us would enjoy being home now. I know I would. "So it's home again and home again."

Ward-Belmont must be a wonderful school. I have heard so many nice things about it. When is school out?

A kind lady in Park Rapids asked our company quartet in which I am the big, bad basso—to sing some songs for her Dorkus (sp.) society's party. We had more fun than we had any idea could be had under the circumstances. To top it all off, another kind old lady wanted me to teach Sunday school class. Tell me, Boots, do I have any trait that would indicate that I would be a good Sunday school teacher?

Your Senior-Senior-Middle Day must have been a gala event. How I envy you! I simply must find some way to enroll in some college next fall, if I have to go in overalls.

Bangs' circumstances remind me of those of my cousin. She is the only girl in about four hundred students at Atlanta Southern Dental College. And evidently—from her letters—is more than equal to the occasion.

I expect to be practically a bond servant for the rest of the month. But it'll be worth it. If I survive, I'll drop you a line from home!

Yours,

BURT.

THE DIARY OF MIS- TRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

All the certificate riding students are having a big time practicing on Barbara Packard. They keep her going around and around until I should think she'd get dizzy. Buzzed down tonight where we did everything but play "Button Button." After club Tuck and I retired to our little nest under the eaves and snuggled diligently.

Thursday—

Ho hum! Nothing much seems to be going on around here. The Seniors of the Senior-Mids try to out-yell each other in hall pep meetings, but never than pass away a half an hour arouse a bit of enthusiasm all seem to be getting out of it is worse. Tuck decided my hair needed washing; so she set about covering me with soap flakes. Right in the middle of the process I rebelled on account of not liking soap in my eyes. I got mad and went off in a corner to be a suckie wuckie, but after I set it for me peace was restored.

Friday—

Everybody put on her Sunday best to go to the Dance Recital. It had been raining earlier; so Juanita Phillips carefully transported her fully stick (alias bumper-shoot) carefully to and from the auditorium. Needless precaution, ha ha! And speaking of auditoriums, never did I see anything funnier looking than that one! Saw all of our friends distracting themselves gayly about. Sally Tomack said she came with her aunt, Mary Ann Evans was there with the cat-looking man! Some people just have all the luck.

Saturday—

Awakened at the ungodly hour of 5, but the hall was so noisy I couldn't go back to sleep; so I hauled Tuck out and we got dressed, preparatory to the mad dash for colors. Promptly at seven, out we popped, and purple and white all over everything we could find. Tuck amused herself with draping her sweater all over trees, while I scouted out odd things like ash cans and what not.

Of course we thought the Senior-Mid dining room decorations were by far the prettier, but then—And our and was quite the loveliest I ever heard. It was a source of great wonder to me to know where Ann Shaw and Slymme, Glander, Larry, etc., managed to rake up those peculiar looking outfits they had on.

The poor Senior-Mids struggled silently, but 'twas all in vain, alas! However, Tuck and I had a big time watching. I liked the bowling best of all.

It was fun eating out in club village in the evening, and the dance afterward was swell! The only two missing notes in the whole day were Tuck's desertion, and the graveyard where the Seniors wrote. Nasty, nasty, somebody!

Sunday—

One of the best things about S.-M. Day was the fact that we had sleep Sunday today, goody, goody! Of course Tuck woke me up at seven-thirty, but after chastising her severely with a wet washrag, I went back to sleep again.

The Vesper Service was perfectly splendid. I nearly broke my ears listening so hard, but I didn't want to lose a word Dr. Matthews said.

Monday—

The day after the mornings and nights before, as it were. Everybody's so tired from Saturday's exertions that we do much but sit around. Tuck and I had to do an extra amount of studying tonight to make up for tomorrow when the orchestra gives its recital.

Tuesday—

Well, the orchestra boomed merrily this evening, but I was so sleepy I

nearly died. Followed Wilma Baker home listening to her going "Yee yee yee!" just like a couple of orchestras put together. Was pleasantly surprised to find it still just the shank of the evening, and it not ten o'clock even. So Tuck and I did fall to studying.

If I were an old-fashioned miss I'd be writing by candle-light; as it is, flashlighting will have to do. We are having the storm of the century, and Tuck is impeding my writing by clinging to me as if she thought I'd do any good if lightning were to come in the window. I want to go home! I don't like lightning and thunder!

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS ANNOUNCED

Ward-Belmont, in announcing its trio of commencement speakers for this year, deems itself most fortunate in the three who have accepted the invitation. There is no one who could be better fitted or more sincerely received at Ward-Belmont on Baccalaureate Sunday, May 27, as the speaker of the day than Dr. James I. Vance of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville. For the high school commencement on the evening of May 28, Mr. W. R. Webb, of the Webb School, of Bell Buckle, Tennessee, has been chosen to deliver the address. Both of these men are famous Tennesseans and speakers of note.

For the junior college commencement on the morning of May 29, Ward-Belmont will have as its guest and speaker of the occasion Dr. Mary Emma Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke College. Certainly a more appropriate and more interesting commencement speaker could not have been chosen—a woman of national importance, the head of one of the foremost women's colleges in the country, and a woman who has had a large part to play in the world of international affairs.

P-S-S-T-I!

SEEN ABOUT TOWN:

Beverly Stone at the Hermitage Saturday night with JOE and WHISPER PERFUME. Now don't faint, but also seen at the last Vandy dance with an escort other than JOE!

Claudine Smelser at the Andrew Jackson last Sunday night. We wonder if the gentleman was the one who writes all those exciting letters from Sewanee to our little Claudine.

Sally Womack in a new car just about her size.

Sally Pardue at the last Vandy dance, looking quite angelic in blue lace. We think she was in "Seventh Heaven."

Angie Cantrell always hopping out of her car into "G. M.'s" and leaving the girl friends right there in the middle of the street.

Eleanor Reed getting quite the rush at Vandy's last dance.

Lib Glasgow in fetching "Queen Christina" collar and cuffs on black mousseline de soie dress.

Imogene Bratton with a "new flame" who is certainly burning brightly for such short acquaintance. Jane Briggs making eyes at the grocery boy—and somebody else's "grocery boy" at that!

Katherine Kennedy riding horseback in the moonlight.

Ruth Barnes with a "handsome guy" out at Stumb's.

Practically everybody at the dance recital!

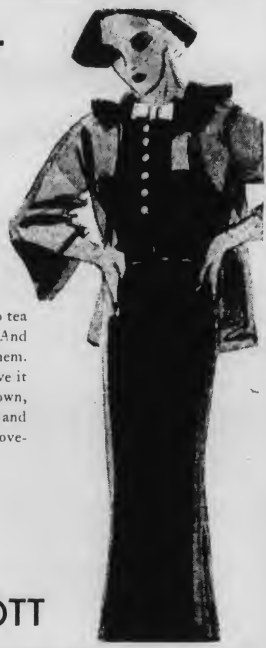
Anne Loftin has decided that a certain person is really worth her while now that he has a radio in his car.

Elizabeth Gray has been a little snooty lately, eh? Well, if you had had your picture drawn by a New York artist and sent with personal regards, you'd be too, wouldn't you?

DOTJONESANDPETEPOLK!

(Well, it's almost becoming one word, so why not write it that way) were weeping their eyes out at "Only Yesterday," but two of their friends came along and cheered them up, saying that it was only a movie after all.

Tucked NET delightfully revived in SUITS



Wear them, at the cocktail hour—to tea—they're ravishing and adorable! And you'll love the dainty femininity of them. If you want it in navy blue, we have it—and if you'd rather have it in brown, why, we have that, too. So come in and be delightfully surprised at their loveliness.

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CLUB CHATTER FROM THE DAY STUDENT'S CORNER

The Triads and Angkors both went out to lunch in town last week and had a "grand" time from all we hear. The Eccowasins go out tomorrow to the Rendezvous, and Jane Wallace promises a good stunt or two.

The Day Student clubs are all busy these days getting up those stunts for Chapel Program on the 20th. Don't be absent, 'cause from rumors, they're going to be some stunts! The Aristons and the Eccowasins were hostesses Friday night, but we'll hear more about that next week.

Recently the Day Students contributed books for the Protestant Orphanage and made a considerable gift of them to the delight of the children at the Orphanage. There was to have been an Easter Egg Hunt there but on account of bad weather and measles and we don't know what else, the eggs were just sent out and the children had it by themselves on Sunday after Easter.

MRS. DICKENSON

SPEAKS ON DIETING

(Continued from page 1)

in the things eaten, because of their building-up power. A gradual steady reduction is much better than a sudden one. Mrs. Dickenson also advised the girls against strenuous exercise while reducing, contrary to the old idea that intense exercise should accompany dieting.

A list of the different common foods and their caloric was then given, and a summary of the uses of carbohydrates, proteins, fats, minerals, vitamins, and water was presented. In closing, Mrs. Dickenson particularly advised that dieting be kept a secret, and not be allowed to become the one topic of everyday conversation.

DR. SHAILER MATTHEWS,

VESPER SPEAKER

(Continued from page 1)

At present this is being taken care of by the shortened working day. But this brings a new problem. What are all these people going to do with their leisure time?

"The third great problem which will have to be solved by this coming generation is—can nations be moral? A few years ago it was thought possible, but now a disillusioned world is arising again—not only for force, but for political control."

"These questions," said Dr. Matthews, "must be answered by the younger generation. The older generation will not live long enough, and such questions are best answered by those who spring from the soil of the moral problem. To those who are willing to take this challenge seriously, I wish Godspeed; to the others, remember that it is better to be a parasite than a bungling reformer."

He closed by saying that he hoped fifty years from now the present younger generation would be able to pass on a better world than they have inherited.

OUTING CLUB

OFFERS EXCURSIONS

(Continued from page 1)

Nashville Saturday, April 21, at 12:55, spend all afternoon Saturday and nearly all Sunday at White Bluff, and return late Sunday evening. The attractions here will be hiking, swimming, and tennis. Total cost of the trip will be \$2.50.

Another trip is offered to the Hall Farm in Dickson, Tennessee, on April 28, 29. The party will leave by the noon bus on Saturday, April 28. The attractions include the comfortable cabins, and the hiking. This trip will cost \$3.00.

On May 5-6 the Outing Club offers an interesting trip to Rock Island. This is a well-equipped summer camp for boys, which has been lent to the club by Mr. Clements. Here the girls will enjoy swimming, tennis, baseball,

ping-pong, and other camp sports. The cost of this trip will be \$5.00.

The girls who plan to go on the various trips are requested to sign up as soon as possible at the gym office, or with the Outing Club officers.

W.-B. DANCE RE-

CITAL PRESENTS

(Continued from page 1)

Osment, Margaret Scales, Margaret Diell Townsend. Shoemakers: Jane Barton, Phyllis Douglas, Helen Nelson, Jessie Osment, Ann Pogue. Scarf Dance Schubert Waltz. Ann Diehl, Clara Knox, Frances Raine, Thelma Ross, Margaret Scales, Nelle Lacy Wait, Music Makes Me Youma Judith Brandon.

Ballet Miniature Patricia Parton, Elise Campbell, Ed Davis, Mary Alene Edwards, Jessie Osment, Adelaide Roberts. Pas de Trois: Ann Diehl, Margaret Scales, Nelle Lacy Wait.

PART II

I Raise My Hat Huppa Grace Benedict, Martha Clay, Frances Colmery, Mary Cozart, Margaret Dorris, E'Lois Geibel, Jean Goode, Llewellyna Granbery, Anne Hampton, Wilma Harris, Katherine Harris, Frankie Marbury, Roberta Munger, Mary Alice Paine, Anna Rosenblum, Queenie Sloan, Emily Taggart, Sunny Taylor, Jane Vance. Specialty: Dollie Dearnman.

Angles and Curves. Schumann-Chopin (A study in contrast of movement and design)

Jane Bagley, Mary Jane Bass, Sara Joyce Beasley, Grace Benedict, Grace Bosserman, Virginia Bradshaw, Patty Chadwell, Jo Ann Crawford, E'Lois Geibel, Sara Goodpasture, Marjorie Lewis, Katherine McKenzie, Eva Charity Ohlaver, Mary Alice Paine, Roberta Potts, Nancyann Schmid, Queenie Sloan, Ruedee Tibbets, Llewellyna Welsh, Peggy Wright.

Hey! Rubel! Arr. by Brown (Dance routines by Jack Manning, Dollie Dearnman, Jean Goode, Emily Taggart.

Carnaval—

a. Serenade Dr. Matthews (Dance arranged by Kotchetovsk Mary Cozart. b. Valse Nobles Schumann (Dance arranged by M. Fokine) Martha Clay, E'Lois Geibel, Sara Goodpasture, Marjorie Lewis, Eva Charity Ohlaver, Nancyann Schmid.

c. Harlequin and Columbine Schumann (Dance arranged by M. Fokine) Jane Bagley and Dollie Dearnman.

Drum Variations G. Neil Betty Anderson, Sara Joyce Beasley, Grace Bosserman, Margaret Dorris, E'Lois Geibel, Rena Gillespie, Wilma Harris, Katherine Lawhorn, Mary Alice Paine, May Dell Meyer, Nancyann Schmid, Lois Welsh, Llewellyna Granbery.

Three Little Pigs (Apologies to Walt Disney) Big Bad Wolf: Jean Goode. Pigs: Grace Benedict, Sarah Goodpasture, Queenie Sloan.

Waltzes from "Sari" Kalm Sarah Jeter and Fletcher Harris. Tango Trianerp Manus (Native dance arranged by Manus Veatch).

Mary Cozart, Katherine Harris, Frankie Marbury, Mary Alice Paine. Black Magic Manus (Repeated by request)

Grace Benedict, Mary Cozart, Dollie Dearnman, Eleanor Fort, Jean Goode, Llewellyna Granbery, Katherine Harris, Queenie Sloan, Emily Taggart. Ballet of the Midnight Sun Moszkow

Grace Benedict, Martha Clay, Mary Cozart, Dollie Dearnman, E'Lois Geibel, Jean Goode, Sarah Goodpasture, Katherine Harris, Frankie Marbury, Eva Charity Ohlaver, Mary Alice Paine, Jane Bagley.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, April 21, 1934

Number 26

FIFTEEN GIRLS TAKE WASHINGTON TRIP

Fifteen W.-B. girls left Thursday morning chartered by Mrs. Bryan and Mrs. Charlton, for Washington. After a grand trip in a special car we arrived in Washington Friday morning. We all felt as though the city had turned out to welcome us, because there was a huge crowd of people around. However, don't get excited; it wasn't for us, but for the President, who had just returned a little earlier than we did. Also, the Cherry Blossom Festival is being held now and there were hundreds of people to see the lovely blossoms.

Immediately after lunch we started on a sight-seeing tour of all the public buildings. Among those places that we saw were the White House, the Lincoln Memorial, the Building of Printing and Engraving where the U. S. money is made, the National and Smithsonian Museums, and the Capitol, where we sat in on the Senate and, for the interest of the Louisiana girls, heard part of a debate delivered by Huey Long.

That evening we attended the Fox Theatre and had reserved seats. This was a great honor, for it was the first time that reserved seats had been given to anyone. Needless to say, we all felt quite big walking in while everyone else waited their turn to buy a ticket.

(Continued on page 6)

A. A. BANQUET HELD

The active members of the Athletic Association held their annual banquet in the tea room Tuesday, April 17, at six o'clock. Victoria Keidel presided.

A skit was given by several of the members. Mary Soper was the announcer for station WBAA, which presented the Camel Quarter Hour. Landis Shaw, the popular jazz player, played "My Dog Loves Your Dog," and "The Haunted House." Mary Lulu Pivito gave the news flashes of the day, which strange as it may seem, concerned members of the association. Isabel Coulter, accompanied by Ruth Nehls, sang "True" and "Let's Fall in Love." Grace Benedict gave a tap dance.

Beverly Stone read the changes that had been suggested for the constitution. The changes were made by a committee of which Beverly was the chairman. Victoria Keidel urges all the girls to come and vote on the changes and on the new officers.

The banquet was in charge of a committee headed by Dorothy Funk, assisted by Toshiko Ann Von Borries and Jean Campbell.

MRS. AKAGI, VESPERS SPEAKER

Mrs. Yoshi Akagi, of Tokio, Japan, was the Vespers speaker on Sunday, April 15. She spoke of some of her experiences since she has come to this country.

"America is a very wonderful country in many ways," she said. "You have so many races of people." She continued by pointing out how East is coming closer and beginning to meet West.

"I have seen in all people," said Mrs. Akagi, "the best possible thing that God has given to each one of these people. Christ reasoned God's kingdom where East and West and all of God's people would be one."

Mrs. Akagi is studying at Scarritt College. Upon her return to Japan, she plans to teach in one of the large Christian colleges for women.

HONOR ROLL AND DEAN'S LIST ANNOUNCED

An excellent scholastic record for the third quarter was read in chapel Monday, April 16, by Dr. Barton. Fifty-four students made the Dean's List, and thirty-one names were read from the Honor Roll of the college department.

Dr. Barton also explained during chapel the value to be derived from the Pennsylvania Tests, which are compulsory for college students, and optional for any high school student, or member of the faculty. Dr. Barton stressed the fact that not only are the six-hour tests beneficial as a means of comparing student ability at various schools, but to the girl herself comes a value in knowing her cultural achievements. The results of the tests show the individual student wherein she is weak and strong scholastically.

The Dean's List, including all those who have made an average of "B" (Continued on page 6.)

PENSTAFF MEETS

The Penstaff met Friday, April 13, with Evelyn Braden and Carolyn Eskridge at the latter's home on the Franklin Road. A committee made up of members of the various classes was appointed to gather material for the Penstaff edition of the HYPHEN, which will come out soon.

After the business was concluded, Miss Christine Sadler, feature writer for the Nashville Banner, addressed the club on the subject of newspaper work. At the close of her talk, tea was served.

OSIRON DANCE, SATURDAY EVENT

Saturday evening, April 21, the Osirons will give their annual club dance in the gym. Jeanette Kassel, who is in charge of the dance is assisted by committees under Elois Geibel, special; Lurline Alexander, invitations; Mary Jane Dulaney, refreshments; Rosella Lee Lewis, orchestra; and Helen Aldridge, decorations. The dance promises to be one of the most interesting and original which has been given this year.

SCHOLARSHIP

We all know that Ward-Belmont is "the South's foremost female institution," having been told so by Mrs. Bryan, and by numerous chapel speakers, but as this is to be a scholastic issue of the HYPHEN, the Inquiring Reporter thought that it might be well to get some facts on Ward-Belmont's standing.

Dean Burk said, "Junior colleges are rated for their scholastic attainment in the regular rating of the Accrediting Association of their section of the country." However, there are three other factors by which Ward-Belmont's standing might be tested.

1. Seventy per cent of the girls who graduate from Ward-Belmont go on to co-educational schools. Ninety-five out of a hundred of these girls make good.

2. In the Pennsylvania Tests, which last year were taken by the students of 134 colleges, both junior and four-year, Ward-Belmont ranked several points above the average. Last year the average grade was 375 out of a possible 1,200 points and our average was 396.

3. The graduates whom we have recommended and who have gone on to four-year colleges for women have made good.

Dr. Blanton was directly responsible for the accrediting of junior colleges in the South. In 1925 Ward-Belmont was received into full membership, the first Southern junior college to be so accredited. Before that time it had been accredited fifty or sixty of the leading universities and colleges. Now its credits are accepted without question by nearly every college in the country.

The seventeen standards required for membership in the Southern Accrediting Association include: entrance requirements, graduation requirements, salaries and training of teachers, library facilities, and extra-curricular activities. Each third year the college must get data on its graduates during that period and send it in to the association. This material is used in measuring the standing of the college. The Pennsylvania tests also give an opportunity for the comparison of the students of Ward-Belmont with those of other colleges, as well as giving the girl herself an opportunity to discover how much she might know.

STUDENTS TAKE COMPREHENSIVE TESTS

The Pennsylvania Comprehensive Tests were given to the students of the two college classes on Wednesday, April 18. These tests are the results of modern educators to find wherein the colleges of America are weak and wherein they are strong in training students for later years. The process of the test is one of thought and improvement of judgment.

Modern education has been trying the last few years to make the subjects that are taken in college a part of the student's life. Several years ago \$5,000 was given to a small group of educators. With this money they were to make tests and administer them in the colleges all over the state of Pennsylvania. By 1930 these tests had spread to many parts of the United States, and in 1932 there was an attempt to give them in every college in the country.

This is the third year that they have been given to Ward-Belmont students and is the first year that they have been compulsory for the Senior-Middle-Belmont has always ranked higher than the average colleges in these tests and the individual scores have been quite high.

FRENCH PLAY PRESENTED

The French Department presented a one-act comedy in chapel on Friday, April 13.

The scene of the comedy, "Pauvre Sylvie," was laid in the living room of Madame Darcourt.

The cast was as follows:

Sylvie, femme de chambre Helen Larimer
..... Arlene Hershey
..... Virginia Richey
..... Dorothy Glander
..... Louise Houk
..... Peggy Young
..... Virginia Winston
..... Jennabeth Jones
..... Leigh Taliaferro
..... Wilma Baker

HOW JUNIOR COLLEGES ARE RATED

There are three agencies by which a junior college is rated:

1. The Regional Accrediting Associations, of which there are the following: North Central, Southern, Middle States, New England, Middle Western, and California.

2. State universities and state departments of education.

3. Individual schools and universities.

This rating is done by tests, by inspections and by actual experience with the graduates of the junior colleges. Junior colleges undergo the most rigorous inspection of any type of school. First, because they are a comparatively new institution. Second, because the large four-year college or university is naturally more interested in the junior college, a certain per cent of whose graduates are going to come to it than it would be in the small four-year college.

There are seventeen standards by which a junior college is ranked before it is allowed to become a member of the Southern Accrediting Association. These include:

1. Entrance requirements: completion of a course in an approved secondary school, or its equivalent.

2. Graduation requirements: the minimum is sixty hours' credit.

3. Junior colleges are not allowed to grant degrees.

4. Number of students and college departments—not less than 60 students or five departments.

5. Salaries and training of faculty—graduation from a standard college and at least one year of graduate work.

6. Number of classroom hours for teachers—not more than thirty.

7. Not more than thirty students shall be in a class, except laboratory.

8. Support.
(Continued on page 6)

42 ALREADY HAVE SUFFICIENT QUALITY CREDITS

It is a requirement of Ward-Belmont that applicant's for college diplomas have 60 quality credits to be added to the acquired quantity credits before graduation.

Those students that have already achieved the sufficient quality credits for graduation are: Nell Betty Anderson, Wilma Baker, Mary Louise Balsiger, Mary Francis Banker, Marie Bomke, Grace Bosserman, Imogene Bratton, Jane Briggs, Catherine Brown, Margaret Brugh, Angie Cantrell, Virginia Cornelius, Elizabeth Crane, Heloise Crowover, Bob Durand, Lucille Ford, Lydia Fountain, Dorothy Glander, Elizaht Glasgow, Frances Hale, Alice Vivienne Hill, Marjorie Jacobson, Marion Kaeser, Jeanette Kassel, Victoria Keidel, Jeannette Knowles, Fern King, Helen Larimer, Helene Loeb, Anne Loftin, May Dell Meyer, Ruth Nehls, Mary Elizabeth Polk, Martha Pyatt, Betty Randle, Ann Shaw, Beverly Stone, Ellen Trabue, Mary Ruth Vanderbil, Virginia Winston, Marjorie Zaig, Doris Zweifel.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Monday, April 23—
Program by German Club
Wednesday, April 25—
Chapel—Speaker to be announced later
Friday, April 27—
"Vocational Opportunities in Social Work"—Miss Elizabeth Hite, State Relief Director

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MARY BOLAND

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CLARK GABLE

and

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

in

"It Happened One Night"

KNICKERBOCKER

THEATRE

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CLUB CHATTER

Remember how cold it was last Sunday? Well, in order to warm up a bit, Lucille Endsley and Mary C. Evans prepared toasted cheese sandwiches and hot chocolate, while Catherine Crosswell made sliced ham sandwiches, assisted by Eleanor Mortimer, Irene Sartor and Hilda Beck, when room was to be had, made fudge. This was enjoyed before a blazing fire. Frances Graham and Mary Jane Safford were guests. As a joke "Kay" put red pepper in Crocketts' sandwich. Imagine what followed. Elizabeth Smith was the belle of the recreation hour, when she presented her home-made popcorn last week. Esther Helen is the new baseball manager—cheerio!

Saturday night at the Agora club house Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Helene Loeb, Ruth Fry, and Marjorie Zaig entertained for Marjorie Lewis and Virginia Doss of Nashville.

Who is the young gentleman that Hilda Beck has been sporting around the campus this week? It must be the one, from her ole home town. Good luck to you, Hilda!

Three of our club members were lucky enough to go to Washington. They were Fran Graham, Christine Jill, and Jane Haffenberg. From reports, it seems that they had an excellent time.

These people whose folks come to see them! Fran Graham's came from Decorah, Iowa; Juliet Hutton's mother was here from Minden, Louisiana, and Jane Keyport's folks were here from Grayling, Michigan. Janie Ruth Huey is back again from a glorious week-end in her home town of Homerville, Georgia. Did she have a good time? Well, just ask her!

Last club meeting we had a most enjoyable time playing out different words. Couldn't resist playing anagrams.

Miss Casebier went home for a visit last week-end. We know that she had a grand time.

The Agora's surely were proud of an old alum when she played the solo part in the orchestra concert. Good work, Annette!

Surely was a nice devotional talk Wednesday, Helene! Congratulations! We thought, though, that the theme was going to be "As one stands on the shores of Lake Michigan."

Practically all the A. K.'s went away this last week-end. Gilbertine took Vic home with her. Marjorie Abbott went on a trip to Washington. Dukie paid her respects to Chattanooga. Virginia Shaw went to Tupelo, and Smith also went home. Anyway, it's a good thing all club members are not broke.

Poor little McKinzie is in the infirmary with a nice case of the mumps. Her bright and shining countenance is missed on the campus.

And that baseball team! It's a good thing the old A. K.'s have such a sense of humor. And Marie! Have you heard her latest dumb remark? The dust was blowing furiously and little Marie, after standing it just so long, raised her eyebrows just a little higher and said, "Oh, isn't this soot terrible!" Excuse! That's what two years in Nashville does to a little gal from Iowa.

Monday, Virginia Richey was certainly trying to persuade someone to go to "Men in White" with her. She was at the club house trying to interest Enloe.

Have you heard Nellie play the piano? She's really good.

What crazy Anti-Panner was seriously considering tying a rope to the middle beam at the club house and swinging from one balcony to the other? Uh, huh, we know—trying to pull a Tarzan act on us, what with flying through the air 'n everything. Helen Stillmanks, of all people, has finally broken down and caught the mumps! Can't just exactly picture

Helen with that "mummy" look, but then. . .

Now that Frances Summers is nearing the end of that bedspread, the Anti-Panners can breathe a sigh of relief and once more go about their business.

And then there was the time when Marian Bullock was found perched on a bench worrying over three things (1) Why tradition always associates Easter eggs with the bunny rabbit on account of because rabbits don't lay eggs . . . or do they? (2) Why everybody thinks these pointless nursery poems are so ducky—they don't even rhyme. (3) How many peanuts per minute per day does Mack manufacture, and what that has to do with the price of eggs.

All those in favor of buying a new "Anti-Panners" sign to replace what is left of the old one, say "aye." All those opposed, please take the thing away some deep, dark night, and we'll dig up another one.

Zounds 'n zithers! Does Frankie ever run around this place! A whole dozen of the spiffy roses all for nothing . . . not even a birthday!

'Tis rumored that a few of the more ambitious Anti-Panners are going to don their overalls, get out their little pails and shovels, and plant some hollyhocks around the club house. . . well, if they insist, but two bits they all turn turtle and hie away at sight of the first worm!

Even if the T. C. tea dance was on such an unlucky date—Friday the thirteenth—it was a grand success. All those who were present seemed to think it was a lucky day for them, anyway.

Little Warnock has "a way with her," when it has to do with baseball managing. Have you noticed how she can catch? Those other baseball players are rather earnest, too. For example: Sylmme Warren who will get to third base or run all over the diamond trying to do so.

Tri K's owe one to Katharine Cornell. What did we miss, Pat?

Stanley Elizabeth must be having a wonderful time in Louisville. Maybe she'll bring back a pony.

Hershey spent Saturday *à la* tennis. Winnifred makes a faithful partner in rising at dawn.

To head the tennis-fan list, Peggy Blackmar held off to see Bill Tilden "hacking around" with Ellsworth Vines. Funk and Jane Carroll are among the busy works for the A. A. Banquet. Now ask where they got the plan cards!

A club (Tri K) "Saloam" goes to Buzzy and Jane for making varsity water polo. Could our "Lorelei" lure sailors to destruction? (?)

Leigh, tell us what you decided on Sunday—make it one of those "true confessions." It's bad to check off the hours!

A rage for calorie counting has taken Tri K's. Now no doors have to be enlarged.

Tri K's! Caution! Don't miss your baseball practices. This isn't an announcement—just a plea.

Hoorah! Virginia Brice is better. All the X. L. girls will have to celebrate at club meeting.

Irene Sartor was certainly in' her glory last week, but she should be. Her folks were here from Bicknell, Indiana. Did you see Irene's sister? She is very attractive and she wants to come to Ward-Belmont next year. Irene's parents were certainly grand, too.

Kay Crosswell, Mary C. Evans, Hilda Beck, Martha Jane Chattin, Betty Barth, Lucille Endsley and Elinor Mortimer were mixed out with the Sartors Saturday night.

Ann Shaw was away for the week-end, but she was glad to come back. Why were you so happy Monday morning, Ann? Tell us the secret.

What is the matter with Nell Betty? She doesn't care very much about baseball. Come on, Betty, show

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the team how many home runs you can make.

Saw some of the X. L. girls down town the other day. They certainly looked "dressed up." They were wearing their Easter clothes.

TENNESSEE CHILDREN'S HOME

Sunday was such a bad day that the children were unable to be out of doors to greet the Ward-Belmont girls when they arrived; however, the goat was there to extend a cordial welcome. Then everyone (except the goat), had a "grand" time in the house playing rainy-day games. The children sang their favorite songs and performed their favorite stunts, such as standing on their heads.

Soon the children at the Tennessee Children's Home will have the prettiest pink and white checked curtains for their play house; because Eva Charity, Harriet Osterberg, Marjorie Kaeser, and Miss Van all got together the other afternoon and made them. Can't you imagine how proud the children will be?

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Sunday morning, April 15, at Sunday school, Virginia Cornelius read Henry Van Dyke's, "A Lump of Clay." She compared the life of a Lump of Clay to the life of an individual. For years the Lump of Clay was never moved from its place in the ground, then finally it was taken on a long, hard journey and underwent a great transfiguration until it emerged an ordinary earthen vessel. However, one day to its great delight, it found itself in a great cathedral and proudly bearing the beautiful snow-white lilies. Then the Lump of Clay was content. Just so are our lives molded from something ordinary and commonplace, until they become lives of usefulness and beauty, if our training has been of the best.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN DANCING

The dances of the age-old form which renew themselves so miraculously in the latter-day genius of a modern son of India, and to the ultra-sophistication which so narrowly approaches decadence in the sparse examples of Spanish dance today, is the youthful thesis set forth by extolled and prize-winning contemporary ballet of Kurt Joss which had recently an unprecedented run of six weeks in a Broadway theatre.

Those who associate the term ballet with toe slippers and tarlatan were disappointed from the start, or inexpressibly relieved, according to taste. Mr. Joss wiles even the most legitimate theatrical hoaxes from the slate at once, banishes artificiality, scorns the banal and overworked reinforcement of "glamour." His dancers have lithe, strong bodies, shining morning faces, and as much anonymity as it is possible to achieve and yet present dance dramas with *dramatis personae*. Asked by a reporter at the dress rehearsal for the name of a particularly pleasing young blonde, the company manager, characteristically replied, "Ballet Joss." Yet each member of the troupe is of solo calibre and competent to a degree rarely seen outside of that country whose motto is *Gründlichkeit*. But on this principle Herr Joss has built up an organization which is stronger than any incidental weaknesses.

In so doing he has sacrificed a little of that something which assures a theatre full of shouting multitudes, but he has attained an ideal which appeals to the hearts and intellects alike of those who care to think even a little bit when they come into a theatre. The Joss system is of the day after yesterday rather than of the day before tomorrow. He is completely contemporaneous, without fanaticism, and no one who understands the life and reactions of the present is uncomfortable in his audience. Slightly nostalgic, resentful, caustic he may be, but he is characterized by that admirable frankness and directness which may be remarked in all modern youth. There is nothing of that agonized guesswork, that abstract experimentation which has blurred much of the dance work of his generation. He is assured, as free, and as reasonable as a healthy peasant striding through his fields.

CURRENT PICTURES REVIEWED

"It Happened One Night"

Romance garnished with laughs. Claudette Colbert, an heiress running away from her father (Walter Connolly), to join a worthless young man she has recently married, meets Clark Gable, a newspaper man out of a job, while they are on the night bus. For financial reasons the journey resolves itself into hitch-hiking with hilarious complications. The picture is humorous, well directed and interesting with a grand ending. Also Rascoe Karns, Alan Hale, Ward Bond. Recommended.

"The Invisible Man"

H. G. Wells' thriller is made intelligently and with well-contrived suspense into one of the best horror stories of the year. A chemist with an insane lust for power perfects a formula for making himself invisible. He then embarks on a campaign of terrorization until the police trap him. The title role is represented by Claude Rains' dramatic voice, and Gloria Stuart is the girl. Good shot: a poker

stirring up a fire apparently without human power wielding it. Recommended.

"Melody in Spring"

Lanny Ross. Need more be said? The star of the Maxwell House Coffee Hour on the radio brings his beautiful voice and charming personality to the screen in one of the most delightful pictures of the year. Added attractions to the film are Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland and lovely Ann Southern. Recommended.

"Tarzan and His Mate"

Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan. "Tarzan and His Mate" is the usual jungle picture with stampedes of elephants, fights with lions, fusillade on the natives, search for ivory in the heart of Africa and Tarzan's carefully-practiced yell, which conjures up apes of incomparable ugliness. A thousand perils beset the pale heroine whose hair is carefully marceled in the midst of the tropics and whose finger nails are tinted to perfection even though she is miles from civilization. Very good if you like things like this, but we don't. Not recommended.

"Death Takes a Holiday"

This picture is made from the successful stage production of the same name. It concerns the story of Death, who yearned to mingle in the affairs of men, who wanted not to be shunned, who desired to feel human emotions. He took a holiday, and during that time, no one died, not a leaf withered, everything lived. As Prince Sirki, he attended a house party where he found romance and adventure and love with a beautiful girl. At the end of his vacation he took her away with him. That's all the story, but the performance of Fredric March in the title role, and that of Evelyn Venable in the part of the heroine are excellent. The dialogue is good and the direction of a difficult picture superb. With Sir Guy Standing, Kent Taylor, Katherine Alexander, Gail Patrick. Don't miss it.

"Men in White"

This one is also taken from one of the outstanding stage dramas of the year. It concerns interne Clark Gable's problems as to whether he should marry a rich girl (Myrna Loy) or whether he should take the opportunity to work with a famous scientist (Jean Hersholt) and have a little spare time. It's a hospital picture to end hospital pictures, fine and convincing, and one long to be remembered. There's splendid acting and your sympathy is with Gable, who gives a fine performance. Elizabeth Allen, Otto Kruger, C. Henry. Especially recommended.

"Mandalay"

Kay Francis as the heroine of an Eastern melodrama, and Ricardo Cortez as a particularly despicable villain. We hate to see Cortez in this kind of role because our sympathy is more likely to be with him than with the hero. It is a very tragic cinema with everyone getting killed off as messily as possible. Not recommended.

MUSIC STUDENTS PRESENT PROGRAM

Several students from the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented a program at the Goodlettsville high school on Monday, April 9. Ruth Robinson, pupil of Lawrence Goodman, played "Prelude in G Minor," by Rachmaninoff. Katie Evans, pupil of Sydney Dalton, sang "In the Time of

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Roses" and "A Spring Morning." She was accompanied by Nell Louise Billings. Two violin selections were presented by Martha Rucker, student under Kenneth Rose. "Hymn to the Sun" and "Tambourin Chinois." She was accompanied by Hazel Coate Rose.

GET ACQUAINTED

Name—occupation—where to be found
Rena Berry—writing poetry—with Pulver.
Arlene Hershey—yodeling—on the tennis courts.
Viva Lee Davis—singing—in faculty sitting room.
Betty Otis—talking—all over the campus.
Sally Womack—having dates—Murfreesboro.
Cecile Seitz—dancing—with Esther Helen Azzarch.
Barbara Packard—looking at pictures of Gene Raymond—in Heron.
Kathryn Kennedy—laughing—in the library.



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EDITORIAL

SCHOLARSHIP

"To study, or not to study: that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The shames and sorrows of outrageous grades, Or to take arms against a flock of 'D's' And by hard work erase them."

With apologies to Master Shakespeare, we begin in a more serious tone to write our thoughts of that ever-looming spectacle of the school girl's career—scholarship. We believe this "bug-a-boo" haunts the college girl much more than girls of high school, probably because of the resentment the average college girl has toward being graded, while the average high school girl seems not to have. Perhaps that statement is not entirely true, but it's a known fact that we college girls get faces as long as the Sunday sermon when "quizzes" start and "grades come out."

Now grades may not be a fair estimate of a person's intelligence; we grant that. We're not speaking of that angle, but we are speaking more about the benefit or worthwhileness of good scholarship. Grades are merely partial evidence of a person's interest and application. We believe that if the natural outcome of a thorough interest and proper application will be a good grade. This theory may be exploded by many good excuses from its opponents. Of course, we appreciate the fact that teachers don't like some pupils and give bad marks accordingly, that some people don't care to make good in school, and that some people can only study those things they like. There are probably some one hundred things other than self upon which poor scholarship may be and is blamed.

Once in a lifetime, very probably, will each girl here be exposed to the same people, daily routine, and experience. We like to make the best of personalities, moonlight nights, and good times. Why? Because we know "old time is still a-flying," and we may not have another chance so good. Well, why not remember that our days of contact with these professors, study hours, and classes are just as fleeting?

Using our talents and absorbing the good things about us is not for the purpose of getting good grades—which, of course is good scholarship—but is for enriching our minds for better living. "Grades" in themselves will not make or break our lives, but the effort and spirit with which we attain those grades will make or break our future successes. If one does not feel this benefit from good grades, then it is "nobler to suffer the shames and sorrows of outrageous grades."

Scholarship then seems to us to be of value not in the satisfaction of "marks," but in the quantity of inestimable good derived from the work and peace in knowing a job well done.

A. L. '34.

CAMPUS COLUMN

CHEERIO!! The weather seems to actually be making up its mind about what to do. Certainly getting to be good picnic weather, and the F. F.'s started it off by having their club meeting in the form of a picnic Wednesday.

Ruth Robinson is still inclined toward the childish disease, measles! Imagine one's embarrassment, when one goes to the infirmary and finds oneself in full bloom.

The Wordsmiths held their meeting Monday night after having postponed it for several weeks. And still we can't get all the members there at the same time. You should read the plot that Peggy Young's brother sent her—it is truly great stuff!!

The Saturday Nighters met again, according to rules and traditions. I think most of the hostesses were too tired to stay the night, and the dance was over a bit early for some.

Was Katherine Pierce's face scarlet last Saturday night! It's the most water in one spot that I've seen in a while, and in Patsy's dress, too!

Many a sigh over the tennis matches last Saturday afternoon! Tilden certainly didn't get the attention of the Ward-Belmont crowd. Betty Otis' retort to Gledhill after the final match: "I forgot to tell you—You nasty man." Nice girl.

France Summers proved ever-faithful to suturemate Soper, and brought her a new-fangled combination of pen, pencil, "bones," "mouthpiece"—(what, what, what!)

Washington Returns: Must have proved successful trip. A good many of the girls returned laden with V.M.I. hats, insignia, and what not. But no overcoats? It is getting a bit warm!

At the lovely T. C. tea dance Friday afternoon, guest Virginia Winston was accused of "doing away" with much food and drink. Child, were you that hungry?

The Ariston-Eccowasin dance Friday night upheld the traditional superstitions. Black cats—black night—broken mirrors. (Pete Polk didn't have the nerve to break the mirrors outright—so she soaked them in a chemical solution—smart girl!)

Patsy and Mary Jac were tracking around in club village Sunday night to find sugar to mix with their chocolate and water for fudge. What appetites!

Buzzy's family came and took her away to Knoxville for the week-end. Larimer's Wendy is here, and, incidentally, the family, too.

I wonder if Munger kept her threat about the Atlanta trip? Were you at the wedding, Berta?

Leigh's diet is certainly bothering Geibel and Martha Pyeat, but it doesn't seem to phase Leigh. The way that girl can get "outside" (am I crude this week!) post toasts and bananas!

Don't let the rumor get your spirit down, Soper.

This new dead line is getting me down. Imagine my writing this early Tuesday morning. By the way, Tuesday night was a big night for the A. A. actives. Coulter did some good singing.

I've got to go now—see you next week.

VANDERBILT HOSPITAL

On Tuesday evening, April 10, the weekly visit was made to the Vanderbilt Hospital wards. Edith Eason, Betty Hill, and Miss Van spent their time in the surgical ward. It was there that they found one of their little friends from the Junior League Home. They were delighted to see her and also several other friends with whom they had talked, on previous visits. Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Betty Heck, and Marion Lowe were in the medical ward most of the time. Some of the patients had mentioned special magazines that they wanted, and it was these girls' privilege to take them to the patients.

EAGLE FEATHER

SONNET

Much have I labored in the realms of verse
Trying to write a sonnet that would make
Men's eyes fill up with tears and nations quake
At its immensity. But it grows worse
To put a fine idea in verse so terse
As a mere sonnet. Often have I thought,
And dreamed great dreams; but these have come to naught—

It gets so bad at times I want to curse.
Thus did I start out with a wild surmise
Of great creation. But at last I see
That never to such heights will I arise
With my poetic effort. I shall be
Alas, remembered not! And with these sighs
Of doom and desolation, do I flee.

H. H. '34.

PETTY LARCENY

The organ pealed its golden notes
Against a background gray,
But the yellow jonquils stole my thoughts,
And carried them away.

And I stood in a meadow green
All in a bright spring day;
And the gay young jonquils were my guides;
They carried me away.

I could not think of sober things
Or softly kneel to pray,
For the roguish jonquils fluttered there
To steal my thoughts away.

B. H. '34.

MARCH WEATHER

How can nature be so cruel?
Why, only yesterday
The sun was shining
And warm, gold pools fell
On the yellow petals of daffodils
Green grass carpeted the hill side
And zephyrs sweet the whole day long
Perfumed all the waking world.
From tree to tree a red bird called
As he built his nest.
But now today
The snow beats down
On a brown, cold earth.
Over the satin-smooth magnolia leaves
Ice is glazed like brittle wax,
'Til the burden tears their limbs down.
The wind has a sting that is harsh
And all the world seems hushed and dead.
Strangely, overnight
Spring fled, and winter came again.

V. W. '34.

CONVENTION

Delegations from the Southland,
Delegations from the North,
Hotels filled to overflowing—
What's it worth?

Bell boys rush with ice and glasses,
Bell boys rush with ginger ale,
Cigarette butts litter carpets—
Sing, "Hail, Hail!"

Pages scamper through the lobby,
Delegates prowl every hall,
Quartets sing in every corner—
That is all.

Banquets, dinners, inspired speeches;
Flags and drums; the city key;
Tired waiters, flet mignon—
Weak ice tea.

H. H. '34.

THE DIARY OF MIS- TRESS BELLE-WARD

PREP PATTER

SPRING POME

BY A SPRING POTE

We care nor a snap for a half-crazy
sap
Whose head has been turned by the
Spring,
Who prattles of breezes and young
buds and trees
And flowers and birds on the wing,
But give us a person who's always
been nursin'
A hatred for things on this scheme.
Give us a fellow whose sentiments
mellow
At thoughts of a baseball club's
team.
Much sweeter than sprinkling of
crystalline tinkling
To th' music of "Slide, Kelly,
Slide!"
And better than ringing of anthems
and singing
To "Swat it and give it a ride!"
Come, give us a cheer that the whole
world can hear.
The season of baseball's at hand
Put Gloom at a distance.—With hap-
py insistence
Be joyous and strike up the band.

Our novelty department this month
consists of something which we are
going to call pen portraits. Anyway,
you get the idea. The first subject we
are taking is Margret Greene. She is
President of the Penstaff Club, Vice-
President of the Angkor Club (she
says she's a veritable Alexander
Throtlebottom in this position), and
was President of the Freshman class
here. She has been all kinds of moni-
tors often. She has a sense of hu-
mour and a dog named "Rags." She
writes clever themes and poetry, and
likes iced chocolate, tennis, and Miss
Hargrove. She has been on practical-
ly every club committee to do every-
thing ever since she started to high
school, which is quite a record. She
thinks she'll go to Vanderbilt next
year, but not if Ward-Belmont can
help it. So much for her. Now we'll
get down to business.

Thingumbobs: Mickey Perry can
dish it out, but she Cain take it. They
played the "Sweetheart of Sigma
Chi" at the Ariston party while Lil-
lian Walters floated by with a Sigma
Chi pin on. Wonder if it was a re-
quest number? Who is the boy (or
perhaps who are the boys) who is (or
are) so crazy about Cornelia Fort?
And how about Shirley Caldwell, too?
There have been yearning in her di-
rection. Didn't Bonny Hages look
darling in that blue lace dress at the
Ariston-Eccowasin dance? And Car-
men Tarrey, Agnes Kerr, Lyrabeth
Fitzpatrick, and Mary McKinney
Sharpe, all in pink? And Shirley
Leake in red and Elise Elrod in blue?
Who was the gentleman who got
down on bended knee to Virginia Car-
son very late Friday night (the thir-
teenth, at that); and who has been
calling her up time and again to ask
if a certain boy whom she vowed she
would send on his last round-up lived
there? (Get along, little doggie!)

We thought we had lots of things
for this column, but we seem to have
come to a momentary standstill, which
is not at all unusual. We could men-
tion something we saw in a local
paper: "There are 131,781 policemen
in the United States—and John Dil-
linger." We wish we could think up
things like that.

Something we enjoyed not long ago
was the Democratic convention din-
ner at the Hermitage Hotel. Two
other staunch Democrats, Andy and
Betty Butterfield, went with us, and
we applauded all the speeches until
our hands were crimson. We'll elect
somebody yet. We went Wednesday
to hear a joint debate on the New
Deal. We love arguments like that.

Well, it seems this is all we can
think up this time, so maybe by next
week we'll have something interesting.
Au revoir!

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Parties a Specialty

Wednesday—
The Chapel speaker didn't come,
so Dr. Barton officiated in his
place. Everybody went to see Kath-
erine Cornell, practically, so there
weren't any clubs, which made things
a little dull. Tuck and I dug down into the
cellar of the old stocking, and brought
out enough cash to take us to see "The
Three Graces," and we had the time of our
young lives. We didn't get in until
twelve o'clock, and did we feel wicked!
It was a lot of fun coming in after
everyone else was in bed.

Thursday—
As a result of the play last night,
I didn't have any of my assignments
done, but our English class pleaded
very hard, and got a leave of time on
our autobiographies, which made
everything quite lovely.
Just to prove that spring really has
come, it snowed, which was a nice
change-off for the Washington-ers, the
okies! Wish I were going. Tuck
and I bought a travel magazine in-
stead and comforted ourselves with

Friday—
The French play in chapel! Of
course I didn't understand a word any-
one said, but I thought Larry was
well, and I hardly recognized Ginny
Winston for that awful hair, and that
lump on her back. Hershey's and
Annameth's faces looked as if they
had been masquerading as baked ap-
ples and hadn't had time to change.
The campus is rather deserted, what
with everybody off in Washington or
on a week-end somewhere.

Saturday—
Tuck and I went to town for din-
ner, and saw two shows, meeting all
Ward-Belmont at them, incidentally.
I could hear sobs all over the theatre
in "Men in White," and were our eyes
red!

What, no dance! I guess the Aris-
tons and Eccowasins should have had
their dance tonight. Everyone who
went said it was a perfectly huge
success, what with broken mirrors,
and black cats, and ladders, and open
umbrellas, and what not. Oh, dear,
I guess we just don't rate with the
student population! Everyone had
such a spiffy time.

Sunday—
Failed to hear the bell this morn-
ing, and would have slept blithely on,
had not Tuck applied the sponge
scientifically. Saw Geibel watching
all the specials—or was that yester-
day? The days go so fast I can't keep
up with them. However, as long as
I didn't get one, I wasn't interested.
The special, I mean, not the days.
I guess Johnny has forgotten all about
me. Boo, hoo!

Peanut butter, and banana salad for
tea, and a Japanese lady who talked
to us for Vespers! And she made a
very interesting speech, too.

Monday—
Well, the Washington-ers are back
to the old grind, again, and the week-
enders are returning somewhat the
worse for wear. The honor roll was
announced, and of course Henrietta
Hickman rated straight A's again. It's
so bad, because otherwise she's such
a peach of a gal! Ah well, it must be
our grapes, because no one has ever
heard my name on the honor roll.

The Dean's office appeared unusu-
ally busy. Everyone's getting her next
year's schedule arranged.

Tuesday—
A very peaceful day. No studying
for tomorrow on account of tests; so
Tuck and I had a nice quiet evening
at home. Saw Jean Munsie and Judy
being welcomed back enthusiastically
in the steps of Pembroke. Ah me,
I wish that all my days could be spent
so leisurely!

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P-S-S-T!

We hear that "the grocery boy" (of last week's column) has rejected Edith Kennedy's advances.

Juanita Roberts was all aflutter for about three weeks over a certain date. Did he fill the date as nicely as he does the gas tanks?

We see that Helen Powers is wearing a bracelet around one finger. Quite a charming one, at that.

We want to know if Marie Murrey would like to hire a detective to keep tabs on her dates?

Ask Margaret Dorris if that Lewisburg boy is really named "Buzzy-wuzzy."

We hear that Jane Wallace needs a couple of assistants to handle all her engagements over the week-ends.

Frances Murrey is singing "Good-bye Romance" or something like that these days. Cheer up, Frances, Columbia isn't far away.

Virginia Freeman's long face is due to not getting that trip last week, not over any disappointment in love as is usually the case.

Bev Stone and Claudine Smelser had loads to tell us about themselves but there was so much we couldn't print it. We will say that Bev is going on that Beta party at Bersheba and Claudine is still strong for Seawane.

HOW JUNIOR COLLEGES ARE RATED

(Continued from page 1)

9. The library must be modern and well equipped with not less than 2,500 books.

10. Laboratories — well equipped and adequate for required work.

11. High school must also be accredited, but the high school and college classes kept separate.

12. At least seventy-five per cent of the students in a junior college must be taking work leading to graduation.

13. Equipment, buildings, cleaning, etc., shall be such as to insure hygienic conditions for students and teachers.

14. The character of the curriculum, efficiency of instructors, and spirit of the institution shall be factors in determining its standing.

15. Extra-curricular activities shall be properly administered and not occupy an undue place in the life of the college.

16. No college will be recommended until it has been inspected, and reported upon by an agent of the commission. Any member of the Association is at any time open for inspection.

17. No institution may be admitted until it has filed a regular information blank.

HONOR ROLL AND DEAN'S LIST ANNOUNCED

(Continued from page 1)

is as follows: Julia Acheson, Mary Louise Balsiger, Judith Berry, Marie Bomke, Grace Bosserman, Virginia Brice, Jane Briggs, Mary Lalla Byrn, Patty Chadwell, Martha Jane Chattin, Mildred Clements, Virginia Cornelius, Edith Eason, Martha Fisher, Lydia Fountain, Lattie Miller Graves, Elizabeth Gray, Arlene Hershey, Alice Vivienne Hill, Mary Hobson, Edna Holland, Rosemary Horstmann, Kathleen Huson, Kathryn Hyde, Marjorie Jacobson, Malinda Jones, Marion Kaeser, Gwendolyn King, Mary Jean Kirwan, Helen Larimer, Rosella Lee Lewis, Helene Loeb, Anne Loftin, Kathryn Mathis, Mary Milam, Ruth Nehls, Jane Neil, Betty Otis, Marguerite Page, Mary Alice Paine, Helen Pillow, Mary Elizabeth Polk, Ruth Potts, Martha Pyeatt, Elizabeth Anne Rall, Virginia Richey, Martha Rucker, Barbara Shields, Jean Stewart, Beverly Stone, Frances Warmath, Jean Weiss, Ann Whitmore, Virginia Winston.

No grades lower than a "B" were made by the following students on the Honor Roll:

Freshmen — Judith Berry, Patty Chadwell, Martha Jane Chattin, Mil-

dred Clements, Edith Eason, Elizabeth Gray, Mary Hobson, Edna Holland, Kathryn Hyde, Malinda Jones, Mary Jean Kirwan, Rosella Lee Lewis, Jane Neil, Betty Otis, Marguerite Page, Mary Alice Paine, Elizabeth Anne Rall, Jean M. Stewart, Jean Weiss.
Sophomores — Marie Bomke, Jane Briggs, Virginia Cornelius, Lydia Fountain, Alice Vivienne Hill, Marion Kaeser, Helen Larimer, Helene Loeb, Anne Loftin, May Dell Myer, Martha Pyeatt, Martha Rucker, Beverly Stone.

FIFTEEN GIRLS TAKE WASHINGTON TRIP

(Continued from page 1)

Next morning, which was Saturday, we made the loveliest drive to Mt. Vernon and to Arlington. We visited Lee's home, the Amphitheatre, the Cemetery, and all the rest of the important historical places that we could crowd into such a brief space of sight-seeing. On our way back we stopped in Alexandria to see Church Church, which both Washington and Lee attended. Of course, each one of us just had to sit in the pew formerly occupied by such illustrious men.

Finally we got back to Washington, and after lunch the few girls who were lucky enough to have invitations to Annapolis, left under the care of Mrs. Charlton, while the rest of us took a long drive through the residential section of Washington. All the gorgeous embassies and legations were pointed out, and we stopped to admire the new Washington Cathedral, which is still under construction. We spent quite a bit of time at the Cathedral, and then, seeing all scenes, we saw the cherry blossoms in bloom. My life's ambition has finally been gratified. Really, unless you have seen them, you can begin to imagine how beautiful that is quite the word to use — they are.

We went to the theatre again that night, but, not being as fortunate as before, we had no reserved seats, so we belonged to the lovely crowd of theatre-goers. After the theatre we went to the station, where, with regretful sighs, but sighs of weariness, we embarked for Lynchburg.

We arrived in the aforesaid city the next morning and were immediately hustled off to the bus to motor to the Natural Bridge. The President of the Natural Bridge Company is a personal friend of Dr. Barton's, and were we glad! For we were treated as though we were life-long friends, too. We spent the morning wandering around, free to investigate that in which we were interested. It was so nice to piddle around and get rested. Sight-seeing certainly does do me up — my feet, you know. But everything was so wonderful. Why, I feel as though I could write a book on the beauties of nature, but instead of starting the book here and now, I'll just repeat that the Bridge was wonderful.

That afternoon we drove over to Lexington and saw — boys, boys, and more boys. Some friend (and what a friend!) had asked boys from W. and L. and V.M.I. to come down and meet us. And did we appreciate it! We spent a most enjoyable afternoon strolling around with the boys and visiting W. and L. and V.M.I., and that perfectly lovely old Chapel built by Lee. Ask some of the girls to see some of the mementoes brought back from Lexington.

Then back to the Natural Bridge where we saw the Bridge illuminated. It was without doubt the most gorgeous sight that I have ever seen. We all hated to have to leave, but, after all, trains won't wait, not even on Ward-Belmont girls, so we hastened over to Roanoke to catch the train back to Nashville. It was a marvelous trip and everyone had the time of her life, but I, for one, am rather glad to be back to school so I can get a little rest. Wish the rest of you girls could have gone, because you really missed a keen time.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Number 27

HIGH SCHOOL PLANS COMMENCEMENT ACTIVITIES

The Senior high school class of Ward-Belmont is participating this year in more activities, as a class, than ever before. In addition to that, they are being complimented with a number of parties given them. From now on, their lives are to be a round of entertainments,—and exams.

On April 28th, the president, Ellen Bowers, is to be hostess at a luncheon at the Belle Meade Club. On May 3rd, the school is giving a tea dance from five to eight. Much enthusiasm has been evinced over the dance, with a flurry of excitement over sending boys' names in and hoping they'll be answered. On May 13, the class is invited to a tea given by Miss Mary Elizabeth Cayce, its sponsor. On May Day, the Junior-Middles will take part as a separate group, and will not be divided into clubs. Miss Morrison announced that as most of the girls have been here all four years, it would be a fitting tribute to their interest in sports, scholarship, and social activities.

On the 19th, examinations begin, and soon after, on the 24th, the annual dinner will be held at the Country Club. At this affair, a history of the class, a prophecy, here, all four years, a class poem will be read, and various toasts will be given. The sponsors and presidents of the other three high school classes will also be invited.

On the 27th, the baccalaureate sermon will be given by Dr. James I. Vance and, last, on the night of May 28th, the crowning point of four years' hard work will appear—Graduation. The address will be given by Mr. Webb, of Bell Buckle, Tennessee; diplomas will be presented by Miss Anne Allison, high school principal, and Dr. Barton.

DAY STUDENTS PRESENT SKITS

On Friday, April 20, the Day Student Clubs had their annual stunt day. Every year the clubs present a skit in chapel for the rest of the school.

The Aristons gave a play which was a "take off" on Henry the VIII and his many wives. Bonnie Hager took the part of the notorious king while Virginia Carson played the part of his sixth wife, Katharine Parr.

The Triad skit presented a musical comedy. The first part of it was a Rose dance. And then the famous Rally Sand, Mary Alice Herbert, did her scandalous fan dance. She was draped modestly in a fur coat. Madame Human Honk, Margaretta Craig, the great opera star, rendered a charming interpretation of "The Road to Mandalay."

The Eccewasin club gave a play called "The Bored King." It took place in Arabia with Anne Loftin playing the part of the king and Jane Meadows the part of the bored princess.

The Angkor club gave a clever skit called "A Day in Paris." One friend Mac West was playing around even there. This time with a Fuller Brush man who turned out to be Dillinger when Mac's husband appeared and challenged him to a duel. Mac was played by Carolyn Eskridge. Henrietta Hickman played the part of Dillinger and Lib Henderson the husband.

DR. HILL, VESPER SPEAKER

Dr. Hill was the vesper speaker on Sunday, April 22. He spoke on "Faith as the Way of Life."

Jesus said, "When the Son of Man shall come, will He find faith on the earth?" Using this as a text, Dr. Hill asked what would be our answer to such a query. He pointed out the story of the Publican and the Pharisee in the temple as illustrating faith as the way of life and faith as a way of devotion.

He asked, "Will He find people who possess an appreciation of spiritual values and have sufficient faith to know that the highest expression of loyalty is loyalty to Him?"

"The way of life requires an anchor from which life may express itself," Dr. Hill said.

In conclusion, he begged that when Jesus came to earth He should find "not conformity to religious ideas and beliefs, but faith in life motivating our every act."

GERMAN CLUB PRESENTS PROGRAM

The annual German Club program was given in chapel, April 23. It combined pantomime with German song and dance. Members of the club who did not appear on the stage sang for the various stunts. Mary Ann Evans gave "Heidenroslein," and Elizabeth Heck, Edith Eason, Agatha Taylor, and Jean Munsee, dressed as peasant boys and girls, stepped out of their pantomime picture frame to dance a folk dance called "Abschied." Wilma Baker posed for "Schlummerlied," a lullaby, and Dolores Smith as an amusing bar-tender, drank a toast to "Was Willst Du Haben." The program closed with "Auch Du," given in pantomime by Mary Elizabeth Polk, as an American girl on a bicycle, and Mary Lalla Byrn, the German boy who sang to her.

MARY EMMA WOOLLEY

Mary Emma Woolley was born in South Norwalk, Connecticut, July 13, 1863. She graduated from Brown University in 1894, having previously taught in Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Massachusetts. She was professor of Biblical History and Literature at Wellesley, before becoming President of Mount Holyoke College in 1900. She is an ardent educator, and the development and growth of that institution have been due in great measure to her tireless efforts.

She is the possessor of numerous honorary degrees conferred upon her at various times by Brown, Amherst, Smith and Yale.

Miss Woolley has had an interesting life and one which has a splendid record of achievement. She has served as member of the board of directors of the Hall of Fame, is a member of the National Board of the Y.W.C.A., is on the executive committee of the American School Peace League, belongs to the council of the National Institute for Moral Instruction, was Senator of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, is honorary vice-president of the National Consumer's League, and is identified with many other important groups.

In 1932, as a member of the Commission on Peace and Arbitration, she was appointed a delegate to the International Arms Conference at Geneva, the first woman ever to sit as an accredited delegate to a major disarmament conference.

She is a leader among the women of ten organizations co-operating with the National Committee on the cause of war. In four or more of the general peace organizations, as the World Alliance for International Friendship, she is an honored member.

It is difficult to say whether Miss Woolley's efforts have been more successful in the field of education or in the field of world affairs. In each she has proved herself a devoted, untiring worker, characterizing always an ideal of womanhood. She is one of the most outstanding figures among the American women of today. She is greatly loved and admired by all who come in contact with her.

She is a charming, dignified woman, possessed of a quiet but forceful personality. She is courageous and energetic. She is a thoroughly democratic, charming and delightful person to know, and it is with the greatest of pleasure that we are looking forward to hearing her address the college graduating class of Ward-Belmont.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT PLANS ANNOUNCED

With only about four more weeks of school the college is already seething with plans for commencement. There have already been a number of teas and picnics for members of the graduating class and will no doubt be many more besides the activities in which the whole Senior class takes part. April 11 the expression classes will present "Twelfth Night" with a cast composed almost entirely of Senior students.

Activities in which the whole class will take part are:

May 1—The Seniors hang May baskets on the doors of resident members of the faculty. This is in accord with a tradition of many years' standing. Kathryn Mathis is in charge.

May 19—May Day. The Senior class forms the May Day court and the May queen is the Senior.

May 26—Senior step-singing.

Alumnae Dance in honor of the Senior class.

May 27—11:00 A.M., Baccalaureate service. Sunday evening the Seniors turn over the steps of the Academic building to the incoming class, and also vacate their chapel seats in favor of the present Senior-Mids.

May 28—9:00 Commencement exercises.

DR. MACLEOD, CHAPEL SPEAKER

Dr. T. Murdock MacLeod, of the Moore Memorial Presbyterian Church, was the chapel speaker on Wednesday, April 25. He spoke on the value of personal recognition.

"There's nothing in the world that pleases anyone as much as being known," Rev. MacLeod said. The idea was expressed that God calls to us, saying, "I have work for you to do, you alone."

"He has need. The Master is come, and he's calling for you in person, calling by name," Rev. MacLeod concluded.

COUNCIL ELECTIONS HELD

Elections have been completed for the officers of both Boarding and Day Student Councils for the coming school year. Marguerite Page will head the boarding group, and Patty Chadwell has been selected as leader of the day students.

The other girls elected to Boarding Council positions are: first vice-president, Mary Eleanor Clay; second vice-president, Frances Prince; secretary, Mary Lalla Byrn; high school representative, Virginia Barrett; chapel proctor, Gilbertine Moore; and general proctor, Toska Ann von Borries.

The members of the Day Student Council are: first vice-president, Janet McFadden; second vice-president, Katherine Price; secretary, Jaunita Roberts; high school representative, Judith Davis; proctor, Ann Whitmore.

OSIRON DANCE HELD

One of the most original and interesting dances of the year was the Osiron presentation of the Silly Symphonies, their club dance of this year.

The guests were received by his highness Mickey Mouse, Jeanette Kassel, Miss Douthitt, Micky Aldridge, Jennabeth Jones, E'Lois Geibel and Doris Zweifel.

There was a frieze portraying Mickey Mouse, the three little pigs, the big bad wolf, etc., around the gym. The special was given in three parts. The first was a song by Lydia Fountain, Doris Zweifel, and Elizabeth Ann Ball as the "three little pigs." The second was a dance by Mickey and Minnie, represented by Elizabeth Ann and E'Lois respectively; while the third was a chorus dance by Micky Aldridge, Marion Low, Doris Zweifel, Mary Jane Dulaney, Katherine Kieft, and Jeanette Kassel, representing sunflowers.

The refreshments consisted of Mickey and Minnie suckers, sandwiches, and cold drinks. Jeanette Kassel had this dance in charge, and was assisted by E'Lois Geibel, special; Lurline Alexander, invitations; Mary Jane Dulaney, refreshments; Rosella Lewis, orchestra, and Micky Aldridge, decorations.

PUBLICATIONS' ELECTIONS HELD

On Tuesday, April 24, the editor-in-chief of the HYPHEN and of the Milestones for next year, were elected in chapel. Gail Lawrence, who has been associate editor this year, was elected editor of the HYPHEN.

Mildred Scott was elected editor-in-chief of the Milestones. Mildred has been business manager of the year-book this year.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Monday, April 30
Current Events—Mr. W. V. Flowers.
Wednesday, May 2
Chapel—Dr. Sam Clark, Professor of Anatomy, Vanderbilt University.
Friday, May 4
Grandma Pulls the String!—A One-Act Play by High School Juniors.

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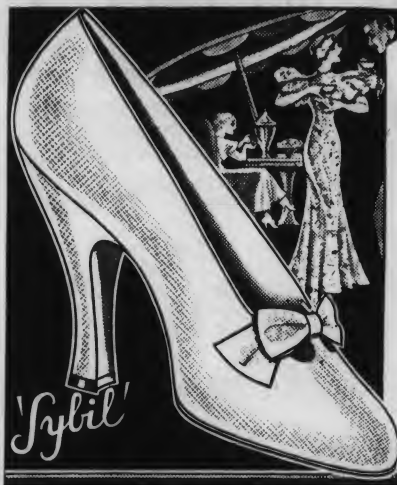
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**CHATTIN HEADS "Y"
—POTTS, A. A.**

On Tuesday, April 24, the
Y.W.C.A. held the election of president
for the year 1934-35. In a
school-wide ballot Martha Jane Chat-
tin was chosen by the girls to lead
the many and varied activities of this
campus organization. Martha Jane
has been chairman of the World Fel-
lowship Committee on the "Y" this
year, besides being a very interested
associate editor on the *Milestones*.
Following the election of the "Y,"
the active members of the Athletic
Association remained to vote for
their president and on the proposed
changes in the constitution. The
changes were agreed upon and Ruth
Potts was voted to the presidency.

**A. K. DANCE.
SATURDAY EVENING**

The invitations are out for the
A. K. dance, which is to be held in
gym, Saturday night, April 28, at
eight o'clock.

Wilma Baker is in charge of the
dance and is assisted by Nancyann
Schmid, special; Carolyn Bryant, in-
vitations; Charlie Holcome, deco-
rations; and Victoria Keidel, refresh-
ments.

EXPRESSION NOTES

During March and April several
excellent Senior Expression recitals
were given. Catherine Combs gave
an arrangement of the three-act
play, "One of the Family"; Mary
Jones skillfully interpreted "Mrs.
Partridge Presents," a study of the
effort in a smart business and social
set, Jennabeth Jones gave a beautiful
arrangement of "Daddy Long Legs";
and Lillian Kelly, from Peabody Col-
lege, appeared in "Charm."

A program for the Rotary Club was
given by the following girls on April
17:
Arlene Milligan—"Hamlet—the Of-
fice Boy"; Louise Robinson—"Betty
Goes to the 'Dell'"; Isobel Coulter—
"Sylvia," a song; Jean Weis—"Dry
Toast and Spinach," a Negro char-
acter sketch; Jean Stewart and Car-
olyn Bryant—"At the Door."

Recently Dean Burk took the follow-
ing expression students to Clarksville
and Springfield where they read
"Overtones," a one-act play, before
the high school assemblies there.

Louise Robinson, Arlene Milligan,
Marion Nicholson, Helen Pillow.

On April 18, the Expression stu-
dents invited the Social clubs to a
program of one-act plays given in

their honor. The program included
the following delightful plays:

The Same Man—Jean Weis and
Kathleen Lipscomb.

Overtones—beautifully given by
Misses Pillow, Robinson, Nicholson,
and Milligan.

Fast Friends—a clever, well-pre-
sented skit by Misses Crownover and
Truett.

Old Women, in which the illusion of
age was very well sustained—Misses
Stewart, Berry, Bryant, and Dorris.
The last play on the program was a
fine example of the compactness and
dramatic power which may enter into
the making of a one-act play. *Social
Climbers*—the mother, father, and
daughter, a climber, two lovers, were
well portrayed by Misses Acheson,
Craig, Wilson, Schmid, Welsh and
Alexander.

**REVIEWS OF CUR-
RENT PICTURES**

"Beloved."

An epic of a musician's life. John
Boles, a Viennese, finds revolution,
comes to the South, fights for the
Confederacy, and carries his Southern
love, Gloria Stuart, along with him in
a life of frustrated musical ambition.
Poverty, disappointment in a worth-
less son, and the necessity of sacrific-
ing art to living practically ruin
him, but he lives to scorn his grand-
son's modern musical triumphs and
finally gets recognition with the suc-
cess of his life's work, the "American
Symphony." Lovely music, sets, and
scenery. With Dorothy Peterson, Ed-
die Woods, Morgan Farley. Directed
by Victor Schertzinger.

"The House of Rothschild."
Secrets of the family who became
the uncrowned monarchs of Europe's
gold empire, and the private bankers
for the continent. Those who saw
George Arliss as "Disraeli" and "Vol-
tairin" will again thrill to his mag-
netic personality as Nathan Roth-
schild, the financier whose only god
was money. There's an appealing
love story running through the picture
—that of the lovely Julie Rothschild
played by Loretta Young, and Lieu-
tenant-Colonel Fitzroy (Robert
Young). Beautifully acted, staged,
and screened. Also Noll Madison,
Boris Karloff, Paul Harvey, Murray
Kinnett, Ivan Simpson. Directed by
Alfred Werker. Produced by Twen-
tieth Century. Especially recom-
mended.

"The Trumpet Blows."
George Raft in the role of a bull
fighter below the Rio Grande. Good
story, excellent acting. With Adolphe
Menjou, Frances Drake. Recom-
mended.

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"We're Not Dressing."

Bing Crosby, ether artist, with
George Burns and Gracie Allen, who
would win the popularity contest at
any asylum, Ethel Mermen, singer,
Leon Errol, comedian, and Carole
Lombard, actress, put on a fairly good
show which contains some bit numbers
entitled, "Love thy Neighbor," "Ma
I" and "Good Night, Little Lady."
Fun enough, music enough, plot
enough. We've said enough. Recom-
mended.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

I Follow the Road, a new book by
Anne Byrd Payson, came as a result
of the following incident. Mrs. Pay-
son, a member of New York society,
had never in all her life been inter-
ested in any phase of religion, until
one night she began to read *The Christ
of the Indian Road*, by E. Stanley
Jones, a well-known missionary in
India. She became so interested that
she finished the book that night; and
afterwards spent some time in thought
and meditation. She says "this hour,
which I call my shining hour, brought
a complete change in my whole outlook
and attitude toward life."

It was in 1928 that Mrs. Payson in-
vited Mr. Jones, (who was in New
York at the time), to a dinner party.
She told him of the change which had
come over her "through the window
of his book," and asked for his advice
in her pursuit of a Christian life. At
this time Mr. Jones advised her to
work out her own technique; the re-
sult is her book, *I Follow the Road*,
which is a modern woman's search for
God. In this book Mrs. Payson tells
how she taught and found God in her
daily life. She says: "Taxicabs were
little temples to me, I prayed in them."

Martha Fisher reviewed the book
last Sunday morning at Sunday
school.

THE COLLEGE SHOPPER

The college shopper shops for organdies and all the things that go with them! May Day isn't far off, so take a hint and a tip on what to look for when you go to buy.

There are cottons for sport, cottons for afternoon, and cottons for evening. There must be a swish or a clank to new formal styles, and the better for you, my dear, if you manage both. You might even hear the dull plopping of rubber—because they are making evening gowns of rubber! Also we must have trains, and dresses shud fit tightly. The Oriental influence is still with us, even in evening wear. But the Orient and the Occident meet, for materials show a machine-age influence strictly our own, as we see in the celophane, bark, taffeta, and steel fillings composing warf and woof. You'll have to stand constantly, thereby necessitating striking line and color in your gown. There are chiffon flounces in icing blue, taffeta in sugar almond pink, and black oil cloth models all to be had for the same occasion, so it seems that any material, color, or assembling will do nicely. Yet the silhouette is very definite. Full skirts, trains, tight-fitting lines, huge sleeve effects, bows and ruffles make a dress smart this spring. Blue is among the best colors for evening. Plaid organdy, the new crinkly plaid, with riddly gloves to match, promises to go a long way at a party. Gingham checks, printed handkerchief linen, seersucker, organdy, and dotted swiss are still old stand-bys. The low neck is good, and evening gowns of that new heavy boucle type of cotton lace are best worn over taffeta or organdy slips.

The hit-of-the-year is the shirt-waist frock—its influence carrying over even into evening gowns. Stripes are preferred. A perfect golfing frock is one with adequate width in the skirt, and an inverted pleat in the back of the bodice, and pockets for tees. A convertible, zipper-fastened neckline is also a redeeming feature. The "cat's whiskers" bow is the last word in bows, and so are pockets put on obliquely. A frock with a cape is newer than a jacket frock, and capelet sleeves are the smartest kind, while butcher's linen also gets a vote for tennis. If it isn't shirtwaist or low-backed you can vindicate woman in fashion's eyes only by getting a pair of shorts. They'll be seen every place and they won't shock a soul this summer, although they promise to be the loud plaid in design.

The white coat deserves a word. It is in wool or cotton. The collarless coat of heavy novelty coating is smart, and the swagger linen coat you had last summer remains in good style.

APRIL MAIDS

Gay April, laughing April, weeping April, fickle April. She is the coquette of the twelve months and as favored as she is fickle. Her name supposedly comes from the Latin *aperio*—meaning to open, probably of leaves and flowers. If this is true she is the only one among the months with a Latin name, or with one which in any way signifies its characteristics. The Romans considered April as belonging especially to Venus, goddess of love and beauty. Her stone is the diamond, symbol of innocence, and her flower the sweet pea, meaning love, a kiss. With such a background and heritage we should expect great things from April maids. Here's power to you: Esther Helen Azarch, Marion Collier, Isabel Coulter, Catherine Crowwell, Elizabeth Dabney, Mary Jac Griffith, Jane Haffenberg, Alice Vivienne Hill, Mary Jean Kirwan, Marion Low, Leigh Taliaferro, Patsy Schorndorfer, Winetta Warnock, Jane Wilson, and Peggy Young.

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WE DELIVER

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"Come back to see me just as soon as you can, won't you, please? Because you're the only ones who ever come to see me."

This was the last thing that a little twelve-year-old girl, in the surgical ward, told Edith Eason, Betty Hill, and Miss Van Hooser last Thursday night, April 19, when they left. This child is about a hundred miles from home; and it is a real pleasure to be able to go to see her and so many others like her, who are so lonely in the hospital wards.

Folly Gay, Marjorie Wells and Alice Adams were very interested in some cute little dogs, which one of the girls in the medical ward had drawn in anticipation of their coming. The girls took the children some jig-saw puzzles. When they left the children were busily engaged with their puzzles.

W. B. GRADS
WIN HONORS

A recent letter from one of the Ward-Belmont girls, who is now at Duke, tells that many of them have received honors on the campus recently. Annie Kate Rebman, '32, has been elected to the May Court, and there is talk of a scholarship being offered her for further work there next year. Mai Nov Van Deren has been elected recording secretary of student council for next year. And Dorris Fish goes to the Kappa convention being held in Colorado this summer as the delegate from her chapter at Duke.

HELENE LOEB,
CHAPEL SPEAKER

Helene Loeb was chapel speaker Wednesday, April 15. She spoke on "Our Religion."

"It is not unusual to hear people express the belief that religion is dead. Perhaps we are most concerned about this statement since the blame is laid on our shoulders. Religion is so necessary a thing in this life of ours. We, the youth, are normal people despite the faults and accomplishments attributed to us. We are, each day, taking part in human relationships, each day living our personal lives. Surely, if we do not have that sense of religion we are at least steadily working toward it.

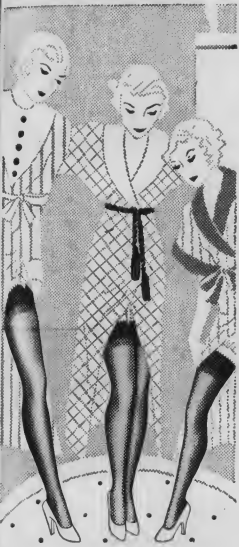
"You hear some young people scoffing at religion, laughing at those who want to go to church. Perhaps they are not quite sure enough of themselves to feel that they can express their own ideas and sufficiently support them. Youth is often afraid to risk public opinion, often unsure of itself. If we ask of modern thought: 'Is religion an illusion?' our answer would be, I believe, an emphatic, 'No.' It is not too much to believe that more youth would express their religious beliefs if the influence of others had not made them feel that such belief were 'not quite the thing.' Life is, indeed, a strange mixture. Probably at no time does it seem more so than in this stage of youth when what we shall believe, and what we shall admit may often come into conflict.

"I cannot believe that the cause of youth is lost, that they have forever put religion from them. Youth today is living its share of life too sincerely to be void of religion. Youth promises too much for the future to be without religious beliefs and convictions. The time will come when we can show the world that we are not departing from religion, but rather that we are adding our share to the growth and maintenance of religion."



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CANDYLAND

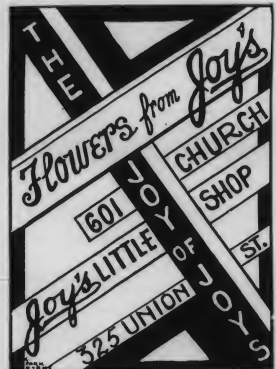
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EDITORIAL

GIVE YOUR BEST

With the coming of the springtime, our thoughts turn to the fast-closing days of school and to summer freedom. All too soon we shall experience May Day, step singing, and graduation. In the four weeks left of school (there might be some that could tell you the exact time in hours and minutes) there will be lots of work to do and time will be at a premium. During these last hurried days classes, clubs, and other organizations will make demands of every girl on the campus in an effort to round out the year to its fullest perfection. It is then that each girl will be faced with the problem of allotting her time to do full justice to all of her engagements. Some of the girls will be able to do this easily, but for others it will be difficult, and some phase of the school life will probably be neglected. This will be the real test for many of the Ward-Belmont students. During this school year we were each supposed to learn to apportion our time and regulate our lives, and it is at this time that this knowledge will be tried. Just a simple warning—do not take on too many tasks at the last moment. Keep to the things which you best know how to do, and give your best to the doing of them.

Cooperation also will count for a great deal the next few weeks. There must be cooperation between the students and their teachers, sponsors, and other school heads, as well as between the students themselves in all of their organizations. With everyone making the greatest possible effort for success, this year of 1933-34 cannot help but be an outstanding year for all of Ward-Belmont.

L. F., '34.

(Continued on column 3)

PREP PATTERN

The Whole Situation in a Nutshell

We can't seem to think of an appropriate poem to dash off at the head of our lamentable column this week, but maybe we'll get lyrical later on. Wait and see. We can just see you all with your eyes glued to the page and with bated breath, hoping against hope that we will not insert another ode. . . . Oh, well. . . .

Who is the girl, a dark-haired Senior, who dashed up to Franklin, Ky. (Nashville's Gretna Green), Saturday night at 8:30? She says she came home at eleven, but even so, that gave her time to interview a preacher if she wanted to? We think we'll drive up ourselves some time and interrogate all the justices of the peace in Franklin. We might learn some interesting facts.

Who was Eleanor Bailey's Sunday night date? He's a star M. B. A. football player. Where did they go? (No, not Franklin, again); and what happened? We notice she was handsomely escorted to the Delta Dance, too.

Now for the last gym dance: We had the best time we've had, and we

saw some other people having the time of their lives, too. There was Andy Butterfield, and Ruth Keller, Anne Huddleston, Mary Louise Torrey (Ed. note—The last two times this name has been in, it was spelled once Tarry and once Garry. We would like to inform you it has been the same family all along—not three different ones), Carolyn Eskridge, and just heads and heads of people! We liked the orchestra, too, and they had a band of neon light inside one of the horns that intrigued us.

We got taken out to the ball game, too!—(The Vol opener)—consequently missing our chemistry test, and having to come Saturday morning to make it up. But it was worth it! We loved the third baseman, Smoky Joe Martin, who is plenty fast and bats around 429, which is considered good. Eleven innings of fast baseball and our first hot dog made up a grand evening. Virginia Carson was present somewhere in the audience, too, but we didn't see her. Understand, we're not for a minute classing Virginia and the hot dog together—just a slip of the mind, the pen and the typewriter. (Of course, we deliberately wrote it that way, but why go into that?)

Mary Louise Bearden won a very nice young gentleman's heart at a

CAMPUS COLUMN

Would you believe it, I almost forgot the column this week. Not having the weekly lit to remind me I thought it wasn't my business to write what wasn't put up—so they hailed me at the last minute on Wednesday, and here it is again. Hard to guess at what's happened when one has been away for four days.

The end seems fast approaching. Bills for the diplomas and certificates were sent out Wednesday. Wait until the families see that! May dresses are fast being finished, and the Seniors have been making any number of trips downtown to see how they are getting along. Council elections were gotten over with last Friday. May Queen voted for in the first ballot last Tuesday, and there's no telling who got what!

The Osiron dance proved to be the most unique formal of the year. They tell me the members painted that Silly Symphony all by themselves, and did you see Shorty's friend, Micky Mouse, standing right there with her?

Kitty McKenzie likes candy too well to let being in the infirmary keep her from eating all the candy she wants. She couldn't come down because she'd over-eaten—

And being in the infirmary doesn't quiet Betty Odis either! She hasn't stopped yelling at the friends who passed when we went to press.

I see Glander has moved up with friend Shorty! Don't tell me Catherine Brown is living on first floor!

Couldn't find anybody who had been to see C. Otis Skinner. Didn't anybody go?

Judy Berry's mother is here. Guess that means good times for the crowd.

Rena and Ruth just can't keep away from town. You should have heard them rave about "Tarzan." I wonder if Suzanne was there, too!

"Yours truly" likes warm weather, and if it doesn't hurry and turn warmer, I won't be able to work this typewriter.

Judy Acheson just passed by in her sky blue jodpurs and ducky pink hair-bow. Hair ribbons are getting to be the vogue at last on the campus. Glander just had her *Milestones* picture taken with a black one on the curls.

I've got to make this short and snappy. I've got a gym class and I have to get in to my pants.

I'll see you.

EAGLE FEATHER

FOOTSTEPS

I used to hear each step along the floor
And always listen for your own familiar tread,
But now I know it's foolish—
They have passed on by so many times before
That now my hope is dead.
I've learned to calm my heart,
To keep my eye fast riveted on the wall—
And let strange footsteps pass on by—
And that is all.

But every night when things are quiet and low
I almost hear you stop and turn the door.
Then silence . . . and I know it's just the wind once more.
Even once I thought you came and touched my hair
But that was only while I said my prayer.

—K. L. H., '34.

WALLED IN

I've seen the golden setting sun,
I've felt repose when day is done;
Through books
I've haunted all those nooks
That made this life a worthless one.

I've picked the violet along quiescent trails,
I've roamed with the winds
O'er plains, through dales,
I've tasted love; it's bitter and it's sweet;
I've been storm-tossed, my fate to meet.
Oh, yes, I've heard the nightingale's sad call,
But all the while, I, enclosed in a wall,
Felt and heard, but never saw
The beauty of it all.

E. D. S., '34.

(Continued from column 1)

OUR PAST YEAR: ITS WORTH

Spring, elections for officers for next year, May Day dresses, plans for graduation, families that are coming. Every day brings some new reminder that this school will soon be over.

To some of us, the thought of the end of this year is a sad one, for we realize that we have gained much here, that we have found out many things that will forever remain dear to us. To others of us, parting will not seem as sorrowful. We will be filled, instead, with thoughts of all the good times, materially speaking, that are awaiting us during this summer and in the co-ed schools we may next attend. The dates, the parties, the dances, the freedom may overshadow in our minds the happiness that we have known here, for often the realization of joys we have had this year are at present so obscure in our minds that slight thoughts of things to come may completely submerge them.

It has been said that we do not appreciate the good things in life until they are far past us, until the chance of appreciating simple joys while we have them has passed from our reach. All that may sound very "preachy" and much like the advice elders have given you, but, nevertheless, it is true.

We may not be able to appreciate our blessings while we have them. We can at least make an honest effort to do so. We can at least give those joys a chance to show themselves and to convince us that our days here have been so very worthwhile.

H. L., '34.

Dolores Smith's rendition of "*Was Willst du Haben*" was fine. We wondered all the time if those pretzels were real. They looked it. We ought to have more programs like that, only let's pass out the pretzels to the audience afterwards.

Something we didn't like at all was the general culture test we took t'other day. We must be a mere hanger-over from the Dark Ages in culture, for we had never heard of the man who had 40 children eaten by bears because of their disrespect for him, or the Value of Bimetallism, or sociology, or psychology, or even Eugene V. Debs. We were hazy on the three Strauss brothers, too. We thought of merely writing, "My name's Johann or Oskar or Richard." We're one of the Strauss boys," but we decided against it. And in checkov and pragmatism and Doestovevsky we were lost! We have decided to get a "History of Art," a "History of Music," and a volume of Ibsen and hibernate this summer, so we can pass the test next year. Do you realize that when we finish college here, we'll have been to W-B ten years? We've practically become an institution, like Wednesday chapel, the lions, and Mr. Puckett.

The column's done, and no poem is forthcoming. You may breathe again.

H. H.

CLUB CHATTER

The Anti-Pan club house witnessed a very "touching" event—Marian Colter celebrated a birthday and was a victim of a surprise party. The little lass tripped over the cushions to the club house supposedly to pop some corn with friends, but discovered that others had "tripped" before her.

Miss Swenson, Mary Johnson, Peggy Blackmar, Charlotte Bughy, Sunny Taylor, Betty Bowman, Mary Alice Paine, and a birthday cake greeted her arrival, candles all—oh well, you know what we mean. Some chicken salad sandwiches, candy, and cakes appeared, and everybody dug in. S'funniest thing, but Betty and Charlotte spent a very uncomfortable night, and 'tis rumored that Marian didn't fare so well, herself.

Whoops! Methinks the Anti-Pans will be well represented in the tennis tournament, what with Bobbie Leake and Elise Elrod faithfully practicing each day.

Marian Bullock bade a sad (?) farewell to all fond female friends and gleefully departed toward Chattanooga, Columbia, or whatever-it-is, to meet the ever-faithful Mack. By the way, just exactly where did you see Marian?

Many a time have we seen some disoriented girl frantically running toward the Anti-Pan club house carrying a lighted splint, only to arrive at the steps with a piece of charcoal. Upon investigation, we discovered that the pilot light on the stove is out of commission, and that, my dear Watson, was a way of interfering with any of the carefully-planned parties. 'Tis things like that which try women's souls.

Holy mud! The next time somebody saves the Anti-Pan windows wide open, we're going to rise up in arms. To think that we were actually so stupid our teeth chattered while listening to Bing Crosby—tsk! tsk! such "musks" to poor Bingy.

Club (Tri-K) compliments go to Maria Jo this week for her performance in the play on Wednesday. Wonder if the discussion of *truth* at club a few weeks ago had anything to do with it.

Then, Peanut Jones returns from out in a few hours late, but happy. Just be nice!

Virginia Bradshaw surprised herself and everyone on arriving at first base with the bat in her hand the other day.

Katrina has been forgetting that clothes do not dry on wet Sundays. Wonder if she was comfortable in the church?

Miss Cayce got the knife (long sought for), thanks to the member who explores sofa cushions. (We found the key.)

A. T. O's are calling for the blonde red. Go to it, Leigh!

Jane Carroll and Katrina were absent from practice on Tuesday. These people who ride in automobiles!

The A. K. house has been very busy the last week. The goldfish haven't even had an opportunity to be lonely.

We've learned a lot about various club members since we have been preparing for the dance. For instance:

Dukie Hill hates to have to sit still and be fitted.

Wilma thinks a girl has an awful rawback if she looks too angelic.

Nellie just "Can't take it." She's been stiff all week after her strenuous exercise Sunday afternoon.

Vic Keidel can certainly sing "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Arlene Milligan is broken-hearted about her new white shoes. From now on, one of them will have a green toe.

The A. K.'s feel awfully smart, having Dartmouth boys interested in their dance—especially when they contribute such splendid ideas. Betty

Randle, send Dave and his "pals" our thanks.

Have you seen the A. K.'s new baseball bat? Even if we can't play, we can brag about our equipment.

Smith seems to have enjoyed her week-end at home. What's this we hear about her giving gardenias to a poor, hard-working brakeman?

The Penta Taus certainly had a rollicking time on the picnic the F. F.'s gave for them. Everybody explored the whole country. Some played Indian, and their yells sounded exactly like an Indian call (if you know what that means); when it was time to eat, everybody was hungry enough to eat a bear. And was there ever food? I should say! The grandest steak, sandwiches, cakes, and everything else that goes with a picnic! Coming back in the wood old bus, the crowd sang everything from "It Ain't Goin' Rain No More" to "I Love You Truly." A jolly picnic, I would say!

Congratulations to you, Tottie! The Penta Taus are proud of you. Know you will make a good proctor. And to you, too, Ruth.

Ruthie would break down with the measles, but didn't take her long to get over them. Seems as though the measles had hit nearly all the Penta Taus. Better now, though, than after they get home.

Wednesday night the F. F.'s gave a picnic at Percy Warner Park in honor of the Penta Taus. After taking the Pennsylvania Tests, the F. F.'s thought it a good plan to have a little recreation. So, two buses furnished the transportation. Miss Ruef and Miss Clark chaperoned, with Viva Lee and Eva Charity in charge of the food. The two clubs started out in grand style from North Front. Soper had her ball and bat (courtesy Penta Tau Club), and Nita had the F. F. ball and bat, so all were well equipped for a ball game.

Viva Lee and Eva Charity proved to be quite original in their meal, which was as follows: Beans, sandwiches, cake, steaks, buns, chocolate, and caramel cakes. Miss Ruef and Miss Clark, May Dell, and Rosemary Hortsmann displayed their skill at playing "catch" while the rest of the girls strolled around in the woods looking for wild flowers. When the food was all eaten, Miss Ruef decided it was time to go, so we piled in the bus, tired but happy, and hated to go home.

STUDENT RECITAL PRESENTED

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented a students' recital on Tuesday, April 24. The program was as follows:

Piano—Reflets dans l'eau... DeBussey
Miss Jane Briggs

Violin—Concerto No. 6.....Rode
First movement

John Howard Wise
Piano—Papillons.....Schumann
Miss Frances Dean Smith

Organ—

(a) Choral Prelude—All Mankind is Mortal.....Bach

(b) Allegro from Sonata in E Minor.....Rogers

Miss Mary Frances Banker
Violin—Spanish Dance.....Rehfeld

Miss Elizabeth Glasgow

Voice—

(a) Zueignung.....Strauss

(b) Margaret at the Spinning Wheel.....Schubert

(c) Hills.....LaForge
Miss Mary Browning

Piano—

(a) Minstrels.....DeBussey

(b) Etude, Op. 25, No. 5.....Chopin
Miss Isabel Goodloe

Violin—Concerto in E Minor.....Mendelssohn
andante
allegretto non troppo
allegro molto vivace
Mr. Harold Kapp

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THE DIARY OF MIS- TRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

My soul is weary from too many tests. And what tests! Great Honk! The F.F.'s and the Penta Tau's went a-picknicking, but the rest of us stayed here for Miss Townsend's plays instead of club. They were awfully good. The F.F.'s and the Penta Taus don't know what they missed.

Thursday—

More excitement has been going on around here, what with tests yesterday and what all. Tuck came roaring into my room with something about seeing Nancyann Schmid going up to the infirmary, and her eyes being crossed! We sat and wept about Nancy's eyes for some time, only to discover this evening that it was all a great untruth—thank goodness!

Friday—

Election of council officers today! They were rather business-like about it all, what with taking us one by one and what no Returns were announced in the dining room, and me-thinks they were excellent selections.

Ah, me! It's getting warmish out again, and all the tennis enthusiasts are trying to get in shape for the tournament, while Eleanor Irwin, Gail Lawrence, Jane Bucklin, Judy Acheson, and Miss Carling take early morning and late afternoon jaunts on horseback. Sprig, sprig, beautiful sprig!

Saturday—

Tuck and I tried to force our way into "Tarzan," but it was no go; so we went to "It Happened One Night," and ran smack into Frances Summers and Mary Lee Wilson. When we finally did get seats, we adored old cave-man Gable in raptured silence. Only Tuck was awfully put out because he wouldn't kiss the heroine. She said that that was no way to do.

Back from town in a rush, and donned the glad rags for the Osiron Silly Symphony. I was perfectly enchanted with the decorations, as everyone else seemed to be, and could hardly dance for having to stare at them. No wonder the Osirons kept flocking to the club house to paint! The special was darling, too. I thought Pinky made such a cute little pig, and that flower number nearly drove me crazy trying to figure out whose legs belonged to who. It's a funny thing how you can't tell a girl by her legs.

Simply scads of fun was had by everyone, including the weary Osirons. I had to seize Tuck by the throat and drag her away in a corner to get a dance with her.

Sunday—

Strawberry shortcake for dessert! Ummymy! Hershey took one look at the thing, and decided to pass instead of serve. It thought it would rain this afternoon, so it did, and me without a raincoat. How I envied Mary Milan in her go's! Tuck contemplated robbery, but I managed to control her. And of all the lervely nights for a fire drill! Smith was dashing up and down looking important, while Thelma Martin was gnashing her teeth because Jane Rodges had gone out, and she couldn't find the list. Everyone with colds was griping, and so was everyone without colds.

Monday—

Heigh ho, Blue Monday again! Got a telegram from Johnny saying "only five weeks"—as if he had to remind me! The German club produces a little ditty for our pleasure this morning. Saw Edith Eason in the halls beforehand, glumly hoping the thing would get started all right. Went to see Cornelia Otis Skinner, and enjoyed her very much, but I was so fascinated with Raedeen Tibbett's hat I nearly forgot to watch the stage.

Tuesday—

Today has been quite busy, what? Elections, chocolate eclairs, the birth-

day dinner, a music recital tonight, and what not! The elections came out rather well, I thought, what with Potts, and Chattin, and Scotty and Gail getting high honors.

FRENCH CLUB MEETS

Last Thursday night, April 19, the French Club met in the Tri-K club house. As the speaker was unable to attend, the evening was spent in dancing and concluded by a repast of punch and cakes.

THINGS I NEVER KNEW

Richard Byrd, leading citizen of the Antarctica, last week started what he said would be a seven-month solitary vigil in the world's southernmost weather observation post. It was intended that the base in the interior of the continent should be manned by two or three men, but since it is impossible to transport supplies for that many, Admiral Byrd undertook the lonesome job himself. He can communicate with the Little America camp by a small wireless set. The first temperature report was 60 degrees below zero.

President Roosevelt enjoyed his fishing trip in southern waters in Vice-cent Astor's yacht so much that he extended the cruise a few days, but will return to Washington this week.

A mob of 6,000 unemployed protesting discontinuance of C.W.A. work clashed with police in front of the Minneapolis city hall. Tear gas bombs, clubs and stones were used freely, so that eighteen persons were hurt and thirty arrested.

Flood waters of the Washita River in Oklahoma surprised and took the lives of seventeen or more persons last week.

Samuel Insull, self-exiled Chicago utilities magnate, made himself as comfortable as possible in the custody of Turkish authorities, summoned his lawyer from Greece to fight against being turned over to the United States, received \$10,000 from his interests in England, and prepared to write his memoirs. This was last week. Now, what next?

Gaston Doumergue, premier of France, Wednesday cut the national budget of \$184,800,000 by firing and cutting salaries of civil servants and stirred the wrath of the 800,000 persons affected. Another crisis in France is not unlikely.

The government last Friday let it be known to the world that the United States is ready to join in boycotting any violator of a world disarmament pact, but that the United States would be the judge of whether such steps were justified.

Now bidders for government business must show certificates of NRA compliance. These certificates were held not necessary at the time of the administration's clash with Henry Ford.

The treasury has indicated that the rate of Uncle Sam's spending will be reduced still more in the near future. The House voted to bar Americans from engaging in financial transactions with countries that have defaulted on their obligations to the United States and its nationals, and to guarantee the principal as well as the interest of Home Owners Loan Corporation bonds. The Senate has given indication of raising every income tax bill 10 per cent.

Here's a good story: Newton C. Marshall, American mining engineer who had been given up for dead returned to civilization from the "green hell" of Colombia's Choco jungle last week. Marshall was the sole survivor of an airplane crash at the base of the Andes, March 10. Injured himself, Marshall watched over the bodies of two other victims for two weeks, and then sought to find his way through the jungle. He was found by a party of Indians and fainted as they came toward him.

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• PENSTAFF EDITION •

DR. CLARK. CHAPEL SPEAKER

Dr. Samuel Clark, professor of Anatomy at Vanderbilt University, spoke in chapel, Wednesday, May 2, on "Things Worth-while."

He said, "It is most difficult to decide what things are most worthwhile because the same things do not seem worth-while to the same people. It is not always possible to think that what a person does is worth-while, although it may be everything to him. To the very old, or the very young bodily comfort is the most worth-while thing, to the poet his poems, to the scientist his laws, and to the business man his business."

"By comparing what the man has created with what his creation has done to him it should be possible to obtain some sort of an abstract grasp with which to measure. Sometimes his back has bent and his hair turned gray in the process of his creating, sometimes there is no outward sign at all. But if the man himself has grown, his creating is worthwhile."

"Abbot, in 'What We Live By,' has said that man spends his life in work, play, love, and worship. Does the enjoyment of any of these things make for more abundant life? If so it is worth-while. But it makes for narrowness, selfishness, or bigotry if it is not worth-while."

MISS HITE. CHAPEL SPEAKER

The third of a series of vocational talks was given during the chapel hour on Friday, April 27. Miss Elizabeth Hite, State Director of the Federal Relief Administration, told the students about Social Service as a vocation.

Miss Hite first told of the things accomplished by social service. These included the various adjustments which the workers help the less fortunate to make. It helped the deserving people to be more congenial with their surroundings, to try to be self-maintaining, and it was a work with human beings to teach them to adjust their circumstances for the best results.

The qualifications for being a social worker were next given by Miss Hite. These were physical, mental, and emotional maturity; poise; knowledge of life adjustments; the buoyancy of youth; physical vigor; imagination, and several other attributes. She also told of the importance of training for social work. Either apprenticeship in some agency, or attendance in some school of social work was recommended for those who desired social work as a vocation. Miss Hite announced that next year a two-year school of social training was to be started in Nashville.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Monday, May 7—
Vocational Opportunities in Tennessee—Dr. Walter Cocking, State Commissioner of Education
Wednesday, May 9—
Chapel—Rev. Moultrie Guerry, Chaplain of the University of the South
Friday, May 11—
To be announced later

CHEEK AND CLEM- ENTS IN RECITAL

Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented Ella Lu Cheek, violinist, in her graduation recital in the school auditorium Thursday, April 26. Miss Cheek was assisted by Mildred Clements, piano pupil of Hazel Coate Rose.

Miss Cheek is one of the forthcoming artists of Nashville. She has improved greatly since her last public appearance at the school. Her technical facilities proved splendid in her complete mastery of the familiar Bruch, "Concerto in G Minor." Her tone was smooth and delicate, and her interpretation delightful.

Her diploma program included: Handel's "Sonata in A," Bruch's "Concerto in G Minor," Mozart's "Minuetto," Debussy's "En Bateau," and "Granadina" by Nin. Such a program was appreciated thoroughly by the audience. She was ably accompanied by Hazel Coate Rose.

Miss Clements played with exceptional skill. Her numbers included Schumann's "Warum?," Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," and "Song of the Sea," by Ware, and "Submerged Cathedral," by Debussy. Her last number was the brilliant Spanish dance, "Malaguena," by Lecuanas.

DR. CAMPBELL, CHURCH SPEAKER

Dr. J. W. Campbell spoke in church, Sunday, on the subject of "Is Life Worth Living?" He pointed out that fellowship with our fellowmen, fellowship with nature and fellowship with God all go to make life very well worth living. But he said that fellowship with God comes only at the apex of our natures, and that the only time we really know God is at the highest moments in our lives.

DONATION MADE TO READING ROOM

The Milwaukee Alumnae Club has recently donated five dollars to add to the collection of books in the Recreation Reading Room. The books that have been purchased with the money are: *Mary of Scotland*, Anderson; *Under Twenty*, Becker; and *Hounds of Spring*, Thompson.

The library is very grateful for this contribution. Merry Belle Palmer, '28, is president of the Milwaukee Alumnae Club.

A. K. CLUB PRE- SENTS DANCE

The A. K. Club gave their annual club dance on Saturday, April 28, at eight o'clock.

The gym was decorated to represent a night club. The skyline could be seen in the distance in the little gym. Colored lights were thrown upon a fountain which was also in the little gym.

To complete the effect there were four roulette tables and four modernistic panels representing Dicing, Suicide at Roulette, Inspiration, and a Card Game.

For the special, Dolores Smith sang the "Champagne Waltz." With Nancyann Schmid, she presented a waltz. A chorus of four girls representing champagne glasses, portrayed by Carolyn Bryant, Dukie Hill, Virginia Shaw and Virginia Richey, were brought in on a tray in the center of which there was a huge champagne bottle.

The guests were received by Virginia Winston, Miss Sanders, Virginia Shaw, Charlie Holcome, Olga Wardoski, and Dolores Smith. Those having charge of the dance were Wilma Baker, chairman; Nancyann Schmid, special; Carolyn Bryant, invitations; Charlie Holcome, decorations; and Victoria Kiedel, refreshments.

TEXAS PICNIC HELD

On Saturday afternoon, April 28, the A. K. Club had a picnic at Mr. Benedict's summer home. About sixty girls went out in buses. They spent the afternoon playing baseball and hiking. After a marvelous supper the girls played games like "Blind Man's Bluff," "Red Rover," "Drop-the-Handkerchief," and "Three Deep." It was a lot of fun, but it is surprising the difference in rules of the games as played in the different parts of the country. Everyone had a very good time and said that it was one of the best picnics given this year. Thelma Martin, president of the club, was in charge.

F. F. CLUB ENTERTAINS

The F. F. Club is entertaining in their club house, Saturday, May 5, from 5:00 until 8:00 with a supper dance. Alsha McCourt is in charge of the invitations, Viva Lee Davis of the refreshments, and Eva Charity Oldhaver of the orchestra.

PENSTAFF

"Great oaks from little acorns grow," has been quoted often, and though we hesitate to classify our members as nuts, this maxim might well be the cornerstone of the Penstaff. Seriously, this organization has grown, we feel, in the seven years of its existence, to fill a definite need of the high school. The first Penstaff had its beginning in the fall of '27 under the auspices of Miss Pugh after a group of students interested in creative writing had voiced a desire for some club of its kind. It was made up mostly of younger members. It was composed as it is now of both boarding and day students, high school students who were admitted to membership through a contest similar to that put on this year.

This group flourished until the spring of '30 when strangely enough all of the members either graduated or did not return. The following year there was no Penstaff. In the second half of the school year, '31-'32, the English teachers reorganized the club with a group of seniors selected by their teachers as charter members. Another contest was held and new people taken in, thus starting it on the path to its present proportions. Each year the places left by graduating members have been filled by others chosen purely for their creative ability. We are now 23 strong—a motley group composed of seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen, but with a common interest in the enjoyment gleaned from expressing ourselves in words to the best of our ability.

MARGARET GREEN, '34.

SENIOR ACTIVI- TIES PLANNED

The Senior Class has entered the last stretch of the year with the predicted rush of events. The last few weeks of school always is filled to overflowing with the many things to do and to be participants of.

Among the events, the most outstanding one coming very soon, is May Day. The elections for the May Queen are being held now and the Seniors are preparing their part of May Day which is the formation of the Queen's Court. The plans are in the hands of the May Day Committee whose chairman are Juliet Hutton and Mary Louise Balsiger.

An old tradition which the Seniors again carried out was the hanging of May baskets and bouquets on the doors of the administration, and members of the household on the morning of May first. Kathryn Mathis was chairman of the committee. These girls in charge are to be complimented on the lovely bouquets they arranged for the occasion.

Instructions concerning what is to be worn on the Commencement occasions have been issued. For all Commencement occasions Step-Singing on May 26 and 27, Baccalaureate Sermon on May 27, and Junior College Commencement on May 29, the class will wear sport dresses of all white, with no color of any kind or colored accessories; all-white shoes will be worn, and no flowers are to be worn or carried. For the Commencement Sermon on Sunday morning, May 27, and for the Junior College Commencement, May 29, all applicants for diplomas will wear white caps and gowns.

Those girls receiving certificates will not wear caps and gowns, but will be in all white.

The entire Senior Class will participate in the Step-Singing on Saturday and Sunday nights. Ann Shaw is in charge of Senior Step-Singing.

VANDERBILT HOSPITAL

On Thursday night, April 26, Martie Sherman, Polly Gay, and Miss Van Hooser went into the surgical ward of Vanderbilt Hospital, while Lucile Ensey, Mary C. Evans, and Kay Combs were in the medical ward. It proved to be another interesting evening.

There were several children from the Junior League Home there for treatment; and they were delightfully surprised with trinkets, including beads and puzzles, which the girls brought with them. Also there were magazines for the grown-ups. The girls took much interest in an old lady who was there with a broken hip, and in a 19-year-old high school girl.

ANTI-PANS ENTER- TAIN DEL VERS

Wednesday night, May 2, the Anti-Pan club honored their sister club, the Del Vers, with a formal buffet supper in the Anti-Pan club house.

The table was attractively decorated with a large centerpiece of spring flowers and a silver service. Helen Stilmarks had charge of the supper.

BEG YOUR PARDON

College Graduation will take place on May 29 instead of on May 28 as erroneously announced in last week's HYPHEN.

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CLUB CHATTER

Whew!—The A. K.'s are certainly glad they don't give dances often! Virginia Winston, Carolyn Bryant, and Virginia Shaw were in the infirmary.

Kitty McKenzie is at last "rid" of the mumps, and her mother is here. Margaret Ann's mother was here over the week-end.

Vespers in the club, Sunday night, certainly agreed with little Warmouth. She and Mary Lalla just love Dixie cups.

Smith really looks good with all those curls. Have you noticed them? Olga wasn't disfigured by the fall Saturday night, but she was rather banged up.

Marjorie Abbot has taken a room in the infirmary. She's got German measles. Too bad so many A. K.'s are sick!

Speaking of being able to read poetry, Coulter has the knack, for she read beautiful at Vespers, Sunday night.

There's a certain little brunette A. K. that "can hardly wait to welcome Mama and Papa!" They're coming today—you know.

Too bad that Nellie has lost her camera! She would be grateful if the finder would present it to her.

Miss Casebier and Miss Rae gave a tea at the Agora, Wednesday afternoon.

Esther Helen Azark celebrated her birthday at the club house with ten guests. The party was quite a success. And what's this we hear about giving Esther Helen a kitchen shower?

Well, aren't some people lucky? Elizabeth Smith met Malcolm Tate, the Paramount organist, Saturday night and had a date with him while her mother was in town. There're many more to come, judging from the daily letters she receives from him. By the way, when he plays, "Orchids in the Moonlight," it's dedicated to none other than Elizabeth.

Betty Bryant, we're so glad to have you with us again.

Miss Lydell was guest at the club meeting last Wednesday, and we certainly did enjoy having her.

Frances Graham, Mary Jane Safford, Hilda Beck, Elinor Morton, Katherine Crowell, Irene Sartor, Mary C. Evans, and Lucille Endsley had breakfast at the club, Sunday morning. Hilda Beck, Frances, and Mary C. Evans are certainly early birds—they play tennis each morning.

Well, Cecil Seitz, maybe, some day, you will master the fan dance.

We like your new coiffure, Jany Ruth Huey!

I'm still curious as to what happened to Miss Casebier, Miss Lydell, Esther Helen Azark and Cecil Seitz when they were on their way to club meeting—I thought they'd go into hysterics.

Frances Graham had about every one in Founders helping her move Monday. Her new room is quite the thing.

Georgiana Martin and Mary Milam certainly look sleepy after their trip to Birmingham. The girls were the guests of Edith Manly, and they certainly had a grand time.

Where were all the X. L. girls Sunday night? They certainly missed a very interesting vesper service planned by Ann Shaw.

Just think, last Sunday was the last Sunday night service at the club. Hasn't the time gone quickly? We will soon be saying "Adios."

Tri K's enjoyed a musical program Wednesday night. Mary Eleanor and Stanley Elizabeth sang "Smilin' Through" and "The Indian Love Call," and Isabel sang "L'amour, Toujours, L'amour." "Dressing for the Opera," an amusing monologue, was rendered by Sara Jo Berry.

In the regular meeting, Stanley Elizabeth Clay, and Margaret Louise Boyd were chosen as nominees for the presidency of Tri K in '34-'35. Final

elections will be held in club, Wednesday.

Tri K's are planning to hold a club dinner at Belle Meade Country Club, on May 24th.

Questionnaire on Sunday vespers: What happened to the hymn? Mary Jones, thought you liked to sing.

Where would tea have come from if Miss Carling hadn't appeared? They said she was on K. P.

Izzy and Leigh were surprised to be on the serving committee again. Ask them if they enjoy it.

Miss Morrison came to our aid. The "K. P." had a force as large as one of Caesar's legions for bottle washing. Who put the Tri K ice tea over the fire? Blame that on Anne Shaw.

THE THREE R'S

For my part, I had no babyhood. I first see myself as an under-sized six-year-old in stiff gingham dresses with bloomers to match. I am ready for school. It would seem that that has always been my outward attitude—but, oh, the inward one! I believe at this time, though, I was ready for school all the way through. From the time I brushed my "pearly" little incisors (and the gap in front) in the morning until I rubbed Hind's "Honey and Almond" on my chapped knees at night, my world revolved about the twenty-one members of the first grade and my "Jackie Cooogan" tablet. The first class of the first grade was "Miz" Smith, a placid, cozy little woman who hugged us all alike and taught us that the letter "d" was just a telephone pole with an "a" beside it. You supposedly knew how to make "a." It was in this steamy little first-grade room that I met my first love. Though my memory at this point is vague he was evidently the star of the class, for I do remember "Miz" Smith telling Margaret that she couldn't be Gordon C's sweetheart if she didn't learn to add 8 and 7. Mrs. Smith was an inveterate match-maker even among the very young. It is probably from Mrs. Smith that I get my cozy yet crafty scheming.

My second-grade year must have been prosaic, aside from my well-remembered embarrassment over my inability to make a capital "C" in the approved manner, and the visit of an old girl, who was possibly in the fifth grade, to our class, and pride that was mine when she chose to sit with me. This year is a blank. We were ruled, however, by a Miss Cora Townsend, a thin, angular virgin quite unlike plump "Miz" Smith.

In the third grade I had chicken-pox, measles and whooping cough, for three out of the nine months of school. In the remaining six months I was initiated into the mysteries of fire-drills and long division, and as far as I'm concerned they're still mysteries. With the aid of an arithmetic book and with much concentration I can now divide thirteen into a reasonable number, but I still go wild at the mere smell of smoke.

At the age of nine, in the fourth grade I turned my thoughts from measles to marriage. Each day at recess, I was married beneath the basketball goals, by willing classmates to Gordon C. This continued until Miss Beulah, who had not the Cupid-like qualities of "Miz" Smith, saw the blushing bride, with an armful of dog-fennels, dragging her bridegroom to the goal posts.

In the fifth grade we moved upstairs; the boys knocked us instead of marrying us, and we girls had deep dark secrets among ourselves. Who taught us doesn't matter. She must have been a namby-pamby sort of person, for I haven't the slightest idea who or what was.

Well, I do remember my sixth-grade teacher, however. Between Miss Hudson and braces on my teeth; I was a physical and mental wreck. Her favorite form of punishment was multiplication tables. She taught me two great truths: that I was a fool and that your best friend will often betray you. Each half hour she fixed her stern eye upon you and asked if

you had said one word since her last questioning. If you said "Yes" you had to multiply 568 by 432 through 500. If you said "No" a chorus of "aie" betrayed you and you had to multiply 568 by 432 through 500, anyway.

In the seventh grade I left behind me the world of multiplication tables and boisterous co-education. I entered into the sanctuary of this feeble institution. Aside from straining my knee, having my front teeth knocked out and having the water cooler toppe over on me in a heated battle, my last two years of grammar school were ones of peace and quiet. Armed with "Miz" Smith's cunning, Miss Cora's angularity, Miss Beulah's willfulness, Miss Hudson's mathematics, and the shaky sophistication of the seventh grade I added my shining light to the wavering torches of "high-schoolers."

MARGARET GREENE, '34.

THIS YOUNGEST GENERATION

I

A HUGE JOKE

I asked my grown-up sister The lady's name who came to tea. When she said 'twas Cunningham I said, "She's cunning, isn't she?" Then I saw I'd made a joke. I laughed—it tickled me. So now I say to all I meet, "She's cunning, isn't she?"

II

POSSSESSIONS

I've got a big white button on my coat That's all a-tinkly. I've got a half-twinked rubber ball That's red and wrinkly. I used to have some chewing gum That had some taste left in— But Mamma cleaned my pockets out And now they're flat and thin.

III

DISCUST

I've been to school one whole long day I cannot read or write. Somehow I seem to think I've got A teacher not so bright.

IV

THE REWARD OF FORGIVING

When Mom spanked me the other day I made my mind up then and then I'd never speak to her again. And then I bet she'd care. But yesterday I hurt my knee And skinned my elbow, too. She kissed them both to make them well And now they're good as new.

MARGARET GREENE, '34.

TRANSLATION FROM THE ÆNEID

Straightaway through Libyan cities Goes Fama, the swiftest of evils; Stalking on limbs fed by gossip, and Flying on wings full of venom: Amassing great strength as she travels.

Increasing in size through her journeying, The spite-conceived offspring of Terra,

The blood-kin of horrible monsters. She speeds through the darkness as night,

And waits from towers in daytime As wendens are feared by their prisoners,

So Fama doth terrify humans. A horrible Thing full of might With an unblinking eye for each foe.

ther, With a quick-silvered tongue for each eye.

She speeds to the proud king Iarbas And whispers, then shouts, of Queen Dido—

Of her love for the wand'r'r Æneas She fills his whole soul with a madness.

And pricks at his mind with her taunts.

MARGARET GREENE, '34.



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THE NIGHT CLUB TRAGEDY

(With apologies to Alfred Noyes)
The main street was crowded with cars of every make and species, The hanging traffic light shone red, in spite of all his pleas.
Said he to his liveried chauffeur, "This traffic is such a bore,"
Then the bold gangster came driving—driving—driving—
The bold gangster came driving up to the night club door.

He'd a gray felt hat on his forehead, a purple tie at his chest,
A suit of blue checked serge and a yellow shirt within.
But they fitted with many a wrinkle, so he heaved a heavy sigh,
But his car was all a-twinkle, the chromium-plate a-twinkle
The head-lights were a-twinkle, under the darkened sky.

Over the road he glided, into the night club yard,
He stepped from his car with a haughty air, but all was locked and barred,
'Til he tapped the sign on the window to the man who waited there,
But once inside the gangster saw Tess, the banker's daughter,
Wearing a diamond tiara in her blondined hair.

With her sat Jim, her suitor, but he was full of hate,
For the old, mean robber had sat in on his date.
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy hay,
For he loved the banker's daughter, the banker's rich young daughter,
Dumb as ever, he listened, and heard the bold robber say—

"How about a kiss, old girl; I'm out for some fun tonight,
Although I've gotta get home before three, I'll be back after light;
Yet if I don't wake up and do sleep through the day,
Then watch for me at midnight, watch for me at midnight,
I'll come to you at midnight, though cops should bar the way."

But the next morning when he awoke, He didn't remember the girl, nor the words he spoke,
Nor even her blondined hair, nor her ermine coat,
He didn't recall how he was elated, Nor did he think of the suitor he hated,
Alas! He had been intoxicated,
MICKIE PERRY, '36.

A FADED FAN

Up in an attic, in cobwebs and dust,
In a faded blue box, all covered with must,
All wrapped up in muslin, so fragile and old,
And tied with quaint ribbons, the color of gold,
Is a fan.

Its aged sticks, how pretty, all traced with silver,
Now dusty and dirty from the soot of winter;
Its pattern, how dainty; its colors, how sweet,
And dreams in the winter, and remembrers in the heat,
It's life.

Its days are quite over, its history long past,
The feathers are hanging like old sails from a mast;
It has been out of fashion for a number of years,
But its story was of romance, so listen, my dears,
To the tale.

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When Benjamin Gump, the famed billionaire,
Came from Australia, his fortune to share
With the girl of his dreams, so sweet, and so fair,
And the pretty blue eyes, and the bright golden hair,
You remember?

How she dressed up so royally for his special sake,
How resplendent she was (those curls were not fake),
How she donned her best dress, with the beautiful sash,
How her neat little slippers added a dash,
And he didn't come!

How she met a young sheik, with a little mustache,
How her will with her mother's so soon it did clash,
How Sir Benjamin caught her, and "gave her the air,"
And left with his billions, this famed billionaire,
For Australia!

This quaint little fan, with its long-faded feathers,
Went with poor Millie in all kinds of weathers,
Saw all these scenes, heard angry words,
Found this young maiden as flighty as birds;
It was taken by Bim to his lonely retreat,
To remind him of a girl who was lovely and sweet,
Though not true.

MORAL

By all saints above,
Never fall in love,
(If you're a famed billionaire
With billions to share)
With golden hair,
Blue eyes, or maidens fair.

JEAN BURK, '37.

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS

(On reading Messrs. Hallet and Selink's new book, 100,000,000 Guinea Pigs, in which they expose the horrors encountered in every-day food, drugs, and cosmetics.)

After perusing the somewhat amusing New volume of Hallet and Selink,
Who write of the dangers encountered in strangers'

Cosmetics, narcotics, and drink,
We find that the awful and very unlawful
Producers of goods which are canned
Put poison quite coily with smiles that are oily
In green peas which ought to be banned.

Arsenic and acid stay calmly in placid Containers of prunes and of beans,
While all ads for hair dyes are foolish and rare lies

And written by morons and fiends.
Rouge, lipstick, and powder can't scream any louder
Their obvious failures and flaws;
The law "Pure food and drugs" with the merest of shrugs

Is defeated in each single clause.
Yes, even in water there's infinite slaughter
From microbes let wickedly in;
In bromide's seduction, there's death and destruction—
Indulging's a risk and a sin.
But c'en with these terrors and patented errors
Which call themselves tonics and pills,
I'll continue to buy, though some day I may die
With a fever, the ague, or the chills.
HENRIETTA HICKMAN, '34.

HETTIE RAY'S

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TEA 3:00 to 5:00 p.m. 5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.
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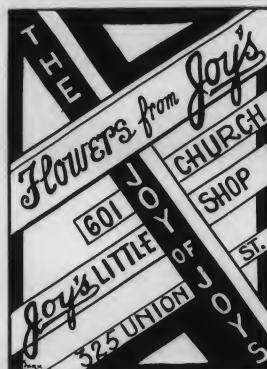
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EDITORIAL

CREATIVE WRITING

Perhaps, once in the course of a moon, every living being has one supreme inspiration, one idea or longing which must be expressed thereupon, or smolder unhappily among the "might-have-beens." This cherished inspiration is quite often the best part of us, eager to display itself in some form. One feels, however, that, were it exposed to the critical gaze of any mortal but oneself, this idea might promptly wither into a ridiculous and pitiful little victim of others' scorn. We, young as we are, seem to be most sensitive in regard to our creative thoughts, most reluctant to transmit them from a vague dream of the brain to a living reality.

An organization such as the Penstaff gives a ready opportunity to those who feel that they can best express themselves through the medium of creative writing. For creative writing is the molding of ideas or, perhaps, a mere passing inspiration—into the graceful beauty of a finished monument. And we, young and inexperienced as we are, must look to our teachers for guidance, and to our contemporaries for criticism and suggestion. The former aid is one of the purposes of a school course—the latter can be obtained only through such associations with our fellow strugglers (for the road to perfection is not a simple one). We who have known and been an active part of the Penstaff have long since learned to take unpolished bits of work, submit them to criticism if the others, take their advice to heart as earnestly as it is given, and remodel our piece into a smooth, flowing, soul-satisfying masterpiece. Nor is this work of creating a one-sided and selfish art. One must, as she is urged, give to the utmost of her ability, her clear, concise, unprejudiced criticism. She can bestow praise where it is deserved, censure where it is needed, but both only where she may do so truthfully and conscientiously. These tasks are by no means unpleasant, for those who are members understand the fair and just spirit of such cooperation. In these ways, are encouraged to higher standards of the literary world the aspiring creative writers of tomorrow.

MARY LOUISE BEARDEN, '34.

WHY WRITE?

Creative writing and its value is a much-discussed topic. It is one that frequently arises among high school and among college young people, because so many students like to write, so many students do write. In fact, students are often condemned with too much writing, at least too much creative writing.

But there is a very definite value to be gained in creative writing. There may be those who condemn it and scoff at those who like to write poetry and prose, and all sorts of other creative work. But those who do like to write should not let such criticism daunt them.

In working on a piece of creative writing, the author is expressing his personal ideas, and more than that, he is thinking in order to have those ideas to express. The skeptical question of "you don't really write poetry" can truthfully be answered. "Indeed I do, and I'm mighty proud of it, poor as it is." That's the feeling to have about the things one writes.

Should you have inclinations toward writing either as a pastime or as a profession and if you are apt to be phased by the mockery that may accompany such desires, think of difficulties great authors have had to encounter, and think, too, of the joy their work has given to themselves and to others.

H. L., '34.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Tuesday, May 1st, was such a lovely day for May Day, and I—imagine my embarrassment when Miss Carling thanked me for the "Maying," and I didn't know what she meant until it was too late! "Pinky" Fountain (rather undignified name for a Senior) certainly was nice to Dukie and Viva Lee. Early Tuesday morning she hung a neat egg basket on the door knob with a big shirt-board sign with colorful design in blue ink wishing them a happy "First of May." Lovely flowers of the spring season were represented by a withered and scrubby sprig of something!

This week is certainly the week in the way of social activities. Saturday the Texas Club members entertained themselves and select number of friends at a picnic out at the Benedict's.

One of the loveliest and most unusual dances of the year was the A. K. dance Saturday night. It was such a surprise to see how differently the gym could look, and the setting was most exciting. Virginia Winston (admitted being tired, but beaming with delight) looked charming as hostess in black and white novelty stripe evening dress, and wearing a corsage of white roses. And the special which proved to be most attractive for a gym dance! "Smith certainly makes a handsome "gigolo."

And did you see Betty Randle with the orchids from good old Dave (good, old Dave)!

The social wheel continues to turn with the tea dance to be given by the following in honor of members of the Senior Class: Virginia Winston, Betty Randle, Mary Marm Lincoln, and Katrina Van Benschoten. This interesting affair is on Friday afternoon at the A. K. house from 4:15 until 6:15.

And with Friday night comes the dinner party planned by our own Miss Pulver for a group of her friends at the Del Ver house.

The Odd Fellows turned out in crowds for the picnic Monday afternoon at Shelby Park, though I'll bet there were more real fellows than Odd ones! I hear they had a fine time! "Cack!" disclosed her disappointment in the wind mill!

Betty Roth's father was here this past week-end, and she certainly had a time trying to stretch those six short hours.

And now the orchestra plays some good piece and I'm expected to continue typing as though nothing had happened. Well, it can't be done because the music is far too fascinating! Especially that piece, "True."

Gilbertine (Dr. Moore) starts the autograph rage that will indeed last from now until the end of school.

Things I've heard by now:

The bottles used in the champagne number of the special Saturday night were from two quite prominent freshmen in Pembroke. Naughty!

That Mr. Berry is letting his daughter Rena go to the Derby provided she can drive up with Slaton.

That they intend rebuilding the base of the flag pole without taking the pole out of the air!

That we have to sit up twice next week on account of Mr. Dalton doesn't think the girls know their songs well enough to have appeared this week.

The Seniors will wear white caps and gowns for graduation.

That it's time I was getting through with this column and starting some work.

This may be the last time I'll be with you. If not, I'll see you next week. Good luck!

See you!

EAGLE FEATHER

NIGHT

A high, black archway of the heaven,
Where Apollo's chariot's driven
By day, is now to darkness given,
Save where the wind-tossed clouds are riven
By a sifted silver light.

The orb of the moon is wan and white,
As some fair maid whose fearsome flight
Causes her to blanch with fright
Against the opaque sea of night,
And cast to earth her virgin star.

ELIZABETH LOVE, '33

INNOCENCE

The congregation bowed its head in mild humility—
The minister poured out his heart to his great Deity.
And then, above the awesome tones of a sonorous psalm
The artless prattle of a baby broke the sacred air.
The angry pastor ceased to speak, and frowned upon
The flock
Who failed to hide their laughter, or feigned the fitting
shock.
The flustered mother blushed with shame, and strove
to chide the while,
But God smiled down indulgently, and blessed the light
child.

MARY LOUISE BEARDEN, '34

TWO VIEWS

The Believer

The agnostic says:
"I cannot love a God.
He is too far away!"
Fool!
For I can see my God
In every springing flower;
His voice I hear in every singing bird.

The Atheist

Thus speaks the blinded devotee:
"God is Life!"
Then God is cruel—
For life is cruel.
Shatter the human toys
And laugh, Life!
Laugh, God!
For God is cruel.

BONNIE HAGER, '34

CRUELTY

The lake crept up to lure away
The little boy whose happy hours
Along the shore were like a song
Chanted gaily in the sunshine.
From out her cruel depths, she stretched
Enticing arms that closed him round.
All night she rocked him thus;
Tiring of her new toy,
She flung him back,
White and still upon the shore—
Flotsam for other arms to grasp
In the harsh, gray dawn.

BONNIE HAGER, '34

APRIL 25TH

Blue, gray, white. The clouds go floating by,
Having dropped the silver, crystal rain
That—when the blue-white lightning flashed,
And the thunder cracked and rolled across
The heavens, glorying in its strength,
Until its mighty drums in great crescendos
Seemed to burst the clouds—fell in a silver sheet,
Striking the dark road, and splashing wildly upward.
Before it joined the little torrents
Rushing down the street.

Then the hail came swiftly down,
Popping as it hit the window-panes,
Bouncing as it reached the lawn,
Then lying white and round and thick
Amid the green of long, lush grass.

But soon the gusty storm was done,
Passing on to other thirsting places,
And leaving the city wet and shining,
With its face washed.

LYRABETH FITZPATRICK, '35

PERFECT BEHAVIOR FOR ROOTERS

All of the people who attend sports events are not rooters, thank heaven! But some of the more exuberant ones are.

There are, roughly speaking, five distinct types of these creatures—the heckling, the pugnacious, the patriotic, the drunk trying to act sober, and the drunk who isn't trying to act sober. If you are a rooter, decide in which of the categories you belong and behave accordingly.

The heckling rooter, very much in the element at a baseball game, will be discussed first. He yells loud and often, "Take him out! We want a pitcher!" whenever a ball is called by the umpire. If he clearly sees that a man on the opposing team is safe in third base, he yells, "Out! Out!" in censorious tones, and follows it up to make a "coup" with, "Kill the umpire!" The heckler must be sure to get a seat right down behind home plate so that both teams may have the benefit of his advice. When a team makes a run through an error of the other side, he declares in loud accents, "I thought this was goin' to be a baseball game; seems more like croquet at the Old Ladies' Home. Heh! Heh! Heh!"

There must never be more than three "Heh's," as this spoils the effect of the delicate sarcasm intended.

The heckler must buy hot dogs and cigarettes and complain bitterly at the price. It is necessary for him to start on his sandwich while the vendor is still there so that he may exclaim, for the edification of spectators in his immediate vicinity, "Whe'd ya find this sandwich?"

At football games, when he thinks a mistake of two inches, not more, has been made in the placing of the ball after a scrimmage, he screams in falsetto accents, "Oh, referee!"

When two teams are deadlocked and struggling, he calls through cupped hands, "We want Notre Dame! We want Notre Dame!" And when it is raining torrents and the ball carrier is ploughing through mud a foot deep, the heckler must snarl, "Come on, show a little pep, get into it! Oh, Baby, what a pansy!"

The next type is the pugnacious rooter. He must be large and powerful to begin with and possessed of a belligerent face. He must also chew a cigar and scan a watch's face now and then. If he hears any aspersions cast on his team, he turns round to glare at the offender, and, if it is a man, he savagely bites the end of his cigar and overwhelms the unfortunate one with statistics proving the worth of the players and the fact that the team can't lose. He begins every sentence with, "Why, man, don't you know—?" He takes the attitude of a very patient teacher explaining things to a hopeless idiot.

If the team wins, he again turns triumphantly round and confronts the spectator with a covert sneer tinged with an "I-told-you-so" smile. If they lose, he gives a short laugh, filled

with bitterness, but, losing none of his former bravado, he adopts the position of having known it all along, and he explains to the person behind him that Butterworth was out of training, and O'Flannigan, the big mutt, didn't show half his usual speed, and Kovosky had a bad knee, and the coach, the dumb cluck, should never have sent him in, anyhow.

The pugnacious rooter is always ready to pick a fight with his neighbor and usually manages to do so before the game is over.

The patriotic attendee is perhaps the most dangerous menace to humanity yet loosed upon a community.

When the game first starts, he lets off a few "Rah-Rahs!" by way of informing the stadium that he is willing to lay down the players' lives for his school. He then takes out his pennant and waves it, to the detriment of the coiffures of girls near.

If his team makes a goal, he jumps up in a wild frenzy and comes down with a heavy fist on top of the man to his right's hat. This abates none of his youthful and ardent enthusiasm, and he shouts, "Oh, you Podunk!" and again waves the banner.

When the teams line up after a goal has been made, he jumps up once more and comes down on the man on his left's hat. This naturally is conducive to general good fellowship in his locality. He knows all the songs and yells and joins in almost before the cheer leaders have started. He has the name of his college stuck in his hat, in the form of a feather, and a horn in his pocket to blow after the game is ended.

He carries patriotism to the last extremity.

The drunk trying to act sober is the exponent of stupidity at the game. He is rather dull and not very conscious of events. Now and then he emits a feeble cheer to show that he is keenly alive to the dangers and thrills of the contest. When the sound of songs penetrates his befuddled mind, he joins in, slightly off key, and blurring his words just a little appreciable bit. He is very gallant, and offers various people attempting to pass, his place. He always just a little and his hip-pocket bulges suspiciously. He looks only slightly woozy, but sometimes he falls asleep in the lap of his nearest neighbor and is awakened only by a hard buffet on the cheek. To wake sooner is a distinct breach of etiquette, and should, if possible, be avoided.

The drunk who doesn't care is having a better time than anybody. This species of phenomena doesn't know that he is under the weather, and wouldn't give a damn if he did. He waves a streamer gently, singing some college song that is totally irrelevant to either of the schools playing. When asked kindly to hush by people around him, he must murmur, "I begya pod-don," and go off into another. The second one must be the direct antithesis of football, such as "The Old Gray Mare" or "Sweet Molly O'Grady."

The drunk sits in an apparent apathy part of the time; the other part of the time he may let out strange cries like, "Wheeee e e e!" or snatches of a half-forgotten college yell.

He must often take a drink from a flask whose stopper he is constantly losing. When the cheer leaders arise, if he can see by this time, he also gets up, and, gathering his coat about him, proceeds to stamp and otherwise generally help out the leaders, who, no doubt, are tremendously pleased at the help given them gratuitously.

The drunk may fall flat in the aisle no more than twice.

The most perfect mode of behavior which pertains to all five is the fact that, in speaking to friends or acquaintances, each one must block the nearest exit for not less than five minutes.

Henrietta Hickman, '34.

(Ed. note: This sketch won fourth place in the humorous sketch division of the National High School Awards.)

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WHY PIGS' TAILS CURL

Once when pigs had long, slimy, skinny tails, there lived a pig named "Porkus." Porkus had an extremely long, slimy, skinny tail which his mother, Porka, and father, Porkum, thought would win any lady pig's heart. The pork family consisted of Porka, Porkum, Porkus, Porkae, Porkis, Porko, Porkorum, Porki and Porkatur. Porkus was the favorite because of his beauty. He was, of course, expected to marry the most charming, eligible young lady of Bacon Forest. He had all and much more than the ordinary "piglum." His skin was always perfectly pink and pimpleless as it should have been. He kept it so by daily wallows in the village mud hole.

My story begins when one day quite unexpectedly while indulging in his daily beauty treatment he caught sight of the dream of his heart. Oh! she was the most lovely fat piglet Porkus had ever seen. Porkus immediately sloshed over to where she was rolling about. He smiled. She smiled. From then on every Friday at the village mud hole two lovers met. Porkum and Porka thought the couple a lovely match, so did not interrupt the love affair. At last the marriage was announced. Porkus was very proud of himself for picking such a beauty.

Before the wedding Porkus paid especial attention to his long, slimy, skinny tail. On the wedding day it shone as if it had been polished by hand. Some said it was. The bride looked charmingly entrancing as she waddled along swishing her plump sides flirtatiously.

The newly married couple settled down to a happy life. One day Pork Chops, Porkus' wife, had baby Porks. Imagine Porkus' and Pork Chops' delight! Pork Chops was so delighted by this event that in her joy she grabbed Porkus' tail and twined it tightly around a stick. It stuck there and nobody could undo it. So for a long time Porkus had a stick attached to his tail. One day the children feeling unusually playful, started a game of tug-of-war. All had a good time except poor Porkus, whose tail and stick were being used as a rope in the game. All of a sudden, one side of baby Porks let go and the other side pulled the stick right out of Porkus' tail. Everybody tried to pull his tail out straight, but it still curled as do all pig tails of today.

LLWELLYNA GRANBERY, '37.

THE FAMILY'S DEPARTURE FOR CHURCH

Our departure for church on Sunday mornings is bound by fast and iron-clad rules. We never deviate, unless perhaps in the presence of company. This company, however, must be real "company company." Now, these rules are written down. Really, I wasn't aware of their existence, and my family still isn't, until I happened to think of it. Yet, we all follow them implicitly. As a word of explanation, I offer the fact that my mother is an only child; my father is an only child; I am an only child. My father is the real "church-goer" in the family. On cold mornings, my mother says, "Let's stay at home this morning and go this evening." My father is no longer fooled. He has found that "this evening" never comes.

However, it is my mother who wakes me up at ten with, "Hurry and finish in the bathroom so your father can shave." You see, we have only one real bathroom. There's only a lavatory downstairs. After coaxings of about fifteen minutes' duration, the voice assumes authority and a slight edge. At this point, I stick my nose experimentally out of the covers to

see how cold it is. I then stick the nose back under the covers and remain motionless for some five minutes. Then I stretch once (twice if it's later than twelve-thirty when I got in), and bound out of bed with a yell. In two steps I reach the bathroom door, but it is locked. My father, also grown slightly impatient, is already shaving. He commandingly dooms me to the lower regions of the lavatory. I grumble that there isn't a mirror down there, and that I can't wash my face and brush my teeth without one. He advises me that I would do well not only to go downstairs, but also to show a little speed in so doing.

When I've finished washing, I rush into the kitchen and bolt a little breakfast, and dash upstairs again. My father by this time is not only shaved, but he is also dressed. He cannot understand why I am not. He says we must be on our way in ten minutes or we will be late. I hurry. My lipstick lands on my ear, and my face must be washed again. My father yells, "Are you ready?" My mother comes in dressed, and tells me to hurry. I hear the car being backed out. I still have my hair to do. "Honk-honk!" Father is now sitting on the horn. I grab my hat and dash madly downstairs. I have forgotten my purse, and I dash up again. Father continues to sit on the horn. I must utter uncomplimentary things under my breath. At last I find my purse, dash downstairs, out the door, and into the car.

As I breathlessly jump into the car, Father starts it with a jolt and the seat flies up, and I sit down. I look a wreck, but we are on our way to church to observe the Sabbath in proper reverence.

CAROLYN ESKRIDGE, '34.

THE SLEEPING VILLAGE

"Willow" yawned lazily and stretched first one black paw out and then the other, blinking her great green eyes in a bored, catty manner, and beginning a slow, contented purr as she dozed in the mid-afternoon sunshine. Postmaster Higgins sat with his big chair tilted back and his size "13's" propped on his untidy desk. The faint summer breeze hardly rumpling his green tie or his faded straw hat, his placid, red face and closed eyes made a picture of still life only broken by an occasional snore or faint snuffle when a fly lit on his warm countenance. Ezra Jones slouching in the doorway, his worn felt hat pulled over his eyes, added harmoniously to the sleeping symphony.

A long black car rolled up the dusty street of the village. The screeking of brakes indicated that it was stopping! Two masked figures rushed past the dreaming figure in the door. "Hands up!" said one pointing a gun at Si Higgins as his feet fell to the floor with a thump. The other fugitive gathered the late mail and ran to the waiting automobile. Ezra slumped awkwardly to his feet, demanding to know what had happened. Si Higgins stumbled dazedly out to the street, crying, "I've been robbed. The mail is gone. The registered is stolen!" "Willow's" toe nails clicked on the hard floor as she, like the rest of the village, gathered around the indignant postmaster. The village was awake!

CARROLL COLE, '37.

WE HEAR THAT—

Princeton freshmen admit they prefer Phi Beta Kappa keys to varsity letters.

College education has proved largely unsuccessful in its major endeavor of making man the master of his environment, in the opinion of Dr. Lewis A. Wilson, assistant New York State Commissioner of Education. The Alabamian, Alabama College.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, May 12, 1934

Number 29

DR. WOOLLEY INTER-NATIONALLY KNOWN

The college Senior class of this year is very fortunate in having as its commencement speaker, Dr. Mary Emma Woolley, president of Mt. Holyoke since 1900, and one of the most interesting characters in America.

In thirty years she has doubled Mt. Holyoke's student body, tripled its buildings, and quadrupled its faculty. An elector of the Hall of Fame, she has written books on the history of the postal system, the love of romantic scenery. As Phi Beta Kappa, Senator, author, director or trustee of educational organizations from New Mexico to New England, Madras to Jerusalem, former professor of history and literature at Wheaton and Wellesley, member of the national board of the Y.W.C.A., and active in promoting world peace, international friendship throughout the churches, labor legislation, and international (Continued on page 6)

DR. COCKING CHAPEL SPEAKER

Dr. Walter Cocking, State Commissioner of Education, spoke in chapel on Monday, May 7.

Dr. Cocking pointed out the great opportunities which the college people now have. There is the opportunity to make something of this changing world. He told the students that they must dream dreams and toil honestly to make a great day come true.

JUNIOR-MIDDLES ENTERTAINED

The Senior high school class was entertained at a dance Thursday, May 3, in Recreation Hall. Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Benedict, Miss Allison, Miss Sisson, Miss Elizabeth Cayce, class sponsor, and Miss Ellen Bowers, president, received the guests, numbering about three hundred and fifty.

We came in to be greeted by a burst of music, organdie, and gardenias. Everybody was dancing and having a grand time; even the boys waxed enthusiastic. All during the party, punch was being served on the roof garden, which was decorated in greenery and large Chinese lanterns, with screens thoughtfully placed over the windows so the boarders within couldn't see the boys and vice-versa.

At six forty-five, supper was served and the sweet young things and their escorts who didn't get there early missed a great deal. Iced tea with sherbet and strawberries in it, tomato aspic, sandwiches, cakes and candy comprised the refreshments, and some of the boys smuggled the aforementioned sandwiches in to the boarders who also raided the kitchen and came in on the ice tea.

The orchestra, seeing what a good time every one was having, played five minutes overtime, for which we were all grateful. Finally we left in a happy mood, deciding on the way home to have another dance sometime . . . or to crash next year's Senior party.

"CHOOSE THE BEST DISH," URGES SPEAKER

Miss Mae E. Hunter, editor of *Hope*, and Supervisor of the Fireside Schools, spoke in chapel Wednesday, May 9, on "Choosing the Best Dish."

She said: "Life offers many gifts, many dishes. Everyone may choose, but we must ask for what we want; we cannot serve ourselves. Sometimes the price of choosing the best dish of all, 'living with Adventure,' is unpopularity and misunderstanding. However, the person who chooses this dish will never be sorry. Her ears will be opened to the music of the world of beauty, for here are none of the monotonies of the commonplace. Boredom and weariness pass her by who has dared to become her best self. In choosing the highest and best, we lose ourselves in order to save ourselves. Whatever we ask life will give us—when we have paid the price. Shall we each take with unflinching fingers the best that life has to offer, no matter what it may cost us?"

RIDING SHOW TODAY

Saturday afternoon at two o'clock the Spring Riding Show will be held. Miss Sisson will be judge, Dr. Barton, scorer, Miss Carling, ring-master, and Mr. Benedict will present the awards. The classes will be as follows:

1. *Beginners' Jumping*—those students who have just started jumping this spring.
 2. *Combination*—Riding and driving.
 3. *Three-gaited*—Regular walk-trot, and canter.
 4. *Novice*—those students who have had little experience in riding at Ward-Belmont.
 5. *Five-gaited Class*.
 6. *Field Class*—regular riding such as would be met in the field.
 7. *Advanced Jumping*.
 8. *Park Riding*—riding in couples.
- The winner of first and second places in classes 2, 3, 5, and 7 will ride together for the best rider.

SHAKESPEAREAN PLAY PRESENTED

The fourteenth production of the Shakespearean plays at Ward-Belmont was given Friday evening, May 11. The play, "Twelfth Night," was under the direction of Pauline S. Townsend, head of the Ward-Belmont dramatic department, and her assistant, Catherine Winnia.

The girls themselves choose to continue these plays each year. Miss Townsend sets the scene as nearly as possible as it was in Shakespeare's day, changing the scene in full sight of the audience, and using the stable boys as scene shifters. This oddity keeps the attention of the audience between the various acts.

The principal parts in the play were taken by the Seniors in the dramatic department. It counted as a part of their final examination in diction and action. The part of the Duke, played by Mary Jones, was given with the fine melancholy of a mature man in love. Viola was played in a captivating manner by Katherine Combs. She was interesting in her presentation of the love scenes and played (Continued on page 6)

MAY DAY TO BE MAY 19

May Day

At four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, May 19, the annual May Day festivities will take place. It will be begun by a long procession composed of the Queen and her attendants, the court, the riders, dancers, and the May Pole dancers.

There will be bleachers around the drive to Academic building and a little beyond to take care of the immense crowd of spectators.

The Queen's throne is erected on the West Campus, and all the girls participating in any event are seated on the lawn around the Queen.

DR. MIMS VESPERS SPEAKER

Dr. Edwin Mims spoke in Vespers Sunday night, May 6, on the subject of "Co-Workers with God."

"God years to have us help Him finish the creation He has begun," he said. "Creation is unfinished until man's intellect creates new things."

He gave as an example of a co-worker with God the Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, who is the possessor of an exceptional Iris garden. As a parallel to this he pointed out that humanity is a garden and that we can show ourselves co-workers with God by helping a human soul to find itself. In conclusion he cited our own Dr. Blanton as having cultivated the garden of humanity.

F.F.'S GIVE SUPPER DANCE

One of the lovely spring festivities of the past week was the F. F. supper dance given at their club house Saturday, May 5.

The guests were received by Mary Frances Banker and Miss Ruef. Dancing was from 5:00 to 8:00.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Monday, May 14—
"The Home as a Vocation"—
Mrs. J. J. Cunningham
Wednesday, May 16—
Chapel—Dr. E. P. Dandridge,
Christ Church
Friday, May 18—
Talk to students—Dr. John W. Barton

PENTA TAU DANCE SATURDAY EVENING

The last dance of the school year will be given on the Ward-Belmont roof garden by the Penta Tau Club Saturday night, May 12, at 8 o'clock.

Sarah Jane Ponder is in charge, while Mary Lua Pivoto is arranging for the food, Helen Pillow, the invitations, and Mary Alice Paine, the special.

Now if the sun continues to shine over the week-end the guests are promised an attractive and cool entertainment Saturday night.

GLEE CLUB PRESENTS EXCELLENT RECITAL

Ward-Belmont School presented the Ward-Belmont Glee Club in concert Tuesday, May 8, in the school auditorium at 8:15.

Sydney Dalton, head of the voice department here, directed, assisted by F. Arthur Henkel, organist; Hazel Coate Rose, accompanist; Frances Helen Jackson, harpist; Amelia Baskerville, violinist; Harold Kapp, violinist; Sue Salter, soprano, and Ruth Robinson, pianist.

The officers of the club are: Ann Shaw, president; and Dolores Smith, secretary-treasurer.

(Continued on page 5)

"Y" EXECUTIVE CABINET ELECTED

All of the officers of the Y.W.C.A. for next year have been elected. They are: President, Martha Jane Chittin; first vice-president, Mary Ellen Hudgins; second vice-president, Virginia Shaw; secretary, Arlyne Milligan; and treasurer, Mary Jane Dunlany. At the present time the new officers together with the 1933-34 officers are selecting cabinet members for next year. These will be announced soon.

CLUBS ELECT PRESIDENTS

The boarding clubs have elected their presidents for the coming school year. They are as follows:
Akora—Frances Graham.
A.K.—Virginia Ritchie.
Anti-Pan—Martha Fisher.
Del Ver—Judith Berry.
F. F.—Eva Charity Ohlivaer.
Osiron—Thelma Martin.
Penta Tau—Louis Robinson.
T. C.—Martha Pryor.
Tri K—Stanley Elizabeth Clay.
X. L.—Mary Milan.

COLLEGE EXAMINATION SCHEDULE

May, 1934

College classes are scheduled for examination according to the period at which the class regularly meets for recitation. The following classes have been scheduled irregularly:

Art History 2 (5th period section)
Bookkeeping
Psychology 22
English 22
English 2
Religion 14

Monday, May 21	8:30-11:30	Psychology 22Study Hall
		Art History 2 (5th period)Classroom
		Bookkeeping 2Heron
	1:30-4:30	All MWF—5 classesClassrooms
Tuesday, May 22	8:30-11:30	English 22Classrooms
	1:30-4:30	All MWF—4 classesClassrooms
Wednesday, May 23	8:30-11:30	All TTS—3 classesClassrooms
	1:30-4:30	All MWF—3 classesClassrooms
Thursday, May 24	8:30-11:30	All TTS—2 classesClassrooms
	1:30-4:30	All MWF—2 classesClassrooms
Friday, May 25	8:30-11:30	All TTS—1 classesClassrooms
	1:30-4:30	All MWF—1 classesClassrooms
		Religion 14Classroom
Saturday, May 26	8:30-11:30	All TT—4 classesClassrooms
Monday, May 28	8:30-11:30	English 2 (Miss Heron)
	Chem Lec. Room	
		English 2 (Miss Lydell, Miss Ran-	
		som)Study Hall
		English 2 (Miss Pugh)112
		English 2 (Miss Rhea)210

This schedule is being posted on the bulletin board. That there may be no misunderstanding, however, concerning the time for each examination, please announce to each of your classes when and where the examination will be held.

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"BOTTOMS UP"

Starting Wednesday
"NO MORE WOMEN"

Katharine **HEPBURN**

—In—

"SPITFIRE"

With ROBERT YOUNG

KNICKERBOCKER
NOW!

—Coming Next—
JEAN MUIR in
"AS THE EARTH TURNS"

HIGH SCHOOL EXAMINATION SCHEDULE.

MAY, 1934

MONDAY, MAY 21—8:30

English IV—
First period Room 114
Second period Room 112
Fifth period Room 207
(Miss Ransom's class)
English IV—
Fifth period Room 204
(Miss Ordway's class)
All other classes meet as usual.

TUESDAY, MAY 22—8:30

Latin I—
Fourth period, Miss Cason 109
Fifth period, Miss Hargrove AA3
Latin II—
First period, Miss Cason 109
(Miss Cason's class)
Latin II—
First period, Miss Hargrove AA3
(Miss Hargrove's class)
Latin III—
Miss McElfresh AA4
Latin IV—
Miss McElfresh AA4
Bible—
Miss Van Hooser 207
Mrs. Souby in hall of AA.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23—8:30

French I—
Second period, Mrs. Fountain AA4
Fifth period, Miss Ordway AA6
French II—
Miss Morrison's class SH3
Fourth period, Miss Ordway AA6
First period, Miss McElfresh AA3
Spanish I and II—
Mr. Donner 108
Eighth Grade Math—
Miss Major AA1
Mrs. McCall in hall of AA.

THURSDAY, MAY 24—8:30

French III—
Third period, Miss McElfresh AA4
Geometry—
All classes HSL
Mrs. Shackelford, Miss Hargrove
Algebra I—
Third period, Miss Major AA5
Fourth period, Miss Major AA5
Algebra II—
Fifth period, Miss Cooke AA6
Eighth Grade History—
Miss Casebier AA1
Mrs. McCall in hall of AA.

FRIDAY, MAY 25—8:30

History I—
First period, Miss Casebier AA6
Fifth period, Miss Major AA5
Modern History—
Fifth period, Miss Hay AA3
Miss Ordway in hall of AA.

MONDAY, MAY 28—8:30

English I—
First period, Mrs. Shackelford 108
Third period, Miss Ordway 109
English II—
Fourth period, Mrs. Souby 110
Second period, Mrs. Shackelford 108
English III—
Third period, Mrs. Souby 110
Fourth period, Miss Ordway 109

MONDAY, MAY 21—1:30

All other classes meet as usual.

TUESDAY, MAY 22—1:30

Chemistry—
First period, Miss Cooke HSL
Fifth period, Miss Cooke HSL
Biology—
First period, Miss French HSL
Fifth period, Miss French HSL

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23—1:30

American History—
Second period, Miss Casebier AA6
English History—
Fourth period, Miss Hay AA3
Eighth Grade English—
Mrs. McCall AA1

THURSDAY, MAY 24—1:30

Ec. Geog.—
Third period, Miss French 109
Civics—
Third period, Miss Grizzard 110
Eighth Grade Spelling—

FRIDAY, MAY 25—1:30

EIGHTH GRADE CERTIFICATES

MONDAY, MAY 28—1:30

CLUB CHATTER

A most exciting election was held Wednesday at the Agora club house, in which Frances Graham was chosen president; Ruth Jane Huey, vice-president, and Mary Jane Safford, treasurer, and Raedeen Tibbetts, secretary. Congratulations to you all!

Winifred Marsh, Lucille Endsley, Mary Jane Safford, Eleanor Mortimer, Arlene Hershey, Frances Graham, Catherine Crosswell, and Mary C. Evans had breakfast at the club Sunday. I heard they took many interior and exterior pictures, to well remember the feast in years to come.

Guess the tea room will lose many of its daily customers this week. A five-pound box of candy sent to Elinor, Kay, and Hilda was emptied Saturday night in a few hours. . . you can imagine the tummy aches that followed and the business the infirmiry had. Winifred Marsh was seen sporting about with soda water to help the unfortunates.

After this, Mary C. Evans, I'd look before I sat.

Wonder who Elizabeth Smith's ardent admirer is? Could it be the result of the M. T. meeting?

So that's why Catherine Crosswell is nearly late to her room every night . . . she tucks Hilda in bed with pins . . . guess she's taking no chances on having "Becky" walk out on her.

The A. K.'s are so proud of their club president for next year, Virginia Richey. We all know that she is going to make as good a president as Ginny, and you couldn't ask for any more.

Miss Sanders, our sponsor, has announced her intention of leaving us. Everyone hates to have her go, but we're glad she was able to work with us one year, anyway.

Dukie and Gilbertine went to visit the Moores, Sunday; Vick went to Columbia with Miss Carling, and Mary Lalla Byrn's family was here. Quite a busy week-end for the A. K.'s!



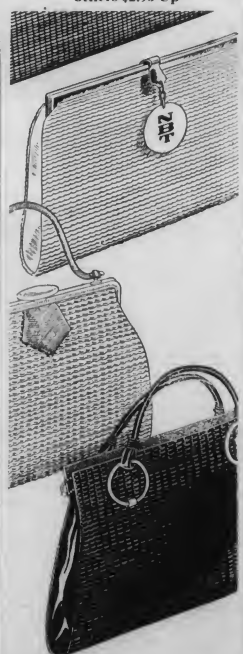
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Miss Lydell, the Hecks, the Clays, Frances Graham, Matilda Daugherty, and Mary Jane Safford had supper down at the club Saturday night. They said they had a grand dinner—and it seems they all like onions!

Dear me suz! One of our little Anti-Panners up and went home, just like that! Oh, well, if we got such a gorgeous ring as Marion Bullock had, maybe we'd go home, too.

Sara Joyce kindly did something to her wrist one morning, and that noon her mother came down to see what it was all about. Ah—there's a method in your madness, Sara Joyce!

Whoops! Martha Fisher is our new president, and is she ever going to be a snitzy one!

The Anti-Pan club was the scene of much merriment Tuesday night, after the concert, when Mr. Dalton gave a big celebration for the Glee Club. Ummmmmmmm, fudge cakes, nuts, candy, ice cream sandwiches, and cakes!

And then there was the time when Marian Collesher thought she would finish that blankety-blank thing she's knitting by Christmas!

Ho hum, what's to do about it? The pilot light on our stove is still on the blink, and we're still dashing frantically from one club house to the next with a lighted splint!

The Anti-Pans certainly did things up in a big way for Sister Del Ver. A formal buffet dinner with gobs 'n gobs of food! Elise Elrod came in a positively "swellant" dress—long green organdy with oodles of ruffles.

The Anti-Panners were recently debating as to whether the club house would look better painted a bright purple, or a pastel shade of "mud-green." Oh, well, we always did go in for color in a big way, what with Charlotte Anne's black eye 'n everything!

The F. F.'s had election Wednesday night. The following officers were elected for next year:

President, Eva Charity Ohlhaber; vice-president, Frances Street; secretary, Jean Weiss; treasurer, Nitalogue; house chairman, Mary Eleen Hodgins; sergeant-at-arms, Alice Adams; athletic manager, Carolyn Conklin.

Plans were made for the supper dance to be given April 5.

The Osirons are so sorry to have lost Elizabeth Ann Rall. She was forced to go home as a result of illness. We wish her a speedy recovery!

It was awfully hard to have mother leave after she'd been here for so long, wasn't it, Mignon? And the club was sorry to have her go, too.

Osirons are quite proud of their

new officers. They are: President, Thelma Martin; vice-president, Margaret E. Young; secretary, Mary Jane Dulaney, and treasurer, Rachel Hailcy.

The Osiron house is still a gathering place on Sunday afternoon. Among those who dropped in last Sunday were Katherine Klett, "Soper," Lurline Alexander, and Mignon Sanford.

The Penta Taus are working very hard on their dance for Saturday night. They have an awfully good committee. Sara Jane Ponder is at the head of everything; while Mary L. Pivoto is specially concerned with the food, Helen Pillow with the invitations, and Mary A. Paine with the special. Looks like a working crowd, doesn't it?

Wednesday night the Penta Taus installed their officers for 1934-35. President Munger very effectively gave over her office to Louise Robinson. A tear or two was shed, but it couldn't be helped. Mary A. Paine is to be vice-president; Helen Pillow, secretary; Louise Stanley, treasurer; and Patty Harvey, rush captain. Let's give the girls a big hand and wish them worlds of luck for the coming year.

Elections for next year's club officers took place at the Tri K club meeting last Wednesday. The "line-up" for '35 consists of Stanley Elizabeth Clay, president; Margaret Louise Boyd, vice-president; Pat Schorndorfer, secretary; and Betty Bowman, treasurer.

BASEBALL QUESTIONNAIRE (Tri K)

Who can take it? Tri K's drew the "X" which means they'll have to play an extra game. Then, the number "13" came forth. Are they lucky?

Why can't Peanut Jones nurse a baseball finger as Pat did this week-end?

Funk and Bizzy surely wore down the path from pitcher's box to catcher's position last Thursday. Were they playing a game?

Can Sara Jo "sock" em! Ask those rival fielders.

Do the Tri K's stammer? Jane and Bob Durand had much exchange of courtesy last Wednesday.

Tri K's are all affluter over the anticipated dinner at Bellemeade this Wednesday. Quite an event!

Virginia Barrett and Max Evans are in charge of Tri K May dancers. Miss Morrison interpreted the May Day rehearsal rules to the club.

The T. C.'s have completed the election of officers for next year. Martha Pryor was elected president; Frances Prince, vice-president; Jane Bucklin, treasurer; and Mary Jean Kirwan,

secretary. The rush captains are Wilnetta Warnock and Katherine Pearce.

Do you want to see Bob Durand blush? Just ask her about club meeting last Wednesday. She was in a terrible mess, and everyone was teasing her. Well, Bob, we all like to tease you, so don't feel too bad about it.

The X. L.'s and Tri K's are going to have a picnic soon. They are planning for a grand time.

Whew! If you ever want to see some good tennis players, just watch "Doc" and "Daisy" play. "Daisy" bought a new racket, and it certainly is nifty. Just come up and see it sometime.

There's a certain X. L. that likes to go to the club every Sunday night. Do you know her?

Did you know that Mary Milam liked to do ballet dances? Neither did we until we heard she was going to do a Maypole dance.

Annette certainly had a pretty dress on Wednesday night and we certainly liked Irene Sartor's new suit, too.

MOVIE REVIEWS

"Spitfire"

Katharine Hepburn in a melodrama about a mountain faith healer who becomes an outcast among her people, because she works minor miracles with a pack of holy cards. The character picked out for Miss Hepburn to portray, "Trigger," who earns her living by taking in washing smuggled in to her by a half-witted friend because the hill-billies think her a witch, is not a very plausible or creditable one. This is less a story than a rather insincere and antiquated sermon, and the dialogue could be improved, but the work of the star pulls it out of the mediocre division. Fairly good entertainment. With Robert Young, Ralph Bellamy, Martha Sleeper, Sidney Toler.

"Manhattan Melodrama"

Clark Gable is a gambler whose sweetheart is trying to reform him. All very good. His idol is William Powell, district attorney. As the story progresses, Blackie (Clark Gable) shoots a man, and his lifelong friend, Powell is forced to prosecute him for murder and asks his life. If

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the attorney wins the trial, he is slated for the next governor. How it all unravels is the plot. Dramatic courtroom scenes. Good photography.

"Love, Honor and Oh, Baby"
Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts, a pair of grand comics, in a very funny show which drags a bit in places.

"Going Ga-Ga"
The Vanderbilt Cap and Bells show this year. Amateur production which promises to hit the high spots. Always fast and funny. At the Orpheum theater. Recommended.

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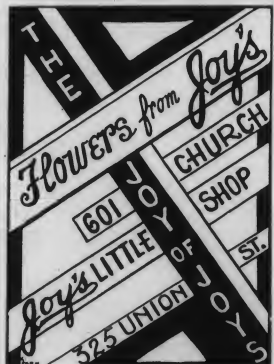
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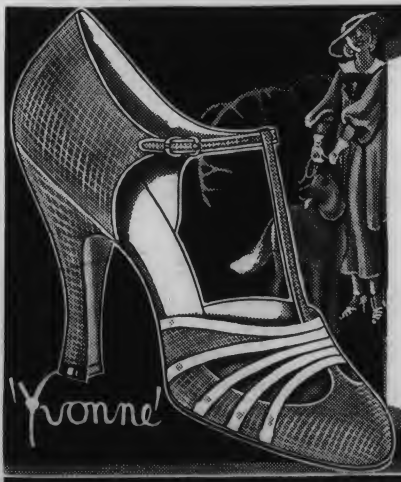
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EDITORIAL

THE CHALLENGE IS FLUNG—AND
CAUGHT UP

We are in the midst of the flurry and excitement which always attend the last days of a school year. The Seniors are rushing frantically about trying to get everything done, stopping occasionally to sigh as they think of the schooldays which will soon be over, and of the friends whom they will not see again. The Senior-Middles' heads are in a bit of a whirl. The twenty-ninth of May marks a change for us also. We, too, are losing friends among the Seniors, friends who have, in the course of the year, come to mean a great deal to us. Next year will bring us new pleasures and new responsibilities. The end of this, our freshmen year in college, marks the end also of our childhood. We have spent the year getting used to the fact that we actually were college girls, in making new friends, and in making a place for ourselves in the activities of the campus. All year the Seniors have been held up to us as models. They have always been on hand to tell us, or to show us how things should be done. Next year they will be gone, and it will be our responsibility to be guides for the new girls. Always after this, whether we finish school here, or go on to other colleges, we will be expected to behave as adults.

The Seniors, as they leave, extend to us a challenge. Can we be to the new girls next year the "big sisters" that they have been to us? Of course, we can, and gladly do we accept the challenge to carry on.

G. L., '35.

DO YOUR BEST

At this time of the year there is a tendency for young and old alike to feel inclined to sing the song that goes somewhat like this: "Ho, hum, spring is here now." And, indeed, spring is here; in fact, it's almost summer.

But now is a time when students begin to change their spring melody to "Ho, hum, school's almost out now." "It won't be long now," and "So and so many days until we go home," are frequently-heard expressions on any campus.

All those remembrances of the fun of summer vacation that's to come in ever so short a time now sound good, very good. Pleasant though they may be, it's time to remember that along with spring, and before we can go home, there's another song to sing: "Ho, hum, exams are here now."

Exams, oh, yes, exams! What are they? Now we remember; they're things we take at the mid-year and again before we go home. And is it hot when we take them at the end of the school year!

It's going to be just as hot this year for exams, but after all they are part of the necessary evils of school life; so we must accept them with good faith. There's no use fussing, yes, that's just what we do about them. Rather we should concentrate more on them (the exams we mean) for exams will need more concentration in these hot days.

And, after all, when exams are over, we won't have to worry about them for quite awhile. Do your best. Then have a memory of exams well written to keep with you during the summer months.

H. L., '34.

EAGLE FEATHER

PATCHWORK

Time always catches up with me. It is as cruel and relentless as the ever-rolling tide. Sometimes I can dance out of reach of its curling fingers, but even as I pause for breath at the crest of the ridge, it creeps stealthily

(Continued in column 3)

CAMPUS COLUMN

I'm still with you, and it's getting hotter and hotter. I tell you, the girls just sit around the campus, and simply refuse to budge. And to top it all, we're not through work on the HYPHEN until the Monday before we leave on Tuesday. Can you beat it?

Winners on the Louisville Derby: Martha Pyeatt, \$4.00 (bet again and lost all of that!); Nell Betty (Pecos Queen, who knows her horses) \$0.50! And others who aren't bragging!!

Things I like to see:

Viva Lee jerk into attention when Mr. Donner calls on her . . . Dukie in blue . . . Winston's smile . . . Glander, Shaw and Kassel chasing the Pecos Queen . . . Rain on a hot day, but not on Saturday or Sunday . . . Eva Charity's blonde hair . . . Iced tea at lunch . . . Dot Jones and Patty Chadwell playing tennis . . . Pete Polk queen of the May . . . Nancyann Schmid . . . Sunset from the chimes tower.

The Glee Club picnic turned out to be quite a damp gathering, notwithstanding Smith's elaborate selection of food. And because the bus got stuck, and the girls didn't get back to school until after nine, the campus movies planned for that Saturday night, had to be postponed until Sunday night. Nevertheless, Marion Kaeser entertained those present with some very intimate snapshots of the campus and the girls at random.

Those who did not go on the Glee Club picnic were formally entertained at the F. F. supper dance, which was a very lovely affair.

Those of us who heard Martha Rucker in her diploma recital last Friday can really be proud. I've never before seen anyone who could give her audience any more reassurance than Martha gave hers when she played. She was really marvelous.

The X. L., Tri K picnic was no "go" on account of no funds.

What I like to hear: Only two more weeks of school . . . Coulter's (Izzy) voice . . . horses trotting on the road outside my window (and I don't mean those who play baseball) . . . all the radios in club village blasting forth on Saturday night . . . Rose Morrison talking . . . two more weeks of school . . . Smith playing and singing "True" . . . the bell at 12:00, almost any day . . .

The Shakespearean play this week, and if practice makes perfect, it was meant to be good!!

Well, "parting is such sweet sorrow," but I needs must be on my way. I'll see you.

MISS SANDERS SUNDAY
SCHOOL SPEAKER

We were privileged to have Miss Sanders talk to us at Sunday school last Sunday morning. She chose for her theme, "A Perfect Life," and in it she beautifully illustrated how a person can live here on Ward-Belmont campus, or any other place, and be remembered after she has gone away.

"It isn't always the girl who wins all the honors that lives the perfect life, but rather the girl who lives a simpler and quieter life." She stated that in order to live a more perfect life one should take advantage of all educational opportunities and endeavor to live quietly and simply.

Rose Cyren Paulus sang a solo, accompanied by Ann Shaw at the piano.

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PATCHWORK

(Continued from column 1)

and steadily upon me. Like the oncoming breakers, it hits its mark in mighty anger against the beach . . . recedes sullenly . . . crashes down again with renewed vigor . . . leaps furiously higher, licking up the hot dry sand with a cool, foamy tongue . . . spreads yearningly toward me . . .

At first I was afraid. But as the years passed, I built myself a raft of word and now I skim lightly over those dark, rushing waters.

Words . . . words in poetry: the soft, chiming, delicate, beautiful words of rhyme; the harsh, free-swinging, tarnished words of free verse; the simple, unaffected words of prayer. I have captured them with my pen nets and put them all down in a book. It is a small green, leather-bound volume with the words, "Scribble-in-the-Book," written in great, golden flourishes across the front. It is my word raft, my frail craft that steers so straight towards the evening star.

Bits of jade I have collected there. Shimmering slices of moonlight are hidden between the covers. Pieces of colored calico for my crazy quilt have been laid tenderly away for a rainy day. Silver bars of music have been wrapped in tinfoil and closed within the backs. Bits of blue sky, and birds' songs, and the gentle sighs of the wind in the pines, and stretches of meadow-lands await the explorer. Shall we turn the leaves and let loose a flood of this beauty?

Christopher Morley says: "Time is life, and life is God; time then, is little bits of God."

It is so simple, so infinitely true, yet time will wait for no one and God will wait forever . . .

"Bankrupt" is an unique and lovely bit of jade. Listen: "One midnight, deep in starlight still, I dreamed that I received this bill: (. . . in account with Life)

Five thousand flowers wet with dew;
Five thousand breathless dawns all new;
Five thousand sunsets wrapped in gold;
One million snowflakes served ice-cold;
Five quiet friends; one baby's love;
One white-mad sea with clouds above;
One hundred much-haunted dreams
Of moon-drenched roads and hurrying streams;
Of prophesying winds and trees;
Of silent stars and browsing bees;
One June night in a fragrant wood;
One heart that loved and understood;
I wondered, when I waked at day,
How in God's name I could pay!
Moonlight . . . streaming yellow and quiet on a sleep-

ing world.

... "Triad"
"These be
"Three silent things:
"The falling snow . . . the hour
"Just before dawn . . . the mouth of one
"Just dead."

The pieces of calico are a motley lot, yellows, browns, reds, blues, purples, greens, whites, all jumbled together. Here is one that is blue and star-shaped.

"My great lack of wisdom embarrassed me once, But at last, I've acquired more guile."

When a subject comes up I know nothing about I just give a superior smile."

The music trips and dances fantastically on paper. Try to still the skipping, glass-shod feet of "the old manuscript."

"Is the sky
"In which the sun
"And the moon
"keep their diary
"to read it all
"One must be a linguist
"more learned than Father Wisdom
"and a visionary
"more clairvoyant than mother Dream
"But, to feel it
"one must be an apostle
"One who is more than intimate
"In having been always,
"the only confident. . .
"like the earth
"or the sea."

Finally the great outdoors comes in . . . the last secret to escape from the pages. Listen to it and smile:

"To preserve children: Take one large, grassy field, one-half dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook, and some pebbles. Mix the children and dogs well together and put them in the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles; sprinkle the field with flowers; spread over all a deep blue sky and bake in the hot sun. . . When brown, remove and set to cool in a bathtub."

Now I must recapture my gems and put them back on their shelves to sleep till I should hold high my lamp and beckon them to follow me once more.

MARY LOUISE REINKEN, High School, '34.

PRAYER AT PARTING

God, give me strength to say goodbye—
If I could only smile, and calmly stand—
Watching time go, with tearless eyes—
Or life pass by while I wave my hand—
I would be strong. Oh, speed that day
When all emotions pass away
And, without flinching, I can hear
My lips dismiss love, friend, or year!

V. M. W., '34.

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Wednesday—

Hastened down to club where we did hold club elections. It was all very interesting and exciting, and the girl I wanted for president got it, so I was quite happy. On the way back from club I heard everybody stopping everybody else with shouts of, "Who's your pres.?" Gee whiz!—Went down to biology lab and found many others had the same idea as I. I didn't get a great deal of work done, but I looked awfully busy.

Thursday—

My last baseball practice, thank goodness! Games start Saturday, and I certainly hope they're over pretty soon. Nig Banker is a most industrious player. She toots around and shouts loudly, and hits the ball very hard, and all in all is a nice person to have on a team—I wish she were on our team. But I wish I could sock the ball like Soper, or Kid, or somebody else good like that. Mine kind of pop feebly up into the air, and come to earth right by the first baseman.

Friday—

Gee whiz!—another exclamation—everyone has deserted and gone to the Derby. Ann Ostergren and her mother went to see the horses race, and Ponder and Priest, and a little bit of everybody. Oh, well, that just means slips will be on for a couple of days!

Martha Rucker gave her diploma recital tonight. It was swell, and I always did like Burton Wilson's rolling baritone. Johnny sings baritone—sigh!

Saturday—

More excitement! Much rain, and no baseball games, on account of everybody being at the Derby. Goody, goody! The Glee Clubbers all went off picnicking, and the rest of the school went to the F. F. supper dance, except a few of us what don't rate. Gilbertine Moore fell in the bathtub and sprained her ankle, and Miss Carling carried Judy, Gail, and Eleanor, the earnest horsebackers, off to some away place, and as a result the dining room was nigh to almost empty. All I can say is that at least I heard myself talk to my next-door neighbor, which is quite an accomplishment.

Sunday—

It thought it would rain, and then it thought it might not. It rained a little this afternoon, and I could see the sun through the raindrops. I nearly broke my neck and my nose trying to see a rainbow, if any, but I had singularly poor luck.

Dr. Mims spoke in Vespers tonight, and he was as good as always. I like to hear him. He always has something to say; he doesn't just stand around and make a lot of pretty sentences.

Monday—

The Derbiers have started arriving back, looking a little like the worse for wear, but having had apparently a perfect time. Ah me, all that for just a little horse race! The first baseball game started today, with a disastrous defeat for the F.F.'s. Also the first May Pole practice started. I felt very sympathetic with the girl who remarked to her friend, "I may look chic, Gertie, but I feel like a fool."

Tuesday—

Several of our smarter students had on sun glasses this afternoon when they were stewing out on the baseball field. Baseball has begun in earnest now, and I hope it dies pretty soon. It's too hot to play anything, let alone baseball.

The Glee Club finally got its concert out of its system tonight. It was a good concert, too. Everybody looked very swish and springlike standing there in spring formal, but I don't see how they ever managed to stand up so straight. It wore me all out just looking at them. Sue Salter's solos were exceptionally fine. She ought to go places, someday, with that voice of hers.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN DANCING

For interested dance columners following is from a letter to the Jeter from Mary Louise Mullins, the University of Georgia (who some of you know). She is working on her B.A. degree, majoring in Phys. Ed. and Dancing.

"I belong to The Dance Club consisting of a maximum of ten who are interested in not only dance, but the theory, history, relation of the dance to Phys. Ed., education, and music. We meet once a week for dancing and once a month for business. We give an annual dance recital, with assistance from other dancers. Two during the year we have dancers are internationally known. This year we were fortunate enough in getting Ted Shawn and six male dancers, and we are hoping to get Ruth Denis. Shawn's program consisted of lecture, dancing, and interpretation of various countries such as Spain, Japan, etc. He also gave some muscle displays. After the recital club entertained him and his dancers with reception at which he gave a brief outline of his work and talents.

"If we succeed in getting Ruth Denis, hers will be a similar program with a lecture afterward on 'Relation of the Dance to Education.'

"We have scheduled for April Lucille Marsh who will give a concert similar to that of Shawn."

DR. WOOLLEY INTERNATIONAL ALLY KNOWN

(Continued from page 1)

education, we feel sure that her presence with us will be an honor.

Mary Emma Woolley was born South Norwalk, Connecticut, July 1863, the daughter of a Congregational minister. Her B.A., M.A., LL.D., and L.H.D. were received from Brown, Amherst, Smith, and Yale. She has been an important figure in world peace movements, and was delegate to the Disarmament Conference, a fact of which American women have a right to be very proud. She is standing chairman of the Committee on International Relations, a woman she is firm, upright, generous, efficient, kind, and cheerful, at all frail or faded in spite of her seventy years.

SHAKESPEAREAN PLAY PRESENTED

(Continued from page 1)

the frightened page very well in a duel with Sir Andrew. Jennam Jones, as Olivia, the stately countess was charming in her dignity and love-making. Malvolio, acted by Kelly, portrayed a dignified man of self-love. This character was particularly difficult to present. His sympathy was aroused by his being the butt of a joke. Ruth Frye, as Maria, was full of jaunty airs and graces. Her acting contributed greatly to the fun of the play.

Certificate students who carry parts of comedy element, Mary Wilson, Jean Stewart, Carolyn Bryant, were inimitable as Toby, Andrew and Fabian. A scene of interest was one between Marion Farr and Marion Craig as Sebastian and Antonio. The acting of the entire class was good, free from rant, and delightful. The consensus of opinion, gathered from the audience, was that the expression students had lived up to the fine reputations established in past performances.

Beauty and poetic effect were heightened by the singing of Shakespearean ballads by Isabel Carter and Mary Eleanor Clay, accompanied on the violin by Mary Rucker.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, May 19, 1934

Number 30

DR. DANDRIDGE, CHAPEL SPEAKER

The Rev. E. P. Dandridge of Christ church was the speaker at the Wednesday morning worship service on May 16. His subject was "Spiritual Power." Reverend Dandridge stated that God was the source of spiritual power and that certain laws must be followed if this power is controlled and used.

One law given was, the law of contact between people and God. The points of contact were given as: power, prayer, meditation, holy communion, and fellowship in work and worship. Dr. Dandridge also stated that spiritual insulation and an un-doubting mind were necessary.

The law of circulation was next given by Reverend Dandridge. The things brought out in this law were the facts that people should make the most of daily contacts and that they should have an interest in Christian movement.

STUDENT RECEIVES RECOGNITION FOR ESSAY

Word has been received by Miss Pugh that Marie Bomke, one of the students in the advanced composition course, had an essay of hers selected as one of the twenty to be considered for prize-winning essays in the recent *Atlantic Monthly* contest.

Students of Miss Pugh's class submitted essays to this contest along with their regular work in the essay field. Marie's essay was selected as one of the twenty best from 291 essays submitted.

ART SCHOOL GIVES STUDIO CLUB TEA

As a close to the exhibit of the Nashville Studio Club, which has been on display outside the art studio in Academic Building for the past ten days, the School of Art entertained in honor of the Studio Club at a tea on Sunday, May 13, from four to six o'clock. A large group attended, interested in seeing the exhibit and hearing the program planned for the afternoon. The guests were received by Miss Olive C. Ross, Miss Mary Wynne Shackelford, Miss Louise Gordon, and Miss Dorothea Phelps of the School of Art. Several girls were invited to serve, including:

(Continued on page 6)

W.-B. REPRESENTED IN STUDENT ANTHOLOGY

In a recent anthology of poetry, *The Hills Are Ready for Climbing*, Ward-Belmont is represented by a poem of a former student, Helen Conely, '34. Ward-Belmont is one of the four junior colleges represented in this collection of poems by undergraduates of American colleges and universities.

This anthology was the result of a contest conducted by the Poets' Guild, who sought a representative anthology of college verse to exhibit at the 1934 Century of Progress in Chicago. Invitations were sent by the Guild to each accredited college in the United States to make not more than five contributions. The work was judged in each school by an undergraduate committee. The work was to be judged on the basis of artistic worth and value as representative of the thought. Out of 1,500 poems submitted, eighty-one were accepted.

The interest these poems evoked at the Fair encouraged E. P. Dutton & Company to present the anthology to a wider audience.



MARY ELIZABETH POLK
May Queen



MABEL ANN HERBERT
Prep Maid



RUTH ROBINSON
College Maid

ALL HAIL—THE QUEEN OF THE MAY!

May has always been the time for spring festivals. The Romans celebrated May Day with *Floralia*, or floral games honoring the goddess of flowers. All the people rose very early in the morning and went out into the woods to gather flowers. Then they decorated the whole town in honor of the occasion. From this we get our custom of hanging May baskets. The prettiest girl in the village was chosen as Queen and escorted to a flower-decked throne while all the children and young people danced about a Maypole. In the sixteenth century the custom of gathering hawthorne on May Day morning was established and from it we get the expression "going a'Maying." On these occasions the lords and ladies of the court liked to amuse themselves by dressing simply and mingling with the rustics. Queen Elizabeth made May Day a gala day for her court.

When the Puritans came into power they frowned on the idea of a spring festival, and the idea had never been fully revived except in mockery. We have remains of it in the Festival of the Chimney Sweeps, and when the milkmaids crown a cow with flowers and dance around her. However, during the past few years the schools and colleges of America, Ward-Belmont among them, have revived the custom of May festivals. They are usually not held on May Day because of the lateness of the season, but about the middle of the last of the month.

May Day has been an institution at Ward-Belmont for many years. At first the school marched by classes, each class distinguished by its colors and some particular costume. The Seniors, dressed in white, formed the court of the Queen, who rode in a carriage sometimes drawn by horses, sometimes by ponies, and once, but only once, by two white oxen. The oxen, being not held on May Day because of the lateness of the season, but about the middle of the last of the month.

One year the Freshmen carried colored hoops, the Sophomores balloons, and the Juniors bows and arrows. The Junior-Middle class was headed by its class mascot, a little grey donkey. In 1916 the Freshmen were dressed as Robin Hoods, the Sophomores as blue and white ragged robins, and the Juniors in red and white as shepherdeses. The special preparatory class were Black-eyed Susans and the College Special class were country maids in pink sunbonnets and dresses. That year the Senior-Middle class had a float representing Spring. As usual the Seniors wore white and carried smiles with which they formed an arch for the Queen to march under.

(Continued on page 2)

LANDIS SHAW

WINS HONOR

Landis Shaw, a member of the Junior-Middle Class, has been awarded the Eta Sigma Phi medal for distinguished work in Latin. This medal is presented annually by the local Vanderbilt chapter of Eta Sigma Phi, a national honorary classical fraternity, to the student in each school attaining the highest degree of excellence during four years of Latin. Landis, a member of the Triad Club, has been in Ward-Belmont for eight years, and has been a consistent honor roll student. The presentation was made Friday in chapel by a member of the Eta Sigma Phi chapter.

HYPHEN EDITOR SELECTS STAFF

A partial staff has been chosen for next year's HYPHEN. Other positions will be filled in the fall. The executive staff consists of:

Peggy Young Associate Editor
Winifred Marsh News Editor
Henrietta Hickman Day Student Editor
Rosemary Horstmann Club Editor
Nellie Clements Circulation Manager
Feature writers include:
Day Student Column Elizabeth Grey
Eagle Feathers Eunice Mary Bicknell
Expression Notes Judy Acheson
Sports Reporter Arlene Hershey
"Y" HYPHEN Reporter Carolyn Bryant

STUDENT INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION

The Student Industrial Commission met at Ward-Belmont, on Friday night, May 11, for the last time this year. After dinner the group went to the Ostron house for discussion group. At this time Mary Jane Dulaney was elected chairman of the Commission for next year, and it was decided that the first meeting would be held at Ward-Belmont on the second Friday night in October, 1934.

VIRGINIA WINSTON, VESPERS SPEAKER

Virginia Winston had charge of Vespers on Sunday, May 13. She read a number of poems that expressed the ideas of nature and God. The idea of spring and the religious feeling thus aroused were presented in the poems.

TR K'S WIN RIDING CUP FOR THIRD YEAR

E. Henderson High with 13 Points

The annual Spring Riding Show, under the direction of Miss Jane Carling, instructor, was held Saturday, May 12, at two o'clock. With five entries and a total of 38 points the Tri K's won the cup for the third consecutive time. The A. K.'s were second with seven points, and the Penta Tau's and F. F.'s tied for third with six points each.

Elizabeth Henderson, Angkor, was individual winner with 13 points. Grace Bosserman, Tri K, was second with 11 points, and Max Evans and Leigh Taliaferro, Tri K's, tied for third with 9 points each.

Classes and winners were:
Class 1—Beginner's jumping. Riders have been hurdling only this spring. Horses put over two jumps; judged on handling of horse and seat at approach and landing.

(Continued on page 6)

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PARAMOUNT
STARTING—SATURDAY

WARNER BAXTER

—IN—

"SUCH WOMEN

ARE

DANGEROUS"

(Continued from page 1)

Since the organization of the clubs each club has had its own part in May Day. All the girls who are not Seniors march with their clubs carrying the club Maypoles and dressed in white with their club colors as decoration. For several years recently the Seniors have worn pastel-colored organdy dresses and marched in twos to the throne where they sit on each side of it as the Queen's court.

May Day as it is today at Ward-Belmont uses blue and gold caped outriders, groups of dancers in costume, the clubs with their vari-colored Maypoles, Pages in white with blue and gold capes and caps, the Seniors—a pastel-colored court, the Junior-Middles marching as a class all in white, the big golden Maypole with its white organdy-clad dancers—all this preceding the entrance of the May Queen, the College Maid, the Prep Maid and the tiny Crown-bearer who are driven around the circle in the flower-laden old carriage.

All Hail! Her Highness, the Queen of the May!

**PENTA TAU DANCE
PRESENTED**

A lovely garden party was the theme of the last club dance of this school year, given by the Penta Tau club on Saturday, May 12. The affair was held on the roof garden, which was attractively decorated with white lattice work covered with vines and roses.

The guests entered through an arch to be received by Miss Clark, Roberta Munger, and Mary Alice Paine. The reception committee wore organdy dresses in pastel shades and carried big garden hats filled with spring flowers.

A fountain covered with moss, vines and roses was at one end of the dance floor. There was also a summer house at one side where the guests were served frozen punch throughout the evening.

Mary Alice Paine, in green organdy, and Mary Lulu Pivoto, in full dress suit, gave the "special." They did an exhibition waltz. Immediately following this the Penta Tau "special," in which only members of the club participated in the dancing, was announced.

Sara Jane Ponder was in charge of dance, and assisted by Helen Pillow, invitations; Mary Alice Paine, special; and Mary Lulu Pivoto, refreshments.

HOME-MAKING. A CAREER

Mrs. J. L. Cuninggim gave the last of the four vocational talks in chapel Monday, May 14. She spoke on "Home as a Vocation."

She said: "Home-making is the highest vocation that a woman can have because personality is the greatest force in the world, and the home is preeminent in the cultivation of personality. The home is more important than ever today in a world where marriage is regarded merely as a civic contract rather than the divine institution that it was intended to be. It is a vest-pocket edition of society, and the family group holds primacy over all other groups."

"Few women seem to realize that home-making is a career. They believe that the only worthwhile accomplishments are those done outside of the home. They don't see that a woman who keeps her husband and children happy and contented is a greater diplomat than many who run the affairs of the nations, and that she has to be more of a vamp than many celebrated in history. Woman has always been a power in the world, almost a co-worker with God and she will continue to be."

"Today more than ever home-making calls for experts. To the girls who are talented, I say, go on with your music, your art, or your writing careers, but if home-making chances to be yours remember that it is the greatest vocation in the world."

**THE COLLEGE
SHOPPER**

Now's the time when we should think about the "Trousseau for Travel" side of a wardrobe. Can you believe that the day has almost arrived when everything but a sports dress and a jaunty hat to go with it

will be packed away ready for a trip to the station? And since the arrival is the big occasion when we're going to look our most sophisticated and our smartest, let's think about what sort of a sport dress it will be.

Dated and dead, thank heavens, is the idea that serviceability in travel clothes is synonymous with drabness. There is still, of course, a great leaning toward practicability for smartness, and the sort of clothes that fill the prime requisite of travelling—that you arrive as uncrumpled as when you started. Some of the most interesting ensembles are very reasonable.

If you're going only a short distance, and the trip is neither hot nor too dusty, a pale dusty pink crepe coat in three-quarters length over a navy-blue silk crepe dress may be ordered from Best. The dress is very good-looking, and contrasts effectively with the coat. Or a crepe dress and lining-fitting jacket in navy-blue with a splashing color of pale blue linen is very smart. The lines, too, are flattering and smart in their simplicity. A thin black wool coat with black velvet revers worn over a yellow and black plaid dress is a superb model. The dress collar is worn outside and that, too, is in revers. Another smart choice is a four-piece tweed costume in a mustardy practical shade. It has a swaggering, three-quarters-length cape that can be worn separately with the skirt. Dark blue and white print, on black small-flowered taffeta suits are good. Knit suits are smart, too, and contrasting coats with printed dress are suggested. But best of all is one tailored suit and a very swaggery one it must be.

If you're driving home, nothing could be better for motoring than a three-piece Bradley suit, and they come in any shade from pastels to deeper tones. There's an excellent selection of ensembles on this order, and one can look just as intriguing in a traveling suit as in a formal, if the dress be chosen with care and the colors carried out in accessories.

**"Y" CABINET
HOLDS DINNER**

Tuesday evening, May 15, the officers and cabinet members of the Y. W. C. A. held their annual formal dinner in the Birthday Dining room. This was a "farewell affair" at which each girl briefly reviewed what her work had consisted of during the year, what it had meant to her, and what she had attempted to give to it. Afterwards, Bob Durand, who presided in the absence of Lydia Fountain, president, presented Miss Van with a gift from the cabinet, and proposed a toast to Martha Jane Chattin, newly-elected president for 1934-35. Martha Jane has served as World-Fellowship chairman during the past year.

**FRENCH CLUB
HOLDS PICNIC**

Thursday, May 10, the French Club held its last meeting of the year. The members met at the Tri K club house where they received instructions for a treasure hunt. After Leigh Taliaferro's group had found it and had been rewarded with two boxes of candy, the entire club had a picnic supper in the woods.



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PREP PATTERN

Genius is Waning

This one is on Miss Cooke: Little Miss Hale (age 8), comes every week to the baseball games out here to get for the Angkors—he says blue is his favorite color—and the other day sat by Miss Cooke. Angkor sponsored by her team, and Tommy, watching her for a few minutes, said "Are you a girl or a lady?" She said she was a little of both, and while blushing most becomingly, if we always maintained her to be a perfect lady.

Who is the beardless youth (or youth) of seventeen who passes himself off to a bee-yu-ti-ful blonde earlier over here as worldly experienced and twenty-one? (and how does he get away with it?)

Hippy Bearden's successful launching of his brother into the seas of matrimony was too much for her. He can't take it a bit—it put her in bed for three days.

What charming people nearly gave out of gas in Percy Warner Park not long ago? (We've heard that before.) And who cut a picture of Ward-Belmont girl out of the society page of the *Banner* Sunday? (This shouldn't be hard—the page only had a dozen or so Ward-Belmont girls in it.) Congratulations are in order: Virginia Carson on her aunt, who is a marvelous river camp, which is pretty nearly our idea of heaven; to Henderson, for winning chief honors at the school horse show; to Miss Cayce on her new Ford V-8, her hospitality Sunday afternoon, and her wonderful ability to please everybody.

Miss Pulver on her plaid dress which is both bottom and has puff sleeves as well like to have them; to the Junior Riding Club whose annual horse show brings society out. It's this Friday and Saturday.

It's the president. Peggy Dickinson is the president. New tie back to Cayce's tea. Practically everybody came and if they didn't, they should have—we had grand time, and everybody was so pretty, all dressed up in everything. Syd Sudowitz and Frances Etheridge looked adorable in kind of pinkish-green dresses, and Betty looked lovely in a dark print with a white ruff. Martha Evans, who also carried off honors in the horse show, looked grand, and so did Mickey Luridge even though Old Sol had turned her shoulders to a crimson tint reminiscent of a lobster.

We said before, everybody looked fine. Then Cap and Bella's "Going Ga-Ga" proved a hit. Everybody in school one of the three nights it was here, and everybody in school enjoyed it. At least, it ought to make boys appreciate girls more. Suppose they had to look at their own legs all the time. There was an opera which was really hot stuff, and all the skirts were good. A spring dance done with roller towels and flowers in the May Day treasures reminded us of Hay Day too much. We broke down and howled.

Juliette Craig, it seems, fell with a very nice groovy over her head and appeared the next morning with a large bandage decorating her cranium. Have man stuff, huh? Who likes Judy Davis' car a great deal—and who comes to see a certain girl mainly, I think, because he likes her dog? Cute dog, at that!

What was a group of sub-sub-debs and sub-Beau Brummels doing around camp-fire so very late one night, and so far away from the house? And don't say, "Toasting marshmallows."

In quiet desperation, may we gently inquire—does any of us ever think we get one's graduation dress? It's no rhetorical question, either. We're going to have to graduate in a couple of towels and a bath mat, or wear in some yellow shorts and a red banana (not banana) if these baseball, tennis, etc., games don't let up, and if we ever finish taking exams.

We just want to say one more thing. They couldn't possibly be as bad as you think they are.

We want to congratulate with bowings and scrapings Miss Landis Shaw, who, with her customary brilliance, went out and won the Eta Sigma Phi (Phi on you!) Latin medal. That takes brains.

Oh, yes, and another thing! We can't figure it out, some one went haywire. We were commenting on some one returning from school in Canada, and it turned out Africa. Where did they think he'd been—playing with the Zulus? And something about double plays in baseball turned into double games. Our writing can't be as bad as all that. And then "Tinker to Evers to Chance" left Mr. Chance just plain chance, any chance, with a little "c." Of course, his playing days are over, but he was a famous baseball star while alive, and there's no use capitalizing the other two and leaving him out. Well, we'll let it go at that. We feel kind of loco over spring—spring we are going to have: spring flowers, bed springs—and of all of these, the greatest is bed springs (and a mattress) to which we are going at high speed right now. That's that.

CLUB CHATTER

Dear me, suz! Charlotte Anne's Mom came for Mother's Day and is going to stay for graduation. There ain't no justice in this here place.

The Anti-Panners want to put in a word of this to whoever built the stables just outside their kitchen window. We had a positively ducky little ride seat all during the horse show.

Balsiger is getting right in there, with that trotting off to weddings 'n crying. That little Kansas City lass certainly has what it takes to get places!

The Anti-Pans are spitting pitchforks and fish-hooks—in fact, they're boiling up! Who did that dastardly deed of sneaking into our club sanctuary and drawing pictures all over our very best lamp shade? You might have at least used a little fancy art and drawn something worth looking at! Methinks it was a dirty trick.

Whoops! In two more weeks this is what can be seen (if anybody wants to look).

1. Frankie going places with Bill, and nobody else but Bill.

2. Frances Summers sitting on her front porch knitting.

3. Sara Draffin in good old Kentucky, giggling to her heart's content.

The Anti-Panners are having a positively spiffy initiation next Wednesday for Martha Fisher and nobody else but Martha Fisher. Class, I call it!

It's about time some of you little Anti-Pans learned that it just ain't gonna work, trying to sneak food in the under-cover. That ginger-ale would have tasted mighty good, but it's not worth the chips trying to hide it every time someone knocks at the door. Besides, spare Sara's bed!

Did you hear of the recognition that Bomke has won? The A. K.'s are proud of her. Out of 291 essays submitted to the *Atlantic Monthly* essay contest, Bomke's was selected as one of the best twenty. Congrats, old dear!

Wednesday night, May 16, the A. K.'s had their traditional dinner at the club, and also installation of officers. The Seniors hate to leave, but there is some consolation in the fact that the club is being entrusted to such a grand group of girls.

Ginny, Bomke, Dukie, Lincoln, Davis, Randall, and Kaseel had supper at the A. K. house Saturday night. After supper there followed a grand and glorious truth session.

Smitty went to Lewisburg, Tennessee, last week-end to visit Jane Wallace. She said that she had a perfect time.

Carolyn Bryant and Nancyann Schmid certainly looked pretty in the

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Shakespearean play Friday. That wig of Bryant's was just too cute.

Frances Warmouth has been elected secretary for next year, and Carolyn is to be treasurer.

Wendie came to see Gilbertine this week-end, and what did she do but go to town with Rosy! Such non-chalance!

We're proud to herald Dr. Rhea as our new sponsor. We're sorry to see Miss Saunders go, though.

Wednesday evening the Tri K's dined at Belle Meade Country Club. Miss Sisson was an honor guest, and Patsy Schorndorfer, vice-president, presided.

Side notes at the club: 1. Jane and Margaret Louise, you were surely missed Wednesday night. Your "big, bad wolf" appeared in the form of a campus.

2. Eatsy, Miss Morrison worked the table relay awfully hard, but the Tri K's were satisfied to find that Miss Sisson at last got her coffee (anyway she liked it).

3. Miss Carling objects to the too frequent use of "I mean" in light conversation. Wonder if it's allowed in weighty discussions?

4. Leigh confessed to feeding herself the sugar lumps intended for Pilot. What that night did bring forth!

5. Mary Eleanor and several others admire the hatless nurse. Blue and green match beautifully, Betty (weren't you the carrier?)

6. So much talk of next year! No one knows "where next."

Tri K's played four fierce baseball games last week. (These unlucky numbers!) Casey Jones retired with a limp. Bradshaw still carries that mighty fling but she gets there fast! Boyd had a sling on for the Ariston game (what luck!) but can she catch? Look out for those gals next year!

Buzzy, the Horse Show brought too much. Two blues at once sweep it rakin' it in all right. Leigh carried off honors, as usual, and Jane Hodges did herself proud. Max took other ribbons besides tying with Leigh for third place in total honors, and Martha took first in the couple class. Horshy still totes a tennis racquet, and Martha has an enviable pink tan.

Honors to Mary Jones, who played the role of the Duke; and to Sara Jo, who carried off the comic part in Miss Townsend's Shakespearean drama, "Twelfth Night."

TENNESSEE CHILDREN'S HOME

Sunday afternoon, May 13, Ann Ostergren and Eva Oldhaver went with Alice Adams and Mary Jane Bass, their successors, to the Tennessee Children's Home.

The first place the children took the girls was to their play-house to show them the new pink curtains "which the Ward-Belmont girls made for us." The afternoon, which was spent in games and various activities, proved to be most enjoyable.

PENSTAFF MEETS

Virginia Carson entertained the Penstaff club Saturday afternoon, May 12, at the river camp of her aunt, Mrs. C. H. Litterer. Officers for the coming year were elected as follows: Frances Rose, president; Elizabeth Craig, vice-president, and Mickie Perry, secretary. After this, a series of contests and games were indulged in, and refreshments were served on the porch overlooking the river. The hostess was assisted by her aunt and by her mother, Mrs. B. F. Carson.

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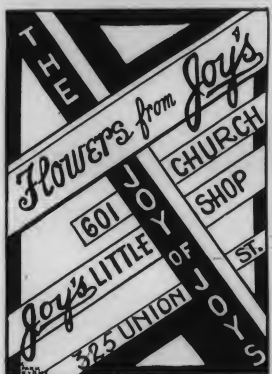
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THE DIARY OF MIS- TRESS BELLE-WARD

WEDNESDAY—

Tottered down to club all of a froth at having won a baseball game. All we could talk about was our splendid team work and cooperation. We had installation of officers, too, and it was all very solemn and beautiful, only I felt sure my knees were going to crack at an inopportune moment, and spoil the effect. After that (the installation) everyone felt quite relieved, and talked loudly for about fifteen minutes. It seems to me that something of importance must have happened, but outside of numerous snuburns acquired by tennis enthusiasts and long-suffering art students, I can think of nothing.

THURSDAY—

Perked down town in my brand new hat, and spent the afternoon in mortal terror of being rained on. I cast my eye longingly on a new umbrella, but as usual I was broke. But the rain kindly held off, and I returned, vowing never to wear a new straw hat on a rainy day. Went over to the library to do some last-minute reading on my history report, and went early in order to get in before the rush. In my eagerness I fell over Bob Durand sitting before the door in prayerful earnestness. When I finally did get my book, and had settled peacefully down for an evening's reading, my concentration was

SUNDAY—

Togged myself all out in my hat and glad rags—it feels very cool to be townning and churching in white—and went to church. My hat only blew off twice, and got badly "squashed" in the street car mob, but aside from that everything was lovely. Like the walrus, I "shed a bitter tear" thinking of my dear, good, sweet, kind, mummy at home, and me down here, but a special from her, and roses from ever-thoughtful Johnny, helped a great deal.

MONDAY—

Rain, rain, rain! Woke up thinking hopefully that probably we wouldn't have any baseball game, and when the rain cascaded down this afternoon I was positive we'd have no baseball game. But you can't intimidate the gym office. So I got out and splashed dismally around in the mud, and wondered why our opponents couldn't go haywire, or something, and give us a chance to put them out. I don't even pretend to catch the ball; so when I caught one or two and rifled them to second, was I proud of myself?

TUESDAY—

The fashion show—and was it something? All the girls looked so nice in their clothes that the little green god burned in me that I couldn't make me some of them. I can't even baste my dress like her usual smart self. I saw a fashion plate when Janie Hodges got it. And a perfect gown.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Monday, May 28, 1934

Number 31

DR. BARTON, CHAPEL SPEAKER

Gail Lawrence

Dr. Barton was speaker at the last chapel of the year Friday, May 25. He first introduced the president of Beta Sigma Phi, classical society at Vanderbilt, who presented a medal to Landis Shaw. This medal is given every year to the high school student having the highest average for four years of Latin.

In his talk Dr. Barton summed up the things which he said might have happened to any of us this year. In the first place, we have all learned more actual facts. The higher that we go in school and the more facts that he learns, the better he should be able to judge groups of facts in relation to each other. Therefore, we should all have improved judgment.

Second, we have all acquired some self-control, not only in relation to our classroom work, but in regard to social contacts. Self-control is a part of the development of character. Non-observance of rules set up for our guidance will result in the greatest harm to ourselves in the end.

Dr. Barton closed by saying, "I look back upon this as having been a good year at Ward-Belmont. For the Seniors of both high school and college we wish every good wish; and for the Senior-Middles and other high



ALL-CLUB DINNER, FINAL SCHOOL EVENT

Lydia Fountain

Monday evening, May 28, the last formal dinner of the year will be given, when the ten social clubs join in the traditional All-Club Dinner. This will be the last gathering of all of the clubs as well as the last dinner of the school year.

Each club will have a certain space in the dining-room to be decorated with the club colors and insignia. The various clubs will be listed alphabetically on the souvenir menus and will rise in order and sing their club songs during the course of the evening. At the close of the dinner, Dr. John W. Barton will present the Citizenship Cup to the club leading in citizenship and will announce the girl receiving the highest number of Citizenship points, as well as those receiving honorable mention. Last year the Tri K club won the Citizenship Cup, and Marjorie Jacobson was the high girl. The students are awaiting the announcement of the winners.

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JOE E. BROWN



**BEHIND THE SCENES
IN DANCING**

Nancyann Schmid

Well, here we are saying goodbye to another school year in everything, even in Dancing! I know most of the girls have gotten a lot more out of their dancing this year because of Miss Smith and Miss Jeter. Let's give them our thanks and know that we've gotten the best (even if the Dancers' Club didn't meet). I'm told it's to start off with a bang next year, so don't get discouraged, you dance clubbers.

As for me, I've had loads of pleasure out of writing this here column, and I hope that you have learned a little about dancing through it, even if I did get the wrong book on the company of Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis.

But, before I go, let me say in behalf of American dancing: in spite of the Russians who are not able to teach us anymore, or the Spanish, French, and Oriental, that the American dance is coming into its own. But for the present it is a privilege quite unmixt with envy, to have access along the borders of one lighted street to so many versions of the same thing, all working together toward a single ultimate fulfillment.

Goodbye for this year!

PREP PATTEN

Henrietta Hickman

All is Over

Our last column shall deal with our impressions of various and sacred rites about the campus—such as greeting Mrs. Armstrong in the chilly morn, accepting Miss Sisson's word as final, begging the gym office not to make you make up that last cut, etc. These we have loved and can make fun of. These we have participated in, and these we have enjoyed. And, these we have become (whisper it gently) sometimes bored at. These—but they are beginning. Here they go: Impressions of May Day—Mr. Puckett smilingly leading small boy out of roadway—Hefty lady whose sight is obscured by magnolia leaves—Mrs. Potts, who is scanning storm clouds anxiously, hoping it won't rain before Bessie Mai finishes her folk dance—Mr. Puckett leading two small

(92 in Macy's basement) by Bach, Mozart, or Zilch, Inc.

Athletic Association Day: The hastily hurried air of girls who almost forgot to wear white and changed at the last minute. The club points read with the Angkors second. The baseball points read with the Angkors first! Fainting of Angkors in all parts of chapel. The medals that haven't come—The letters that haven't come—The cups that haven't come.

Wednesday Chapel: The choir wearing black and an air of false calm. The first organ notes. The sleepy silence which descends over the assembly—Mr. Dalton or his predecessor, Mr. Humphrey) immaculately dressed, . . . Dean Burk's introduction. The speakers who quote Kipling and "the infinite tender sky." The speakers who quote Shakespeare and Milton. The speakers who merely quote. The rush for the door.

Dr. Barton: (Don't mind us; it's all in fun)—Statistics about the Junior College movement—Statistics about club grades—The tantalizing speech before awarding cups—Statistics about current events—Statistics about the Junior College movement.

Lunch Impressions: The Seniors knocking people down in order to get out to lunch—The Freshmen knocking people down in order to get to lunch—The Junior and Sophomores just knocking people down so as not to be outdone.

Graduation Impressions: White organdie. The orator who tells you that you are now facing life, young ladies, and you must prove yourself worthy of the challenge—The presenting of diplomas in an august silence—The spasmodic applause—The large, horned cockroach walking across the platform. (Honest to goodness, one did, last year, and our eyes followed his journey in fascinated awe!) White mousseline de soie, white, starched chiffon, uniform gardenias, more white organdie.

Council Meeting: The silence as you go down the steps; the silence as you are seated—The eyes of all members fixed on you—Your anxious, tentative, feeble smile—No response—The friends you hope you have on council—Your bitter self-recrimination. The explanations—The silence—The departure—The escape—Silence.

Seriously, this year we have enjoyed immensely working with Miss Pulver, HYPHEN sponsor, Helene Loeb, who we hope will edit the paper wherever she next goes to school, Gail Lawrence, next year's editor, and Peggy Young, minister plenipotentiary and ambassador extraordinary of columnists. Helene's editorials have made us think; Gail's articles have interested us, and Peggy's "Diary" has delighted us. In short, we like you all, and extend best wishes for next term. So long, until September.

ENTER MADAME

Oh, great! We know from experience that you do that well. We might be out for advice! Are you going to do that instead of going to school? Well, I guess that's all right; you'll be taking a course in psychology, if nothing else, and, believe me, that will keep you plenty busy.

Dukie has been a good president of the Senior Class this year. She has done her very best to please everyone. So when you are traveling around, Dukie, remember that we have enjoyed working with you this year and on behalf of the Seniors, I want to tell you—We think you are swell!

BOOK BOUTS

Winnifred Marsh

Well, we're convinced *Anthony Adams* isn't coming out in the *Reader's Digest*. We'll just have to "give it" and read it "as is." Really, it's an accomplishment and advantage (it's been hailed as the ten best books of the year rolled into one). You'll find a wide range of experience, an embedded savor of romance, and a wealth of moods, characters, and incidents. Along with Hervey Allen's "best seller" you must read that Margaret Ayer Barnes—*Within This Present*. It's a vital and exuberant story of pre- and post-war times. It's even nearer us since the point of view is that of a generation we can understand. Then we must take time for the popular series of late. We can't forget Galsworthy. He has taken the same family through four books, the first of which is *Maid In Waiting*. His last book, *One More River*, continues the story. Although these books are inclined to move slowly, you learn much from Galsworthy's typically English outlook on life. Then there's Walpole's series, of which *Rogue Herries* and *Venezance* are especially worth while. But you really ought to read them chronologically for the most enjoyment. The same holds true in De La Roche's *Jalna* series, or you'll never understand the Whiteoak Family. There are *Jalna*, *White Oaks of Jalna*, and I believe *The Master of Jalna* is the most recent. In the way of plays you must put O'Neill's collection first on your summer reading list and follow it with Noel Coward's *Play Parade*, of his seven best-known plays. "Design for Living," "Cavalcade," and "Bitter-Sweet" are included in complete form. As the *Earth Turns*, which has recently been produced in a movie version, and *Oil for the Lamps of China* have been highly praised and are certainly worthy of THE most

MOVIE REVIEWS

Henrietta Hickman

Resume' of the Year's Happenings

From last September to May, '34, lots of things have happened in the picture business—a revival of costume pictures is one—witness "The Scarlet Empress," "Queen Christina," "Henry the Eighth," "Catherine the Great," and many more.

"Go West, young man," became a battle cry, and theatres were jammed to see the mighty Mae enunciate. "Come up and see me sometime," George Raft went to "The Bowery" in one of the fastest, rowdiest

"Never Give a Sucker a Break"—Lee Tracey.

"Hi, Nellie"—Paul Muni.

"Cavalcade"—Clive Brook, Diana Wynward.

We expect nobody to agree with us—in fact, if they did, we'd have a relapse, collapse, and what have you. Anyway, a grand lot of pictures was released in the last year. Things are picking up.

LOOKING OVER THE NEWS

Virginia Winston

sides is the line of the broad-brimmed hat. (Clever ones are shown in gay printed linen or silk foulard in bright colors). Worn with a graceful jabot scarf, it will transform a simple white dress into the smartest of outfits.

Back, decidedly off-the-face, is another brim line of importance in spring millinery styles. One hat has a brim stitched so that it stands away smartly from the face. If it is of novelty cotton, matching gauntlet gloves can be worn very effectively.

There are new stockings to be had, with a two-way stretch woven into the knees for checking runs. Also, in a famous line, elasticity comes at the top for smooth fitting. Watch for the



**We
Announce Our**

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of
Ward-Belmont.

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EDITORIAL

TO THE FUTURE

There comes a time when all things must end. That may sound like the beginning of what is to be a very trite editorial. The remarks we make at graduation time when everyone is preparing to leave are remarks that are not trite, but often repeated. They have been said by class after class and will continue to be said in the future, we hope.

We say we hope such things will be said, because, though parting may be sad, it is no more than a final resumé to the year as a whole, to the activity that has been ever present during these past months.

Those of us who are leaving can now at graduation time tell the other members of the school, students and faculty alike, how much we have enjoyed working and playing with them, how much we have appreciated all they have done for us. We can say to the students: We leave you a school that is part ours by the work we have done here, by the interest we have taken and will take in it. It is you who will make it, we know, an even better school. To the faculty, the administration and household: thanks to you, our years here have been full of knowledge and pleasure. We are grateful and will strive to remember at least a part of what you have taught us.

It is not farewell, for the school is still ours, and we will always look with interest towards its successful future.

HELENE LOEB, '34.

THE END IS AT HAND

The end is at hand! It sounds very definite and final doesn't it? To those of us who were new girls in September, the many traditional activities connected with the closing of school have been new and exciting. It seems a very short time since we were being escorted to our

CAMPUS COLUMN

There comes a time in everyone's life when she must say goodbye to old surroundings and pack her satchels for to other lands—

It will be hard for some of us to go, will be hard for some of us to say goodbye to friends, but home calls us and willingly we will answer.

Things we won't hear any longer: Dean Burke: "How are your quality credits . . . let me see!" . . . Viva Lee: "There will be a meeting of Student Council immediately after lunch today." . . . Mrs. Tate: "Club meeting in the Big Y room after lunch."

. . . Notices: "Please get your May Day paper at the Book Store." . . . "Pay for your diplomas before May 22d." . . . "Please don't send any more packages out from town C. O. D." . . . "Don't crowd the couple in front of you in the procession on May Day," . . . etc., etc., far into the night!!!!!!

Officers have been installed in the various clubs and everything is being "cleaned up" for starting all over again next fall.

What will be happening next year:

Mrs. Rose and Whittaker will still hold rule over Rec hall. . . . Marquerite Page will pass sentence on offenders. . . . Jean Stewart will do the same as this year, only she'll stand behind the table in Senior parlor and not on the stage. . . . Soper will be at home in Dallas. . . . Dukie is spending next winter in California. . . . Viva Lee and Marie will be with Carl and Roy, respectively. . . . Martha Jane Chattin ("Chatt" to her intimates) will hold forth in the Big "Y" room on Sunday mornings. . . . Mildred Scott and Gail Lawrence will sit in the HYPHEN office, and work. . . . Potts comes forth as head of athletics. . . . Miss Sisson, Mrs. Charlton and Miss Merriwether will be in the home office, we hope. . . . You'll spend your 15 hours a week any time you want to and however you want it.

Step-Singing is tonight and it

EAGLE FEATHER

Nancyann Schmid

JUST PLAYING

Little girls in fluffy dresses
Playing games that take three guesses,
Playing house with pretty dishes,
Lookin' in brooks for little fishes.
Little boys are pulling curls
Of chunky, fat, and squealing girls;
Frogs an' tops and funny toys
Make up the playtime for little boys.
NANCYANN SCHMID, '35.

Oh, wonderful youth
And carefree way,
You come, you go,—why can't you stay?
For days so fair and life so true,
When nights are blue and wind's at bay,
Can mean so much, when Youth's at play.
RENA BERRY, '34.

MY WILL

To one I love I do bequeath
Six golden hours spent beneath
An elm with singing leaves, and five
Minutes' walk through a woods alive
With flowers wild and winged things;
A minute by a stormy sea
While sullen winds condoled with me
About the loss of one bright drop
Of rain. These things I leave to her
And many more—the humming whirr
Of bats' wings in a silent night,
The glory of an eagle's flight—
Soap bubbles gleaming irresolutely.
PEGGY YOUNG, '35.

MEN FEAR TO STOP

Men fear to stop and question life.
They have no breath.
For query of why and what
Such existence is, that is theirs.
They question but the hour of day,
Or diet, or appointment.

Time is a mint;
Each bit the semblance of a coin.
If lost, there's lost
A little world. Men gauge the deficit,
And total. Lost: security.

Give pity to the child; he does not know
The death he cultivates by years.
Had God intended so,—thought thus:
Creation shall be a graven effigy.
Would not he have withheld perception,
And commanded the elements to monotony?

The senses are the blossoms of the soul.
Lift them up, that they may be rinsed
By sunlight, and cleansed by drenching rain.

Life is the smell of earth;
Clean, brown, and warm,—
Moist with the scent of clouds and dandelions.
Life is the sight of sunlight
Spun in cobwebs on the window-sill;
The sound of a baby's laughter
And the touch of tiny, searching hands
On a mother's breast.
It is the tang of chilled wine-sap
By the firelight in a shadowy room;
The ecstasy of cold creek-water
Across one's feet on a summer day.
Poor are the men who
In coin, but have no time
To live.

CLUB CHATTER

May Dell Meyer, Editor

The Agora club entertained the Senior members with a formal dinner last Wednesday night. They presented Miss Casebier with a box of hand-made linen handkerchiefs and Marjorie Zaug with her club pin—she was certainly delighted with it. After-dinner speeches were made by the following girls, each giving her interpretation of one letter in the word, Agora: Frances Graham, Christine Jill, Raedeen Tibbetts, Jane Keyport and Mary Jane Safford. Our lovely time ended with the singing of our song. Miss Rhea presented the club with a lovely flower bowl, in appreciation of her use of the club house. Now that the school year is really over and we are all leaving it is nice to know how everyone will spend her vacation.

Miss Casebier will be in Kentucky with her parents; Jane Keyport has decided to be a traveling parasite; Jayne Haffenburg will attempt to

up after such a grand year of cooking on it. Anyway, dead week or not, they went down and made the cake we had at installation Wednesday night. And was it ever a good cake! You really must try some sometime.

Have you seen our new table? It's so pretty and we're very proud of it. Just to show how proud of it we are we have it placed right in the middle of the room, and there it is going to stay—until next year. We're going to miss all you old girls but will do our best to carry on as well as you have this past year.

Marion Farr.

The F. F.'s had installation Wednesday night at regular club time. The president handed over her duties to the incoming president who accepted with an eagerness that made the F. F.'s feel that Eva Charity is willing and in earnest to take the position for next year.

Nig Banker has filled her position well, and has made the club "go." The F. F.'s appreciate her and also their sponsor, Miss Reuf, who has

owl was embarrassed and looked away. Then from under her wing brought out a scroll, and to Olive read the following roll:

In the Osiron's Hall of Fame is a disciplinarian, Alexander by name. With a rod of iron from a high-backed chair, she bids bad little boys to beware—You guessed it, she's a teacher.

Micky Aldridge was a charming lass, who from this earth too soon did pass. No one here could match her class.

Mary Jane Dulaney—oh, yes—the lass with the heart-shaped face and the wicked glance. The A.A.U.W. put Mary Jane away, for she was too dangerous to leave astray. (A.A.U.W.—American Association of Unwanted Wives.)

Remember Lydia Fountain—the girl with the Texas handclasp. She shook hands with the president one day. He liked her looks, and he liked her way. So he said, "Lydia, would you like to be—Mrs. President—er? Then follow me." Of course you understand—she's now first lady of the

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FACING CAPITOL BOULEVARD

P-S-S-T!

Anne Loftin

We're awful sad this week and the

THE DIARY OF MIS- TRESS BELLE-WARD

Peggy Young

Deary Diary:

This is the last time that I shall inscribe any more of my inane wanderings on your golden sheets. It is

ers, and Pembroke at all the same time, to get all the intimate little gossip going the rounds. How I have wished for about six dual personalities to track the elusive Ward-Belmonter conclusively to her lair! But such as I am, I want to thank you for enduring me, and to everyone who has enjoyed my column, I place kisses on their brows, and to all who've not liked my column, I say "Boo" emphatically.

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HARRISON BROTHERS

NEW "Y" OFFICERS INSTALLED

(Continued from page 1)

"Meditations from Thais" by Massenet.

After her solo the members of the 1934-35 cabinet came onto the stage singing "Hymn of Light," and the installation was begun. Lydia Fountain, as out-going president of the Association, addressed the new members and entrusted her candle to her successor, Martha Jane Chattin. In like manner, Bob Durand gave her candle to Mary Ellen Hudgins, as first vice-president for next year. Then in turn each officer and cabinet member presented her candle and her trust to her successor. The new members include: second vice-president, Virginia Shaw; secretary, Arlyne Milligan; treasurer, Mary Jane Dulaney; chairman of the World Fellowship Committee, Mary Eleanor Clay; membership chairman, Alsha McCourt; Student Industrial Commission, Mary Alice Paine; Vanderbilt Hospital, Kay Crosswell; Junior League Home, Frances Street; Tennessee Children's Home, Alice Adams and Mary Jane Bass; Florence Crittenton Home, Helen Pillows; Old Ladies' Home, Mary Lee Wilson; Entertainment Committee, Marjorie Wells; Poster Committee, Raedeen Tibbetts; HYPHEN Reporter, Carolyn Bryant; and World Tours Committee, Matilda Daugherty.

After the congregation sang the association hymn, "Follow the Gleam," Martha Jane Chattin took charge and invited members of the student body to come forward and offer any suggestions concerning the work for next year. At this time Alice Vivienne Hill came to the stage and addressed the cabinet and audience on "Personal Ideals." Jean Stewart did likewise with "Loyalty" as her theme. "Friendship" served as a basis for Mar-

L. Anderson, 815 Argonne Avenue, Atlanta, Ga. Dr. Barton, speaker.

Chicago, Ill., 6:30 P.M. (dinner), June 7, Chicago College Club, \$1.00; Cicely Cone, 1532 Fargo Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Miss Sisson, speaker.

Cleveland, Ohio, 1 P.M., June 9, Canterbury Golf Club, \$1.10; Donna Oviatt, 3052 Huntington Rd., Shaker Hgts., Cleveland, Ohio. Reservations by June 8. Miss Sisson, speaker.

Columbus, Ohio, 12:00, June 8, Maramor, \$1.00; Mrs. A. C. Smith, 162 S. Remington Rd., Columbus, Ohio. Miss Sisson, speaker.

Dallas, Texas, 12:30, June 9, Dallas Athletic Club, \$1.00; Mrs. Rex Townsend, Walnut Hill Drive, Dallas, Texas. Dr. Barton, speaker.

Des Moines, Iowa, 12:45, June 4, Grace Ransom Tea Room, 708 1-2 Locust St., \$.85; Elizabeth Ungles, 4924 Country Club Blvd., phone 5-3824. Reservations by June 3. Dr. Barton, speaker.

Detroit, Mich., 1 P.M., June 16, Retel Reception Room, Book-Cadillac, \$1.50; Mrs. Carleton Dean, 16845 Normandy, Detroit, Michigan. Miss Pulver, speaker.

Harrisburg, Pa., 1 P.M., June 9, Hotel Penn Harris, \$1.25; Elizabeth Shirk, 300 Walnut, Hanover, Pa. Miss Lydell, speaker.

Huntsville, Ala., 1 P.M., June 20, Russell Erskine Hotel, \$1.00; Marjorie Canterberry, 307 Green St., Huntsville, Ala. Dr. Barton, speaker.

Indianapolis, Ind., 1 P.M., June 9, The Propylaeum, 1410 N. Delaware, \$1.25; Mrs. John Caylor, 4310 College Ave., phone Hu. 5028. Reservations by June 7. Mrs. Bryan, speaker.

Kansas City, Mo., 1 P.M., June 6, Muehlebach Hotel, \$1.25; Martha Mo. Dr. Barton, speaker.

Lexington, Ky., 1 P.M., June 10, Lexington Hotel, \$1.25; Martha Mo. Dr. Barton, speaker.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII

Nashville, Tenn., Midsummer Edition

Number 32

SENIORS WEAR WHITE CAPS AND GOWNS

Junior College commencement at Ward-Belmont this year had a new twist as far as costume was concerned. The Senior Class voted to wear white caps and gowns in an effort to have the costume uniform and all white.

The experiment took care of those two points, but few people realized just how effective the outfits would be on the entire group. As the class marched into the chapel on Baccalaureate Sunday and on graduation day, the effect was beautiful, for the caps and gowns were singularly becoming to every member of the class.

The cap and gown added a certain dignity to the girls as they crossed the stage for their diplomas one after another, and the white kept the graduation from in any way resembling university or college exercises. White graduations are traditional at Ward-Belmont and in the change of costume this was kept in mind. This year was entirely experimental and there is no reason, other than the un-

WARD-BELMONT ADDS 5 MEMBERS TO FACULTY

Underwood to Teach Piano

Roy Underwood, until recently connected with the University of Kansas, comes this fall to take over the place of head of the department of piano in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music left vacant this summer by



DR. WOOLLEY OPTI- MISTIC IN COMMENCE- MENT ADDRESS

86 in Graduating Class Graduates

Dr. Mary Emma Woolley, for thirty-three years president of Mount Holyoke College, was the speaker at the 1934 commencement exercises at Ward-Belmont. A delegate to the first conference for the reduction and limitation of armaments in Geneva in 1932, and member of the American delegation to the conference for pacific relations held in Honolulu, 1925 to 1927, Dr. Woolley addressed the Senior Class at their graduation from junior college at nine o'clock, the morning of May 29th.

The commencement exercises opened with the processional, "Pomp and Circumstance," by Elgar, played by F. Arthur Henkel. The class, in white caps and gowns, filed into their places and stood to receive the invocation given by Dr. William J. Campbell, president of the Congregational

SILVER SERVICE, GIFT OF '34

Presented at Traditional Step-Singing

According to tradition the presentation of the Senior gift to the school was held at the final step-singing on Sunday evening, May 27. As in other years, the presentation was made about half-way through the Senior part of the program, when Alice Vivienne Hill, president of the Senior class, asked Dr. Barton and Mr. Benedict to come forward to receive it. At her words of presentation, following a lovely sincere talk, the class divided in the center revealing a beautiful silver tea service, to be used by all the girls whenever they have need for it.

Preceding the gift's presentation, the final evening of step-singing had progressed accordingly with the Seniors marching in the center, the Middles in chapel to the left, and the Juniors on the right. The Senior class, over the Senior side of the stage, led the march.

COMPETENT GIRLS FILL OF- FICES FOR 1935

In the rush of the last few weeks of school, spring elections add their bit to the general excitement. The executive offices of all the campus organizations are filled for the coming year at various and sundry elections. The results are always made public, by announcement and in the HYPHEN, but to date there has been no opportunity to list them and consider them as a whole, the officers of 1935. In the cases of the HYPHEN and *Milestones* editors and Y.W.C.A. executive cabinet the entire school, both boarding and day students vote. The other elections are held among the groups which are controlled by the

Eagle Feather; Julia Acheson, expression notes; Arlene Hershey, sports; Carolyn Bryant, Y reporter.

The *Milestones* Staff reads as follows: Virginia Grotz, associate editor; Patsy Schorndorfer, photographic editor; Jayne Priest, art editor; Irene Sartor, business manager.

The Athletic Association elected Ruth Potts to the presidency. A little later in the month the following were elected to the executive board: Nita Bogue, general manager; Grace Benedict, secretary; Barbara Leake, treasurer.

Last but certainly not least there are the fourteen club presidents who will take their places at the head of the social clubs for this coming year. They are: Agora, Frances Graham; A.K., Virginia Richey; Anti-Pandora, Martha Fisher; Del Vers, Judith Berry; F. F., Eva Charity Ohlhaber; Osiron, Thelma Martin; Penta Tau, Louise Robinson; T. C., Jane Meyer; Tri K, Stanley Elizabeth Clay; X. L., Mary Milam; Angkor, Ann Huddleston; Ariston Virginia Carson; Ec-cowasin, Mildred Clements; Triad, Elizabeth Neil.

Summer Sojourning

The mail man has been unusually faithful to us this summer and with just living until Homecoming. Boy, oh boy you aren't the only one! Catch

pull up in front of Ac. We ran right out and told them that they'd made a mistake—that school was over. And they were so taken back—just force of habit riding to school of a Monday morning! Pete, in spite of various other plans, is still summering in Donelson with periodic trips to Nashville. Dot is holding down the fort here, and lunching with various "visiting alums" such as Rena—(imagine, Rena, did you realize you were a "visiting alum" already?—Izzy has been one, too, several times).

Our friend, "Lib" Glasgow, took off for Camp Greystone before we could catch her again. An evening out at Cayce's found her just returned from Cedar Rapids, where she whirled—stopping over for a few hours on her trip.

The latest news of us that she is counsel-
that she still is a

DR. VANCE, BACCA- LAUREATE SPEAKER

Dr. James I. Vance, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Nashville preached the Baccalaureate Sermon on May 27. Dr. Vance, who has been pastor of that church for many years, has preached many sermons to Ward-Belmont girls and to Ward Seminary and Belmont College girls, too. His sermon was based on a line found in Paul's letter to the men of Athens wherein he says he found "an altar to a God unknown."

"To the Seniors," he began, "I offer my congratulations. They are," he went on, "at the top of the road, not the end, and they will continue to climb. They have reached one sunny summit where memory sings a song and hope looks to the stars. Here in a school like Ward-Belmont," he said, "is found the 'aristocrat' of the young life of America. You are," he told the graduates, "dynamic today."

to show that He is. The Creation, that chapter of discovery, that coming out to build His world, was to show that He is not unknown. The laws of the universe are steady because God is permanent, the seasons come every year with regularity because God is the same. But He was not satisfied so there came that which we find in the Book of Revelations. Still people were not satisfied so He gave to the world, his son, Jesus Christ. That," said Dr. Vance in his low reverent tones, "was God's greatest act of publicity. He sent him," he continued, "to tell the people what God was like. He lived where any one could reach Him, to tell us that God is that kind of a God. But that was not enough so to every other revelation was added the revelation to the spirit. Steinmetz found God and he says that in the next forty years the greatest discoveries will be in the spiritual. To find the spiritual is to think."

"The God of our experience," he said, "is all we have. The size of God is not the size of our creed, but is the size of our experience. In the office of Dr. Smith of Pennsylvania

FACULTY VACATION AT HOME AND ABROAD

When the faculty "vacations," they really go at it with a vim and a vigor.

Latest reports from Miss Linda Rhea were from the Gulf Coast, where she was having a delightful time in Pass Christian, Miss.

Miss Theo Scruggs has already made her New York trip and is at home in Nashville enjoying the heat with the rest of us, but plans to spend some time in Chicago later.

Miss Herron was away for a spell but is back now and has been seen at school several times.

Miss Rose Morrison, as most of us know, is abroad, where she was presented at the Court of St. James, on June 13th. She has been in Italy recently and was to return to England in time to attend the King's Garden Party.

Miss Sanders is in Chicago, staying at International House, and taking work at the University of Chicago. No doubt she is managing to

HOME ECONOMICS INSTRUCTOR MARRIES

Announcement was made in the Nashville papers and to Dr. Barton of the marriage on June 29th, of Mrs. Virginia Riddle Dickinson and Dr. Henry K. Svenson, of Brooklyn, New York.

Dr. Svenson is connected with the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens, in Brooklyn. This announcement came as a complete surprise to many of Mrs. Svenson's friends, although a few admitted having known "something" about it.

Mrs. Svenson will terminate her connection with Ward-Belmont to the sorrow of her many friends among students, faculty, household, and administration, and take up her residence in Brooklyn. She may be reached at 1000 Washington Ave., Brooklyn.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of
Ward-Belmont.

EDITORIAL

"WHEN SUMMER COMES, HOW STILL
IT ALL MUST SEEM—"

In the summer edition of the HYPHEN we find a
way house," so to speak. For in these pages are re-
the final festivities of the past year and suggest

CAMPUS COLUMN

Missing our columnist mightily and
wishing for all you people—and look-
ing up we find ourself confronted by
Marge and Slymme—didn't know
wishes were answered so quickly.
(Later) They have gone on the No.
2 car to have lunch and go to the
show—having gotten permission from
Miss Meriweather and signing out in
the HYPHEN office.

EAGLE FEATHER

*The Eagle Feather again spreads its wings, after the
moulting season, and soars to literary heights. In this
summer edition, it is our privilege to offer a few of the
literary compositions which have been published in this
column during the past year. We regret that space is so
limited that many of the contributions will have to be
omitted. This column has had a wide and varied career—
as most columns have. It was begun six years ago, and
is open to all students at all times who wish to contribute.
Sometimes the Eagle has soared out of bounds (and then
radiation and lost love and despised love, and then*

'34 JOINS ALUMNÆ RANKS AT ANNUAL DANCE

To the music of Francis Craig's orchestra the entire school danced its last dance of the year on Saturday evening, May 26th. The occasion was the annual alumnae dance held the last Saturday evening each year in honor of the Senior class at which time this class is formally invited to join the Alumnae Association.

The climax of the evening was the simple though quite impressive ceremony which was held at 9:30. At that time the Seniors were asked to stand in a group at one side of the gymnasium facing the group of representative alumnae who were present. The other guests stood at each end.

"Speaking to you," she said, "not as a representative of the Ward-Belmont administration, faculty or household, but as a representative of all the hundreds of girls who have stood on those same Ae steps as you have done tonight, and sung their farewells to the campus," Miss Jane Pulver, executive secretary of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association, invited the Seniors to join in "the circle which literally reaches around

INTERESTING COURSES ADDED TO CURRICULUM

Beginning this fall, seven new courses will be available to students of the college department. They are the outcome of lengthy committee study under the chairmanship of Miss Blanche Henry Clark.

Three years ago Dean Joseph E. Burk, in a paper read before a meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges for Women, pointed out the opportunity of junior colleges to be of greater service to their students by the introduction of strictly terminal courses. These studies are designed to benefit those girls who conclude their formal education with the junior college years. As will be observed they are such as should prove of immediate and practical use to those who take them. It is significant that almost all are planned to help realize the third of the five educational objectives stated in the catalog: worthy home membership.

A special supplement to the current catalog has just been released. Any reader of this paper will obtain a copy by sending a brief description of the course he follows:

AESTHETIC

until 1872 from which class there were two present. From 1875 there was one; 1876, one; 1880, two; 1882, one; none from 1883 through 1886; 1887, two; 1891, three; 1892, two; 1893, one; 1894, one; 1900, two; 1901, one; 1904, one; 1905, two; 1907, two, 1908, one; 1912, one; and 1913, two.

LARGE ATTENDANCE MARKS ALUMNÆ MEETINGS

Unusually large groups of former students of Ward-Belmont gathered in various cities over the country during the month of June for their annual alumnae meetings. The twenty meetings had in attendance from fifteen to over a hundred and a total attendance of around a thousand girls.

This year the luncheons were held in Detroit, Mich.; Shreveport, La.; Kansas City, Mo.; Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.; Orlando, Fla.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Atlanta, Ga.; Harrisburg,



We
Announce Our

72nd
BIRTHDAY
SALE

61 NAMED ON COLLEGE HONOR ROLL AND DEAN'S LIST

A recent bulletin from the Dean's Office announces the College Honor Roll and Dean's List for the last semester of the past school year. The girls whose names are on these lists deserve much credit, and as Dr. Barton, says, to those who are not on the list, let it serve as a challenge.

On the Honor Roll are thirteen Seniors, and twenty-one Senior-Middles who have all made "B" or above in all their academic subjects and who have received a passing mark in physical education. They are:

SENIORS

Marie Bomke, Jane Briggs, Virginia Cornelius, Kathleen Huson, Marion Kaeser, Helen Larimer, Helene Loeb, Anne Loftin, MayDell Meyer, Martha Pyeatt, Martha Rucker, Beverly Stone, Virginia Winston.

SENIOR-MIDDLES

Judith Berry, Elizabeth Bowman, Patty Chadwell, Martha Jane Chattin, Elizabeth Gray, Mary Hobson, Holland, Kathryn Hyde, Jones, Gwendolyn King, M. Kirwan, Jeanette Munsie, Mary Alice Paine, Virginia

ALL-CLUB DINNER FINAL GALA EVENT

(Continued from page 1)

it all was a touch of strain, the strain of knowing, after several days of "doing last things," that here really was the last "last thing."

Laughter and conversation rang gayly through the dining rooms until towards the end of the delicious dinner, when the T. C. Club, having their name at the head of the list of clubs on the menu, rose and sang their club song. Following them in the order they were listed each club did the same. Several clubs used solos with the members joining in on the refrain—each song and each arrangement was beautiful, because in the singing of them was evident how much the songs meant to the girls. Most of the groups dreaded to sing—most smiled bravely, others had tears in their eyes and more than one frankly cried. The parents and guests were touched, surprised, or puzzled, as it might be, or even amused, at this show of "sentiment." Few of them, since they have not attended Ward-

had an average of 2.54. "Dukie" was always every place at just the right moments, pouring tea, making speeches, decorating carriages, planning songs, holding meetings, trying, and succeeding, to please everyone—students, faculty, and administration. And in between she had the time to be "lots of fun," to gain the love and admiration of her class, and to be active in the Glee Club and the Spanish Club.

Fifth on the list was May Dell Meyer with an average of 2.52. May Dell was treasurer of her club and was also club editor on the HYPHEN. Besides that she was a member of the Spanish Club, the school choir, and the Glee Club.

Helen Larimer, whose average of 2.48 placed her sixth on the list, was president of the Del Ver Club. As president she devoted her year to the girls in the club, and also took part in all the athletics. She was active in many campus affairs throughout the year.

Marion Kaeser was seventh on the list with an average of 2.47. Her

another try to win it three years in succession. As Dr. Barton said "I challenge the Del Vers to keep it; and I challenge each one of the other clubs to take it away from them."

The club averages are as follows:

1. Del Vers	97.10
2. Tri K.	90.00
3. A. K.	88.24
4. F. F.	85.30
5. Agora	83.28
6. Penta Tau	79.91
7. Anti-Pandora	78.82
8. Osiron	77.80
9. T. C.	76.69
10. X. L.	74.68

With the average of 97.10 the Del Vers won the cup by the highest average that has been made in the history of the award.

In compiling this information on citizenship, there are five heads under which the girls are graded. It is interesting to see the club averages in these divisions.

ATHLETIC PARTICIPATION

1. Penta Tau	19.9
2. Tri K.	18.5
3. F. F.	18.

ACADEMIC ATTITUDE

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Friday

Had an exam this morning. Think I hit it all right—I should have—mercy knows, I studied for it. Am gettin' mighty weary of exams along this gap—thank goodness, tomorrow is my last. Having the tea room open all day certainly saves our lives. These mornings with no exams a coke and some eat-a-snax certainly do come in handy.

Well, today the *Milestones* came out and they are a knockout. Every one is simply crazy about them and they should be. That brown suede cover with the gold lettering is beautiful. A vote of thanks to the *Milestones* staff! And speaking of the staff, they certainly had their in-ning today after lunch. Something new was tried—that of presenting the book to one to whom it is dedicated in a formal chapel presentation. They had it right after lunch and the staff looked very like cats who had swallowed mice when they sat down out there. (I was wondering all the time what Dukie and Rena were laughing about at lunch and afterwards in chapel.) Well, Dr. Barton was on the stage with the staff, too. Marge got up and made an awfully nice little speech about hoping we'd like the book, and she opened one and held it up so that we could see. Then she said that the staff wished to present the first book to the person to whom they had dedicated it and

belt—we thought we'd die. After all—she should have lost it—it was Dukie's! But the songs were mighty pretty and just the sunset and the pillars and the girls sorta make one a little "chokey."

After that we went in the gym for the Alumnae Dance and was it ever grand—we had Craig's orchestra with Alpha Louise Morton and little Pee Wee. It was more fun—informal—and a simply swell dance. About the middle of the dance they had the invitation ceremony—I guess you'd call it that. There were quite a lot of alums dropped in just about that time so they could back Jane up. Facing each other—the alumnae and the Seniors—I suddenly realized that there was the Alumnae Association in picture—those who are alumnae, those who are graduating and becoming alumnae, and those who are still in school.

Both Dukie and Jane were grand—their speeches were short and every word was spoken with a real ring of sincerity. After they talked, then the alums and the Seniors sang the Alumnae Song. And I'll swear, it was the prettiest thing I ever heard, but so sad I thought I would die. It's a wonder to me those Seniors held out through it—some of them didn't.

The dance went on until 10:30 with Pee Wee singing and dancing and Alpha Louise dancing with a few who knew her, too. And wasn't the punch good. Craig ended the dance with "The Bells" and first thing we knew everyone was standing around

Funny what a let-down feeling there is after that. And so spent a quiet evening in the club—feeling very sad—and listening to the radio. The Senior-Mids, poor things, were delving for knowledge all evening preparing for their English exam.

Monday

A day of packing, town for lunch, and then decorating the tables for the All-Club Banquet. And we got our final Hyphen—more fun finding out who wrote all the various things.

I never saw as many guests as there were for dinner tonight. And the tables and everybody looked darling. All-Club Banquet with its songs, its meaning to all of us—the award of the Citizenship Cup and Honorable Mention! Congratulations to the Del Vers—they were the happiest bunch I've ever seen in spite of their tears—and many orchids, etc., to Martha Pyeatt with the highest individual score—and an orchid apiece to those others who had high scores.

I wasn't feeling very happy after dinner—but I had to laugh when I heard what the Del Vers did. They decided to all go to the club and put the cup on the mantle. When they all assembled down there everyone asked, "Well, where's the cup?" Several searching parties went out and finally found it in Miss Sisson's office. In the excitement of winning it they had all walked off and left it standing on the table in the dining room!

High school graduation was next—it was very pretty—everyone looked

shoes, pictures and wept on her roommate's shoulder. In front of Senior was the gathering spot—we all stood and waved goodbye to those early birds like Marge Jacobson, Rena, Slymme, Funkie, Glander, Buzzie, Charlie and Bomke, and such who took off almost immediately after commencement. It wasn't much fun!

Lunch found a much depleted dining room and the afternoon was spent getting the various trains off until the Chicago train left. Lib Glasgow left with Larry. Ruthie and Cack were the last to get on—they yelled "all aboard" and Cayce had to push them on very quickly. Last memories—Dukie down at the train saying goodbye—Dr. Barton and Jane Pulver waving goodbye—the last glimpse of the station—really goodbye.

After that I went back to school—oooooh, is it awful with everyone gone. I have been living in Peggy Young's room all year you know but I was practically moved out and into the Hyphen Office for the summer so I finished that job. Wonder where I'll live next year?

June, July, and August

I've turned into a monthly diarist—there's nothing happening to write about every day. People have come and gone. The Hyphen Office is mighty quiet these days. Only the buzz of the lawn mower, the cool sprinkling of the hose, and the goings and comings of the army of painters, etc., break the silence. The middle of the month the Hyphen starts being written—and the Office wishes fer-

DR. WOOLLEY OPTIMISTIC IN COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

(Continued from page 1)

few words to the graduates. Dr. Costen J. Harrell, pastor of West End Church, gave the closing prayer and benediction which was followed by the recessional. "The Bells of Ward-Belmont," played by Mr. Henkel.

Saying that she had no use for the sentimentalist who says, "There is no best to be," and the cynic who says, "There is no best," she refuted their thoughts and chose the quotation, "The best is yet to be," as the saying on which she hung her speech.

"I disagree with both the sentimentalist and the cynic. There is a best; and 'the best is yet to be,'" Dr. Woolley declared.

Whether the possibility of the best to be is realized depends upon the individual, she said, and quoted from a speech by David Starr Jordan, former president of Stanford University, in California. The speech was entitled, "Life's Enthusiasms," and the text was taken from a cynical remark of a cynical Frenchman: "My son, lay up a stock of absurd enthusiasms in your youth, for, unless you do, you will come to the end of life with an empty heart." Out of this cynicism Dr. Jordan preached a sermon, Dr.

She is a member of the National Board of Young Women's Christian Association, and was six years president of the American Association of University Women, having given up her chair in 1933.

Born in South Norwalk, Conn., she was educated at Brown University from which she holds the degrees, B.A., M.A., and D.Lit. After leaving Brown she taught at Wellesley College, leaving that school to become president of Mt. Holyoke thirty-three years ago.

GRADUATES

Those receiving diplomas were: Nell Betty Anderson, Mary Frances Banker, Marjorie Hazel Edmonson, Lydia Fountain, Kathleen Huson, Jennabeth Jones, Jeanette Kassel, Victoria Keidel, Sibyl MayDell Meyer, and Ganel Stuart, and Doris Zweifel, Texas.

Wilma Dell Baker, Kansas; Mary Louise Balsiger, Elsa Dolores Smith, Missouri; Rena Pruden Berry, Ann Tallulah Shaw, Georgia; Marie Elizabeth Bomke, Helen Larimer, Ruth Isabelle Nehls Iowa; Catherine Keat-

my Brown
Carol, M.
Marjorie Z.
Lillian C.
Helen V.

56 RECEIVE HIGH SCHOOL CERTIFICATES

(Continued from page 1)

Margaret Helen Aldridge, West Virginia.

Mary Louise Bearden, Tennessee.

Martha Brandon Beasley, Tennessee.

Ellen Bowers, Tennessee.

Evelyn Braden, Tennessee.

Andrena Grigsby Butterfield, Tennessee.

Elizabeth Soupolis Butts, Tennessee.

Elsie Caldwell, Tennessee.

Jean Doak Campbell, Tennessee.

Virginia Litterer Carson, Tennessee.

Evelyn Cherry, Tennessee.

Juliette Tabb Craig, Tennessee.

Margaretta Sawrie Craig, Tennessee.

Martha Craig, Tennessee.

Margaret Ethel Davidson, Tennessee.

Louise Douglas, Tennessee.

Louise Duncan, Tennessee.

Elise Elrod, Tennessee.

Carolyn Franklin Eskridge, Tennessee.

Goldmark, and conducting with Albert Stoessel.

Mr. Underwood was associated with Solon Alberti in the Alberti Studios in New York, and for four years he has been on the staff of the University of Kansas music department. He has appeared in concert with Alexander Gretschaminoff, the distinguished Russian composer, Rose Hampton and Kathryn Meisle, of the Metropolitan Opera, Maria Lurenko, Armand Tokatyan, Mario Chamlee, Luella Melius and others.

Other Changes Among the Faculty

There are a few other changes among the faculty for this year. In the physical education department will be Miss Betty O'Donnell as instructor. Miss O'Donnell is an alumna of Ward-Belmont, having graduated from here in 1930. She spent one year at Barnard College in New York and this June graduated from the Sargent School of Physical Education of Boston University in Boston. Miss O'Donnell's home is

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FIFTH AVENUE AT CHURCH — PHONE 6-1141

ROSE MORRISON. '28, MARRIES

The old girls, and members of the faculty and household, will be interested in the announcement of the marriage of Miss Rose Morrison, '28, who has been connected with the school for the past three years as librarian, tutor and substitute teacher of French, and head of day student study hall. The announcement of her engagement and approaching marriage was made in the Nashville papers on September 2, and came as a distinct surprise. Miss Morrison and Mr. Hiram Bingham, Jr., were married at the Grace Episcopal Church in Waycross, Georgia, on Sat-

urday, September eighth. Mr. Bingham is the son of former Senator and Mrs. Bingham of Connecticut and is Secretary of the Embassy in London. Miss Morrison met Mr. Bingham this summer while she was abroad at the time of her presentation at the Court of St. James. The Bingham's visited at the summer home of Mr. Bingham's parents in Connecticut before sailing for England on September 12.

THIS MATTER OF ABSENCES

Just how seriously do Ward-Belmont students take the matter of class attendance? Figures from the office of the Dean of Faculty reveal for the second semester of last year the fact that 2,681 absences were recorded

from February 2 to May 19. A little multiplication of students by class periods per student will show that the teachers were not lecturing empty seats and asking questions to which only Echo answered.

Approximately three hundred college students carrying fifteen hours per week would in that length of time have enjoyed 67,500 opportunities to cut classes! Now what per cent of 67,500 is 2,681? Do you multiply or divide? If so, by what or into which?

Of these 2,681 reported absences only 157—just 6%—were not excused! Students who may wish to cut a class will find themselves in an almost invisibly small minority, but they may count on Mrs. Armstrong's discovering them—she has good eyes!

SENIOR CLASS

(Continued from page 1)
many years at the beginning of school the old girls have greeted the new. Just as we, at one time, were ushered into the happy life that is spent at Ward-Belmont campus; so it is our wish now to have every girl become a part of the traditions and ideas which so truthfully represent our school. Ward-Belmont is what we make it. The buildings, the grounds, the scenery, even the very place itself is meaningless unless each girl determines that she will lend her personality to uphold the standards of perfection that have been attained. "Everywhere in life, the true question is not what we gain, but what we do." Thus, the Senior Class extends a warm hand of welcome; yet it sends forth a challenge to preserve and to build during the year an even better Ward-Belmont.

JEAN STEWART,
President, Senior Class.

MILESTONES

(Continued from page 1)
newed and many new ones are being formed.
In behalf of the Milestones, Ward-Belmont's annual, I extend to all sincere wishes for a happy and successful year at Ward-Belmont.

MILDRED SCOTT,
Editor, Milestones.

BOARDING STUDENT COUNCIL

(Continued from page 1)
may learn to honor and respect Ward-Belmont's beloved traditions in the way that they have.

To the old members of our Ward-Belmont family, the Student Council takes its greatest pleasure in greeting you anew with the desire that you may, this year, be aided for the most part in realizing your vision, enlarging your character, and uplifting your ideals.

In this way, may all of us sense an enthusiasm and inspiration to deliver into the oncoming months with utmost determination to achieve ultimate distinction and success.

MARGUERITE PAGE,
President, Boarding Student Council.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

(Continued from page 1)
of their school activities.
As President of the Athletic Association, I bid you all welcome and ask your full co-operation in making this the outstanding year of our Association.

RUTH POTTS,
President, Athletic Association.

Y. W. C. A.

(Continued from page 1)

citing new life. A chance to be YOUR! We old girls are eager to be your friends, for you are to be our club-sisters and fellow joy-seekers. We'll tell you our names; you'll tell us yours. Soon you'll find a good many faces that look familiar and some names that seem to belong to the faces. In the meantime, everybody's saying, "Hello!"

Again, welcome, new girls! We want you to feel that you belong, that you are a part of this, our Ward-Belmont.

MARTHA JANE CHATTIN,
President, Y.W.C.A.

MUSIC STUDENT, HEAD OF VIOLIN DEPARTMENT

Amelia Baskerville, former student of Kenneth Rose, head of the violin department, has just accepted the position of head of the violin department at Texas Christian College, in Abilene, Texas. Mr. Rose announced recently. Miss Baskerville will be remembered here as having appeared on many of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory programs and as being a very talented violinist.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of
Ward-Belmont.



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ELIZABETH GRAY.

EDITORIAL

ENCOURAGEMENT, WARNING AND
ADVICE

As you start on your trip through 1934-'35 we would like to sit down under the trees with you for a few minutes and give a word of encouragement, a word of warning, and a word of advice. Just so have the mothers and friends and fathers of all the adventurers of the world done with the young heroes as they started forth on their quests.

For many of you this is the last lap of your quest; for others, the middle lap; and for many others, the very starting point. However, the encouragement, the warning, the advice, is applicable to you all, and we hope you'll take these little words from "one who has been through it and who knows."

Encouragement! For all of you is opening up a bright, shiny new year to do with as you see fit. The doors are open wide and the very biggest welcome is being offered you. We are glad to see you, glad you are here or back again, and glad that you will be with us working and playing all year. There are so many things to do, plans to make and carry out, and we are counting on each of you to give your contribution to the building of the lovely structure which this year will be. Ward-Belmont ideals are being handed down to you as they have been for years to every incoming group of students and everyone is standing ready to help you add your part—beautiful, fine, and lustrous.

There is also much fun ahead for us. Think of the dances, of the picnics, of the club parties, of the games, and of the friendships you will make! There will be enjoyment in the smallest things and the year will be a happy, never-to-be-forgotten period in your life.

Warning! Don't hang back! Don't dislike things before you know anything about them! Start right in studying and keeping up with your classes! Don't disregard the rules and regulations of our community! A lot of don'ts and we care just as little about don'ts as you do, but—there is this to remember. We do know what happiness at Ward-Belmont is made of. No community, however large or small, can possibly exist without rules and regulations so that the group may live together in peace, accord, and safety. These rules all have a purpose behind them. If you do not understand, then come to one of the faculty or household and ask about it. They will be glad to explain the whys and wherefores of them.

And so our advice to you is this: Live up to the ideals of Ward-Belmont. Be happy in doing that and in helping build a finer school. Live within the laws of your community and help others to do the same. Show in this way that you are the type of citizen so badly needed in this day and age—that you are capable of making laws for the group and individually abiding by them.

And now—good luck, much happiness, and a perfectly swell year!

CAMPUS COLUMN

This little column, boasting of its "Complete Campus Coverage," begins another year with the maximum of enthusiasm and many, many thoughts and phrases of greetings. Once and for all and everyone, we want to say "Howdy!"

Today has been a busy day all right—never so many of our old friends all a'droppin' in and a'sayin' "Hello!" an' all. It was such fun to see the Heck twin—we sure are sorry Charlotte couldn't make it back with Betty. Our only consolation is that we'll know which one we're talking to now—but that is mighty poor consolation.

Little Virginia Grotz blew in, all smiles and clever remarks as usual; an' sweet Martha Fisher has been here with the rest of Presidents' Council for several days.

Well, well, and here are the imitable Clay sisters, Mary Eleanor and Stanley Elizabeth—just you wait till you hear them warble!

And this one—this young lady is—I seem to see a bandaged elbow—it must be Mary Jac! And so, "Hello!" Did I hear a deep hoarse voice? Must be Marion Farr—or did you leave your voice in Detroit? Anyway, "Set ri' down an' tell us all."

Now who's that way over there? Been here since Monday. Correct the first time—Ruthie Potts and Lou Robinson. Well, the Athletic Association and the Penta Taus are well under control, you can just bet.

An' here comes Lattie Miller Graves! Glad to see you—we've heard of you off and on during the summer through Gilbertine. And speaking of Gilbertine, we thought we were just going to have to open up Senior Hall and let her move in over a week ago! Thought she was just goin' to stay right then.

The co-chairmen of THE HYPHEN office, so to speak, Gail Lawrence and Mildred Scott, have been here a day or so. Gail is already deep in the midst of typewriters, copy paper and reporters—she's got 'em all in her hair and eyes and ears and mouth—oh, me, just a poor harassed HYPHEN editor already! And Mildred has already begun to get that "hunted look"—you know, hunting for a theme, a color scheme, and snapshots for the Milestones—be gentle with them, dear readers!

And if it isn't Nita! Fresh up from Dallas! Mighty glad to see you, Nita! How about the next dance?

Of course, some of the first arrivals were Marguerite Page and Jean Stewart, president of Council and Senior Class president, respectively—and what a welcome everyone had for them! It's grand to have you both back.

And then there are a few who have been here before among the new girls—Marjorie Crume came down this summer. Leora Hill visited "Dukie" several times last year. Mary Ellen Peach visited us at Easter time—an' we've got just loads and loads of "little sisters" who have all heard about Ward-Belmont for years and years. Well, make yourselves right at home!

And to the rest of the new girls—we just want to tell you how glad we are you are here. We will try to amuse you throughout the year with our little column and we beseech your aid. Right now, however, we just want you to know that we stand ready and willing and anxious to speak for the entire "old" school, to help you in every way possible.

We hope you will enjoy club rushing. Go to as many parties as you can and meet lots of people. Don't think of us as strangers because within the next two days we won't be—you'll be surprised how many of us you'll know quite well by this Friday.

And now, we'll say good-night—and we'll see you again a week from Saturday. Don't forget to subscribe for the HYPHEN during the coming drive.

EAGLE FEATHER

This is the eagle feather,
Dropped and captured on these pages. . .
Our words have the strength of the eagle,
Freeness . . . and grace. . .
We are brave. . .
We flaunt our bravery.
This is the eagle feather,
Caught . . . our wildest spirit,
But untamed.

MARION COX, '31.

(Reprinted from THE HYPHEN, September 26, 1930.)

THOUGHTS

Some thoughts, like rivers,
Clear and rapid,
Running in the highlands,
Draw others to them
As they rush on through
Green and wooded lanes;
Replenished by silvery springs;
Destined to reach the sea.

Other thoughts, like rivers,
Crawling sluggishly
Through the lowlands,
Branch out incessantly
Into swamps and flats,
Drugged by logs and weeds;
Destined to become nothingness;
Or die in a stagnant pool.

WINIFRED MARSH, '35.

THE WASHRAG

Everybody's ears
Have to be washed every day,
So they'll always hear
What grown-ups have to say.
And I don't think I'd mind
About my neck one single speck,
If the corners of the washrag
Wouldn't dangle down my neck.

Mother pulls my collar down,
Rubs the washrag good with soap,
Tips my head and starts to wash
While I close my eyes and hope
That the corners won't hang down;
Or else take another track,
Then to coldly trickle 'round
On my shoulders or my back.
If I knew only who
Makes washrags
That we buy,
I should ask them couldn't they
Make round ones if they try.
Then you see I wouldn't mind
About my ears one single speck,
Couldn't the corners of the washrag
'Cause'dn't dangle down my neck.

N. SCHMID, '35.

REVOLT IN A FATALISTIC TIME

Did God thrust me forth in His timeless world,
A mere equation—solved and tabulated
A jest for Him who plays with minds and souls
Does all that really matters, loves, strivings, faiths
Sink to nothingness even now predestined
Penned long ago by hardened hands of the Parcee?
Or did God send me forth to live as a lone and wondrous
being
Endowed with selfness—life all my own
Bound only by the eternal arc of the starry heavens
To be solved not by you, nor fate nor time
But by me?

JUDY ACHESON, '35.

FOG

Quiet as the coming day,
Simple as a child knelt to pray,
Ghastly as a passing soul,
Hopeless as an unreach'd goal.

I stand like a worshipper in a shrine
Reveling in its beauty, half divine;
Its glory leaves me shivering, agog—
Weirdest of mysteries—thickest of fog!

WINIFRED MARSH, '35.

TEA ROOM SERVES IN NUMEROUS CAPACITIES

What is the most popular place on the campus between the hours of 2:45 and 4:30 of an afternoon? Now, don't about—Correct, the Tea Room! And you are one who should know, says she, looking at every old girl.

The Tea Room, for the benefit of the new girls, is officially named The Chatterbox, but few call it by that name. It is located on the lowest steps to the left of Heron front door. Once in the Tea Room one is in a cheerful yellow-curtained room set up with black and yellow tables and chairs. In the windows are plants of various kinds, such as ivy and other green ferns. At the front end is the candy, fruit, and cake counter where Miss Anna Looney holds sway. It is this counter that is the Waterloo of so many of our slender, willowy classmates. Mrs. McBryde is in charge of the Tea Room and may be found either at her desk in the kitchen or at the cash desk in the Tea Room proper.

The Tea Room serves many fine purposes: First, to relieve that starving sensation along the middle of the afternoon. Second, it is the place where one orders one's groceries in the "raw," or cooked, however one may desire, for parties in the club houses. All refreshments for the club dances or any parties in the club houses or in the gym are ordered through Mrs. McBryde. Third, it is where one may stock up on crackers, Hersheys, grapefruit and what-not for breakfast on sleep Sundays. And in the spring, when the picnic fever catches the campus, all the picnic food comes from Mrs. McBryde's Tea Room.

Truly, young ladies, a wonderful place! We suggest an early visit and introduction to the superb sandwiches, sundaes, and Coca-Colas one will find waiting there.

To give any kind of a complete lecture on the Tea Room for the instruction of our new friends, one must not forget to mention the servants who wait on the girls and who patiently hurry from table to table in response to the faint (?) calls of, "George, I want hamburger with—" or "Nettie, bring me another Coca-Cola—or make it two while you're there."

George and Nettie serve the girls in the Tea Room, are patient, stand the noise, hurry for the late comers, and remember long lists of orders with remarkable accuracy. Mary, Vella and Emma are the three cooks bare in the kitchen who make up the delicious things with which Mrs. McBryde tempts everyone. Due appreciation is due all of these certainly. The old girls will readily agree and the new girls, too, after a day or so.

At the noon hour, the Tea Room is transformed into a cafeteria for the day students in the grade school and high school departments. At other times school dances and parties are held there. The Tea Room is also the headquarters, because it is Mrs. McBryde's office, of the Club Village. She has charge of the upkeep of the Village and Shields and Lucille clean up under her supervision.

And there is the Tea Room, young ladies, try it out—you will not be disappointed!

BELL SCHEDULE UNCHANGED

For the benefit of the new girls the HYPHEN offers an explanation to the myriad numbers of bells ringing all day long. At first, the bells will confuse and perhaps cause a great many moments when the new student wildly tries to think just where she should be when that bell rings. But as she becomes accustomed to them, they will all have a meaning and she will consider seriously the advisability of the bell system in the private home.

The bells used are the electric bell connected with the clocks and the big bell hung in South Front tower. The big bell rings for rising bell, breakfast, first period, chapel time, luncheon, dressing bell, dinner, study hour, and at ten o'clock which is high school light bell and college study bell. The electric bells also ring for these and for all class periods. The bells are connected all over the campus and ring in the Academic Building as well as in all the dormitories.

Any changes in the bell schedule are always announced.

7:00 A.M. Rising Bell
7:30 A.M. Breakfast
8:30 A.M. First Period
9:30 A.M. Second Period
10:30 A.M. Third Period
11:30 A.M. Chapel
12:00 M. Luncheon
12:45 P.M. Fourth Period
1:45 P.M. Fifth Period
2:45 P.M. Sixth Period
3:45 P.M. Recreation
5:45 P.M. Dressing Bell
6:15 P.M. Dinner
7:30 P.M. Study Hour
9:30 P.M. Visiting Hour
10:00 P.M. High School Light Bell
11:00 P.M. College Light Bell

SUNDAY

7:30 A.M. Rising Bell
8:00 A.M. Breakfast
8:30 A.M. Sunday School
10:20 A.M. Bell for Church
1:15 P.M. Dinner
5:00 P.M. Dressing Bell
5:30 P.M. Supper
6:00 P.M. Vespers
8:00 P.M. Quiet Hour
9:30 P.M. Visiting Hour
10:00 P.M. Light Bell

CALENDAR

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17
Presidents' Council arrives.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18
Early arrivals come in.
Day Student Matriculation.
Informal entertainment for students already at school.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19
Information service for new girls functioning—ask the girl with the "information" sign.
Matriculation going on all day in the gym.

Opening exercises in Chapel at 11:00 a.m.
All meals served at the regular hours.
Student Council invites all the girls to a dance in the gym after dinner. Lights out at 11:00 p.m.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20
7:00 a.m.—Rising bell—regular order of the day in effect.
Instruction begins. First class, 8:30 a.m.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21
Regular classes and study hours.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22
Evening—All-Club Reception. All new girls are invited to visit each club house and meet the club members at a formal reception.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23
8:30 a.m.—Sunday School in the big "y" room. All are cordially invited.
10:20 a.m.—Bell for church.
1:15 p.m.—Dinner.
6:00 p.m.—Vespers.

ROSE HAS SUCCESSFUL SUMMER CLASSES

Kenneth Rose, head of the violin department, returned shortly before the opening of school from a most successful summer at Montaege, Tenn., and Colorado Springs, Colo. Mr. Rose conducted classes in both places while he was there as has always been his custom. While in Montaege he appeared in recitals, which were most enthusiastically received.

Mrs. Rose and Frances returned about the same time from a delightful summer in North Carolina. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rose are looking forward to their work this year.

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WARD-BELMONT WELCOMES NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

The head of the piano department this year is being filled by a most talented pianist in the person of Roy Underwood, until recently connected with the University of Kansas department of music. Mr. Underwood comes to Ward-Belmont the possessor of a very fine reputation, not only as a teacher but as a performer. He is a pianist of exceptional ability, with a beautiful tone and unusual technical equipment. Among the teaching fraternity he is said to be sought, not only for his ability as a concert performer, but also as one who can judge contests, or set forth in the spoken word ideals or creeds for piano teachers.

Mr. Underwood's training has been of the very finest, having been under Mollie Margoliss of the Chicago Musical College, and at the Juilliard Foundation for three years, where he was awarded a fellowship. He was also associated with Solon Alberti in the Alberti Studios in New York. As an accompanist he has been with many great artists, such as Rose Hampton, Kathryn Meisle, Mario Chamlee, Alexander Gretschaminoff, and others. There will be a new teacher in the Physical Education Department—Miss Betty O'Donnell, of Junction City, Kansas. Miss O'Donnell does not come to Ward-Belmont as a stranger, as she graduated from the junior college department here in 1930. She has finished her education in Barnard College and at the Sargent School of Physical Education of Boston University. Miss O'Donnell will also be a very welcome member to the group of alumnae who are already connected with their Alma Mater.

In the Expression Department, Mrs. Ruth Brierly Millring, of New York, will be the new assistant to Pauline Sherwood Townsend, head of that department. Mrs. Millring has been instructor in Curry School of Expression in Boston previously and has had varied experience, including writing of various kinds as well as dramatic work on the legitimate stage. An assistant in the library will be Miss Agnes Swanstrom, of North Easton, Mass. Miss Swanstrom has just completed work at Northwestern University on her Master's Degree, having previously taken graduate work at the University of Chicago.

Miss Margaret Looft will come into the Home Economics Department this year as a teacher of Foods and Nutrition. Miss Looft has had a great deal of experience along this line and is a graduate of Iowa State College. Miss Marian Crawford is another new faculty member, coming to Ward-Belmont as a teacher of high school Latin. Miss Crawford is from Tennessee, graduated from Randolph Macon and Southern Methodist University, and has been teaching until recently in the high schools of Mississippi.

Ward-Belmont warmly welcomes these new additions to their faculty and family and wishes them a year of success and happiness.

FACULTY MEMBER AWARDED FELLOWSHIP

Miss Margaret Hargrave, who has been studying at Cornell University in Ithaca, N. Y., all summer, will not return to Ward-Belmont this fall. She will, instead, accept a fellowship from that university for a year's work on her Ph.D. degree. The WYPHEN feels sure everyone will regret her departure, but wish her all luck and success.

UNDERWOOD OFFERS NEW PIANO CLASS

Interesting to all students studying piano with Roy Underwood is the announcement of the new repertoire class which he is beginning this year. This type of class has never been used in the music department before, but Mr. Underwood has used it for several years both in New York and in the University of Kansas, where he was a member of the music faculty.

In the class the girls will play before the rest of the members, thus acquiring poise and overcoming any tendencies toward stage fright in concert work. Mr. Underwood will criticize their performance from all angles. The performers will also be able to analyze their own performance and realize the difference, which is inevitable, between the way they play before an audience and in a lesson or practice room. Mr. Underwood will do some of the performing himself to illustrate the points he will make in his analyses and criticisms.

This repertoire class should prove very valuable to those who are privileged to be members of it. It will probably meet at 12:45 on a particular day which will be decided later.

DANCING IN- STRUCTOR STUDIES IN NEW YORK

Each fall at the opening of school the idea that teaching is not as simple as it all sounds is again stressed. The teachers return from vacations in the various parts of this country or from Europe and in almost every case they have been away studying, keeping abreast of the most recent developments in their particular branches.

Miss Sarah Jeter, instructor of dancing, and Miss Louise Smith, Miss Jeter's accompanist, have just returned from a two months' stay in New York. While there, their time was devoted almost entirely to collecting new ideas and new methods for their classes this winter.

Miss Jeter, of course, studied dancing of all types so that her work will include the very latest in that field. She studied ballet with Fokine, the great master of ballet, who has staged such a remarkable comeback this summer in New York. He produced again the old ballets with the original settings and costumes, with a company of seventy-five perfectly trained dancers at the Stadium in New York, and these affairs were so largely attended that thousands were turned away nightly. The work she had with him this year—Miss Jeter has studied with him before—was invaluable. In keeping with her known versatility, both as dancer and teacher, she also took work with Mary Wigman, the chief exponent of the German dancing. Agnes Boone, the great concert dancer, who has just returned from a rather prolonged tour in Europe, added new work in concert dancing and in children's dancing to Miss Jeter's repertoire. For her tap and novelty dancing, Miss Jeter went to Jack Manning and Ray Leslie, and has many clever routines for this year's classes.

Besides the actual work in the dancing studios, Miss Jeter and Miss Smith were exceedingly fortunate in forcing several openings of new musical shows with the newest in routines, lighting, music, and staging. They have brought back quantities of new ideas.

Miss Smith, in the true sense of the word, "haunted" theatrical equipment houses, picking up invaluable information on the latest in costuming, lighting, make-up, and staging. She even gained entrance to the rehearsal of one of the new musical shows and saw, first hand, the manner in which the technicalities of the production end of the professional show business is handled.

CLUBS RUSH

NEW GIRLS

The subject of clubs and rushing is so uppermost in the minds of the girls that it is not out of place to offer a little explanation for the new girls. All of the incoming students have read their Blue Books, catalogs, etc., and seen references to the social clubs, Club Village, and membership in the fourteen clubs on the campus. Their explanation is hereby offered in the hope it may clear up any mysteries concerning them.

There are fourteen social clubs on the Ward-Belmont campus, namely: Anti-Pandora, T. C., Del Vers, Tri K, Penta Tau, X. L., Osiron, Agora, A. K., F. F., Angkor, Ariston, Ecco-wasin and Triad. These clubs fill somewhat the same place that sororities do in other schools, with several differences. The Ward-Belmont clubs are not partial to one group of girls—every Ward-Belmont student belongs to one of these fourteen clubs. The social life of the campus is largely centered around the clubs, just as the athletic tournaments are played between club teams. Neither does membership in a club mean that a girl will have no friends other than her club sisters. Club membership has nothing whatever to do in ruling the choice of friends.

And now for rushing: Rushing means entertaining and getting acquainted with everyone so that the clubs and the new students both will have an opportunity to choose which they prefer. Each student has the opportunity of making a selection of a club, just as each club has the chance to choose a list of girls they prefer. Remember, rushing is the "getting acquainted" time—the girls are expected to accept as many of the invitations as they can and care to—so that they will have a basis for their choice of club and the old girls will get to know them and in turn have a basis for their choice.

The rushing rules are in the Blue Book. The new girls are requested to look them over. There is no expenditure of money allowed—so if they are invited to go to the Tea Room or to town or to a show, remember the old girl who asks the new student, expects that new student to pay her own way because of these rules. In other words, everything during rushing is Dutch treat.

An old girl's advice to the newcomers would be, "Get into the swing of rushing, have a grand time, get to know all the girls, remember the old girls were just as scared as you are last year, and they are just as anxious

to please you as you are to please them! Make your choice according to the group of girls you like the best. There are no distinctions here at Ward-Belmont—each club is just as 'good' as the other."

Remember, new girls, these little parties in the club houses are planned for you—a lot of trouble and thought has gone into them—the old girls are hoping you'll enjoy them. Show them you enjoy their affairs by your presence at them and by your friendliness.

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE WARD

Monday—

Well, I arrived bright and early this morning to be sure and be on hand when things began to happen. And it was a good thing, because, mercy, things are just happening right and left! Everything is ready for the "influx" on Wednesday—and the "dribbling" in of Presidents' Council began today. All the hostesses, some of the faculty and all are here, and they have been busy getting settled and ready to "take 'em on" as it were. Gilbertine Moore arrived this afternoon and so did Marty Page and Jean Stewart—and several others—just can scarcely keep up with all the arrivals. The bells are ringing regularly now and that makes things seem more natural than everything else.

Went down to Club Village and everything looks so nice and clean down there. Won't be long till every house has a "rushing" party in it. Oh, me, it's been a strenuous day, all right!

Tuesday—

And today is the day that the girls are meeting in the various cities and tonight they'll be gettin' on trains for Nashville, bound for the best year ever. Lots of the girls have come in today—and, my, oh, my, what squalls and laughing and talking there has been among the old girls as they have greeted one another! Matriculation is going on in the gym and it was good to see all the faculty and say "howdy" to them. The day students were here today matriculating and it looked mighty, mighty good to see 'em. Tonight there was a little informal party in Rec Hall for the girls who are already here. There was some music and some bridge and a lot of talking. Most of 'em were awful tired and, in fact, we were all glad to hit the pillow, as I'm going to do right now.

Wednesday—

Mercy, mercy, mercy! Such a crowd, such a babble, such a lot of fun—the old girls in campus shoes already just buzzing around showing new girls where the rooms are and getting acquainted with them! And as each load of cabs would roll up and discharge their group—such goings on when someone spotted her roommate or suitemate or best friend or someone—just anyone. Opening exercises were nice and it was so natural sitting there with Doctor Barton talking to us. Oh, my, it's good to be back!

Tonight was the Council dance—just a good old dance—meeting new people and having a swell time. But were we tired! But it did pep us up some just before light bell to get the "Extra" of the HYPHEN that is out. Nice pictures, nice greetings, nice paper, in fact! Mustn't forget to subscribe.

And we're off to another year! And isn't it good to be back!

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Wednesday, Sept. 19—Opening Exercises.
Thursday, Sept. 20—Assignment of chapel seats.
Friday, Sept. 21—Roy Underwood, pianist.

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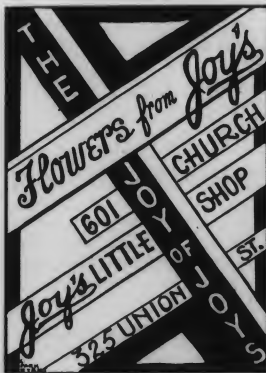
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BOOK ROOM CARRIES SCHOOL NECESSITIES

After the first day of classes the Ward-Belmont student stares at various notes she has made and sighs—where to buy all those books! The old girls will not hesitate but will fly to the Book Room and get it done with—but the new girls are not quite as sure of themselves. To give them all necessary information about the campus and leave out the Book Room would be a story with no point, so the introductions to the Book Room and Bank follow.

The Book Room and Student Bank are located on the ground floor of Pembroke Hall across from the side door of Senior Hall. The Book Room is presided over by Mrs. Handly, and Miss Brown is the cashier of the Bank.

The Book Room handles a diversity of articles. First of all every text book used in Ward-Belmont may be purchased there. There are always a few second-hand editions for those who want them at reduced prices. Then the necessities of school, be it grade school, high school, or college, are found on the neatly-arranged shelves, including everything from notebooks of all kinds, paper, pencils, ink, paints and brushes to crayons, lined tablet paper, and first and second readers. All of these things may be bought there at reasonable prices.

Having once found their way there, the girls will undoubtedly return again and again for the other things found in stock besides school materials. Wastebaskets in various colors may be had to brighten up the room and matched to the variety of colored blotters for the desk. Pennants in the Ward-Belmont gold and blue will add to the hominess of any dormitory room. In this same department the girls will find all types of stationery—plain, some with club crests, some engraved with attractive Ward-Belmont designs, and some with individual monograms. The monogramming machine, which is one of the main features of the stationery department, proved very popular last year. Particularly attractive is the selection of stationery which may be monogrammed. This makes delightful gifts.

In the jewelry section of the Book Room may be found club and school pins, school bracelets and charms, and new this year, most attractive silver Ward-Belmont rings. There are also desk sets and book ends with the Ward-Belmont crest on them. Other novelties are seasonal cards, Ward-Belmont crest and pennant stickers for the backs of envelopes and also for baggage.

Mrs. Handly is always delighted to assist the classes, clubs and other organizations in selecting and ordering decorations for their parties. Those in charge of decorations will do well to consult the Book Room staff in their planning.

The last, but not the least, feature of this department to be mentioned is the Student Bank which adjoins the Book Room. Miss Brown is the patient soul who reminds everyone of overdrafts, etc., and who gladly cashes checks for trips to town, et al. Here it is where every boarder has a checking account in which she may deposit her allowance and draw upon it as she needs it. The Bank does away with the risk of losing money and also is excellent training in keeping bank accounts and learning to manage money intelligently. Every month each girl is sent a statement and her canceled checks so that she may keep track of her stubs in the approved manner. Every boarder is requested and urged to lose no time in opening her account in the Bank and thus be relieved of the responsibility of keeping up with her money.

WHAT PRICE SENSE?

Studies just completed in the office of the Dean of Faculty seemingly reveal that there is little or no positive correlation between the intelligence quotients and total quality credits of the graduates of the past four years. Each fall some form of the Otis test is given; the test score, by use of a simple formula, is translated into an I.Q. score for each student. Comparison of the I.Q.'s and the total quality credits earned in two years' time by the graduates of 1931, 1932, 1933, and 1934 shows a coefficient of correlation of only .42, .38, .12, and .49 respectively. To be significant, a coefficient of correlation — so most authorities agree — should be at least .67.

An interpretation of the figures given above would seem to be that although intelligence (granting that the Otis test measures it) is a factor in a girl's academic success, there are other very influential factors. A guess as to their identity would include emotional stability, interest, previous preparation, and future purposes.

For the reassurance of that great group of Ward-Belmont students whose I.Q. lies between 99 and 111 it should be stated that the graduates of the past four years whose I.Q.'s lay in the same range made records of C-plus or better. There is some advantage in being intelligent, but it is no substitute for a favorable condition in the other factors enumerated.

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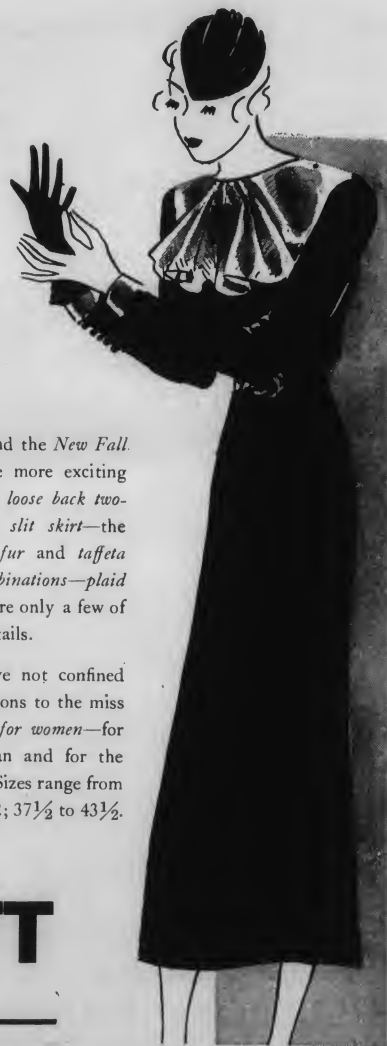
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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, September 29, 1934

Number 2

HYPHEN SALES OPEN MONDAY

HYPHEN OPENS SALES CAMPAIGN

Monday morning will open the HYPHEN sales campaign, which will continue through Tuesday. Each year the HYPHEN compliments the students with copies of the paper prior to the subscription campaign so that they may have an idea of what their school paper is like. This year two issues will have passed, and the staff believes the girls are ready to lend their support and co-operation to the enterprise by subscribing.

The campaign is under the direction of Nellie Clements, circulation manager of the HYPHEN, and she is assisted, of course, by the other members of the staff. The plans are simple and direct. Tables will set out on the campus at various points with girls in charge where each student, boarding and day, high school and college, may sign up for a year's subscription for one dollar. Each subscriber will be given a HYPHEN tag to wear which will insure that she will not be solicited during the remainder of the campaign.

Gail Lawrence, editor-in-chief, remarks, "This year looks as though it will be the most successful the HYPHEN has ever had. The staff has had more applications for work on the paper than ever before. We all hope that the interest will be sustained and that the girls, both old and new, will help us to make it the best paper possible."

—SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN—

"Y" CABINET COMPLETED Memberships Offered

The cabinet of the Y.W.C.A. wishes to announce the following additions to its ranks: Martha Merryday, secretary and member of the executive committee; Leora Hill, chairman of the membership committee and member of the Student Industrial Commission; and Jane Flannigan, chairman of the poster committee.

Tuesday night, members of the cabinet visited the different halls during study hour in their annual membership campaign. Each girl was given a personal invitation to join the association and to sign up for any committee work in which she thinks that she will be interested.

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CLUBS ELECT NEW PRESIDENTS

The Ariston club announces the election of a new president, Virginia Smith. The club held a meeting of all old members this past week and chose Virginia as their leader for the new year.

Among the boarding clubs, three have also elected new presidents. Each of them is happy to present their choices. X. L. is headed by Irene Sartor, F. F. by Nita Egoe, and T. C. by Mary Jac Grifflin.

Best wishes for successful administrations are tendered to all of these girls.

MISS CLARK TO SPONSOR SENIORS

On Saturday, September 22, the Senior Class held its first class meeting of the year. Elections were held and the following officers were elected: Elizabeth Gray, vice-president; Helen Pillow, secretary; Carolyn Concklin, boarding treasurer, and Helen Power, day student treasurer.

At the same time, nominations and election of class sponsor were held. Miss Blanche Henry Clark was chosen. Following the elections, Jean Stewart, president, talked to the class for a few minutes on their responsibilities as Seniors.

A second class meeting was held Tuesday, September 25, at which the girls practiced the Senior Song.

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DAY STUDENTS GIVE RUSHING TEA

Monday afternoon, from four to six o'clock, the new day students of the high school and college departments were given an opportunity to meet the old girls and connect them with their clubs. Each club was assigned a room in Rec Hall where its president and sponsor received, and its trophies were displayed. A representative reception committee met the new students at the door and saw that they got around to every group. While refreshments were served Juanita Roberts played popular selections on the piano and informal "visiting" among old and new girls was carried on.

A general enthusiasm and a new interest in rushing, an interest sadly lacking until last year, was evidenced. Thanks are due the administration of the school and Miss Cayce, day student sponsor, for this excellent opportunity for the old and new girls to meet.

CAMPUS ACTIVITIES CRAM OPENING WEEK

Looking back, it would seem that the Ward-Belmont calendar for the past week has been rather a full one. The majority of girls arrived Wednesday morning, and went at once to the gym where they registered and made out their schedules.

At eleven o'clock, the entire school gathered in chapel where Dr. Barton welcomed the girls and presented: Mr. A. B. Benedict, vice-president; Miss Annie Allison, principal of the high school; J. E. Burk, Dean of Faculty, and Miss Emma I. Sisson, Dean of Residence.

Wednesday afternoon all clubs held "open house" for the new girls, and in the evening the Student Council sponsored a dance in the gym.

Thursday morning, high school classes began and college freshmen took placement tests. Regular afternoon classes were held, and rushing continued. In the evening the Y.W.C.A. sponsored a Street Fair on the campus. American, Turkish, Danish, and Gypsy stalls featured entertainment and refreshments appropriate to their own country. Between performances there was street dancing in the circle.

Friday, regular classes were held, programs straightened out, and rushing continued.

Saturday at noon there was a general exodus for town. In the evening each club held formal "open house" for new girls, members of the faculty, and administration. This was the first formal affair of the year.

At eight-thirty Sunday morning Mary Ellen Hudgins, first vice-president of the Y.W.C.A., presided at the first Sunday school service of the year. After dinner the Senior class was hostess to the school at a coffee given in Rec Hall. Carolyn Bryant, Katherine Crowell, Virginia Reed and Margaret Young poured. Mary Lee Wilson played and Arlene Hershey sang. Judy Acheson, Marion Colleser, Annette McMullen, Helen Pillow, Nancyann Schmid and Virginia Grodz served. In the afternoon new girls were taken on a ride through Nashville and vicinity.

The traditional vesper service, "The Meaning of Fire," was held in club village at five o'clock. Martha Jane Chattin, president of the Y.W.C.A., presided, and representatives of the campus organizations spoke on the contributions which they hope to make to the life of the school this year. This service was followed by tea in the club houses.

NEW PROCTORS ADDED TO COUNCIL

Thursday evening, September 20, proctors for the first semester were elected in all halls. The new officers are: Senior, Arlyne Milligan; Pembroke, Elizabeth Tipton; Heron, Nancy Brown; Founders, Charlotte Ann Doughty; and North Front, Winifred Marsh. As there are no general monitors this year, hall monitors will act as general monitors also.

After the elections each hostess gave out "Blue Books" and copies of dormitory regulations. There are a few changes this year, mainly in the use of social privileges. Senior-Middles will have ten hours off the campus, and Seniors fifteen hours to be used at any time which does not conflict with campus responsibilities. This year for the first time hall sponsors will not live in their halls. The halls will be entirely under student government. This does not apply to preparatory halls. Hall sponsors are: Senior, Miss Ruef; Pembroke, Miss Caschib; Heron, Miss Morrison; Founders, Miss Rhea; and North Front, Miss McElfresh.

—SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN—

DAY STUDENTS' ORGAN- IZATION UNDER WAY

All old and new day students met last Thursday in the high school library immediately after chapel. "Blue Books" were distributed and all rules and regulations read and explained by Patty Chadwell, president of Day Student Council. Especial attention was given the high heel and lip stick rules and the girls were told how important it is that each one report every morning to Mrs. Armstrong.

Following this, Ann Wright, Day Student Proctor for the first semester, was introduced.

DR. BARTON EXPLAINS GRADES

Dr. John W. Barton spoke in chapel Monday on "Scholarship." He said, "Most of you come to us from high schools where you have made high grades. The majority of you were in the upper fourth of your respective graduating classes. College grading is not as high as high school grading because more is expected of the college student in the way of reasoning, and doing her own thinking. "It takes a 'C' average on the following basis of grading to graduate from Ward-Belmont. This scale is made on the basis of the average three-hour course.

A = 9,
B+ = 7½,
C+ = 4½,
C = 3,
D = 0,
E = —,
F = —.

"E's and 'Incompletes' must be removed before the end of the following semester or count as failures.

"You may write home at once if you wish and tell your parents that if you make a 'C' average or above that you have done work that you and they may be proud of.

"Grades are for bookkeeping purposes only. You are poorer by working for them alone. Organize your schedule so that you may be arbitrated of your own time. Your recreation is going to break into your studies often. Let your studies break into your recreation occasionally."

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"Y" HOLDS TRA- DITIONAL SERVICE

The traditional vesper service, "The Meaning of Fire," was held Sunday evening in club village under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A. Martha Jane Chattin opened the service with a Call to Worship. Following a hymn and prayer in unison, Miss Isabelle Nash sang a solo, and Virginia Shaw read the Scripture lesson.

Then representatives of the various campus organizations spoke on the part which they have in the life of the campus, and each placed a fagot on the fire in symbol of the contributions which her organization hopes to make this year.

Those who spoke were: Martha Jane Chattin, president of the Y.W.C.A.; Marguerite Page, president of the Student Council; Jean Stewart, president of the Senior class, Ruth Potts, president of the Athletic Association; Martha Fisher, representative of the Social Clubs, Gail Lawrence, representative of the HYPHEN and Milestones, Antoinette Treadway, representing the new girls, and Dr. John W. Barton, representing the faculty and administration.

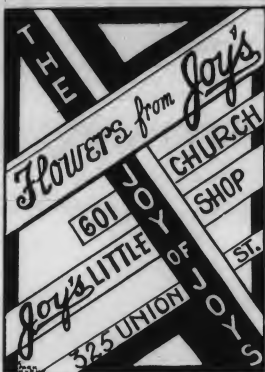
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AT THE THEATRES— BEGINNING FRI., SEPT. 28

Paramount—Mac West, in "Belle of the Nineties."

Loew's—Constance Bennett, in "Outcast Lady."

Knickerbocker—Kay Francis and Leslie Howard, in "British Agent."



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"BRITISH AGENT"

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"I MUST NOT FORGET." REV. FERGUSON ADVISES

The Rev. John Ferguson, pastor of the Arlington Methodist Church, spoke Wednesday at the first devotional assembly of the year. Dr. Ferguson's subject was "Forgetfulness."

He said: "There are times in life when the power to forget is a blessing. Why weigh yourself down with the memory of past sorrows and failures, when there is so much to look forward to?"

"On the other hand, we can't live on memories of past achievements, no matter how creditable. There can be no education or successful living as long as there are prejudiced minds."

"There are times, however, when forgetting may be a major crime. There are certain things that I must not forget if I am to live."

"I must not forget who I am. I am the custodian of my name and the greater the honor and reputation of my forefathers the greater my responsibility."

"I dare not forget my human and my divine nature. If I believe that I am a ninety-eight-cent man, I will act like one. I must remember that we are the sons and daughters of God."

"I must not forget my duty to earth and my right to live."

"I must not forget my ideals. The difference between success and failure often lies in the ability to keep these ideals fresh and unspotted and real."

"And finally I must not forget Jesus Christ, who is the symbol of life itself."

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SUNDAY SCHOOL OPENS WITH FRIENDSHIP TALK

Many girls, both old and new, gathered in the big "Y" room on Sunday, September 23, for the first Sunday school of the year. Mary Ellen Hodgins, first vice-president, was in charge of the meeting and brought a welcome to the new girls from the Y.W.C.A. "Friendship" was Mary Ellen's subject. She encouraged the new girls to make friends and advised them to cultivate the friendship of all the girls instead of just a few. The most important point of her talk was that through friendship with God one acquires a deeper and fuller meaning of friendship with people.

Two musical numbers concluded the program, a song by Arlene Hershey accompanied by Mary Eleanor Clay at the piano, and Mary Lalla Bryn, playing the violin, and a selection on friendship, by Carolyn Bryant. Martha Jane Chattin closed the meeting with a benediction and an invitation to all the girls to come again.

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W.-B. GRADS PLEDGE SORORITIES

Each fall Ward-Belmont hears by telegram, phone calls, letters and hearsay, what their last year's students are doing, where they are attending school and what sororities they have pledged. The Hyphen appreciates all news of this type and will try to keep as up-to-date on it as possible for the benefit of those who are interested.

From Oklahoma University comes the following pledging reports: Mary Milan, Theta; Leigh Taliaferro, Pi Phi; Bob Durand, Delta Gamma; Muriel Leverett, Kappa; and Virginia Brice, Kappa. At the University of Missouri, Emily Warren is Theta and Lydia Fountain is Alpha Zeta Delta; Helen Larimer and Dorothy Funk pledged Kappa at Iowa; Lois Welsh, Pi Phi at Manhattan, Manhattan, Kansas; and Mary Brough is Theta at Texas.

Marjorie Jacobson and Catherine Brown are rooming together at the

University of Wisconsin, Rena Berry is taking pre-med work at Duke; Ann Shaw, Pete Polk and Isobel Coulter are at Vanderbilt; Dot Jones is working for the Electric Light and Power Company; Bettie Roth and Dorothy Glander are at Northwestern; Mary Lulu Pivoto, Victoria Keidel, Nell Betty Anderson, Jeanette Kassel are all at the University of Texas, and Jeanette Knowles is taking mechanical engineering at Cornell University in Ithaca, N. Y.

Please bring any further reports to the HYPHEN office.

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MR. UNDERWOOD PLAYS FOR CHAPEL

Mr. Roy Underwood, new head of the department of piano, made his debut at Ward-Belmont Friday, September 21. The piece the girls enjoyed most was "The Little White Donkey," which Mr. Underwood explained beforehand. Other selections were: a *Prelude* and a *Country Dance*, by Rachmaninoff, and a Chopin waltz.

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P-S-S-T-I

Well, we're at it again! And incidentally, Juliette, did you ever get your books from the bookroom? After taking one fleeting glance at the mob scene, we decided that we didn't care to be of the intelligentsia—at least until the crowd diminished a bit.

It seems that there's no way to subdue Sally. We heard that she was in a pretty bad accident this summer, but did that quiet her restless spirit? Oh, no! She goes in for high stepping—or rather high knocking—and gets her car bounced up in the air on the afternoon of the tea. It rather shook Helen and her up, so they decided to walk home. (Ball-bearings are the best kind of skates, girls.—Adv.)

Evelyn Braden is to be our model of regularity. Ask Mrs. Armstrong if she isn't. But, Virginia, don't start being too punctual all at once; make that change a little more gradual. You don't want to give Mrs. Armstrong too great a shock.

We can't exactly figure Patty out. She eats cake and more cake, and then tops it off with an apple a day. She must have two doctors on her string—one she likes and one that she'd like to keep away.

Evelyn Boyd is certainly disgusted. She's just found out that, according, not to Hoyle but to the "Blue Book," she could have had those lunch dates with boys last year. And, while we're on the subject of rules, we thought that everyone knew that make-up was taboo, but did surprise register on Mary Clark Crimm's face when the sad news reached her!

"Dot, the Divorce Deliverer," is to be Attorney Willson's slogan. She's already given her promise to give all our cases her personal attention. That's service! She guarantees dissolution before we have anything to dissolve.

"Didja" notice that red knitted suit that May Evelyn wore the other day? It all goes to prove that it can be done. Take heart, all ye who have blisters from needles or cross-eyes from chocheting! (Anne, we may get ours finished yet. Time will tell!)

There's a back! We wonder if it's still "Ben." Maybe a little bird will tell us before long.

Mary John's also back. She, too, can now rightfully join in "the talk of the tea table" and the "babble of the bridge hand"—meaning, of course, "My dears, have I ever told you of the time I was in that awful wreck?" Oh, well!

The pen waxeth puny; the mind becomes (?) that of a moron; "words fail me to express—" S'long!



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DIARY OF MIS-TRESS BELLE-WARD

Thursday—Tables were assigned alphabetically today and we found, on arriving in the dining room, everyone searching for her respective table. What would we do without the alphabet?

After breakfast we noticed all Senior-Mids gathering anxiously in the Academic building previous to the English placement tests—most of us learned that our vocabulary was much too limited or thought improvised words were used to "stump" us. The personality test, in our estimation, took first. We found out that we knew less about ourselves than was thought. Excised pencil marks seemed to dominate on most of the papers, so we feel better.

And so to chapel where everyone milled around and finally dropped into an available seat which immediately became permanent.

We learned the clubs hold open house every afternoon 'til next Wednesday. Their hospitality is remarkable. On the way to the houses, curious glances were cast on the circle where evidences of the street fair could be seen. Close inspection in the evening proved most satisfying. Saw Martha Jane Chatin roving about looking worried and urging everyone to dance—as if they needed urging! Also saw Marty Page, Gilbert Moore and Jean Stewart showing interested Senior-Mids around.

After giving the street fair our approval we recognized the fact that we were "dead" and retired!

Friday—Bells!—Bells!—and people still oversleep! We've given up trying and even wake up early to avoid being scared to death!

Classes started and college is fun! The bookstore seems to be doing a rushing business—how Mrs. Handly keeps that cheerful smile of hers is worrying us!

Mr. Underwood's recital in chapel was wonderful. We did appreciate his cheerful selections—not that we're homesick but it did help—'cause music is said to stir the soul.

The first study hall arrived tonight and some walked out to go to the horseshoe—we were smart and stayed home 'cause we knew all the time it was going to rain.

Saturday—Most everyone devoted this afternoon to visiting the city of Nashville. Found it quite unusual with its narrow streets and sidewalks. Saw "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Norma Shearer doing a lovely portrayal of Elizabeth. There's something about this thing called romance that gets you. We

were forced to sit through most of the show with one eye on our watch wondering what time we were supposed to be back at school. Jean Bailey's "a faster-the-picture," appetite almost caused a disastrous delay, but we made it with only a slight case of indigestion as a result.

Dinner was formal tonight and everyone looked so sweet! After dinner we adjourned to the Club Village and toured the houses. Never have we had such a grand time! Wish we could limit our selection to all of them.

Sunday—Heard we missed "Sleep Sunday" this month and are we mad! We have ideas of becoming a hermit in order to get some rest.

We were peacefully residing in our room during Sunday school when we heard Hershey demanding water from most anybody. Upon investigation we discovered the main speaker in Sunday School had fainted—Oh, me, the wear and tear of school!

Half of the school walked away ten miles to church this morning and we, ignorant as we are, went along. Vanderbilt appealed immensely to us in more ways than one—and that's not sacrilegious.

Charted auto rides for the new girls were held this afternoon. High points of the city were pointed out. It was a lovely day and ideal for a sight-seeing tour.

Vespers at five o'clock had some most interesting speeches. The explanations and advice were all gladly received by the Senior-Mids. We found the symbolic fire so impressive and the setting ideal. After vespers, tea was served at the clubs. Another example of their hospitality!

Sunday's earlier retiring hour seemed good to us—the week, we find, has been more than full—it's been crammed to overflowing. Good-night!

Monday—School again—programs were being changed this morning via the mail boxes and everyone was either elated or subdued over the alteration in her schedule.

We have become a "mail-box haunter" usually gazing into an empty one but then—while there's life there's hope.

Made our first memorable visit to the tea room today and were quite pleasantly surprised. Figured out the moment we entered why it's dubbed the Chatterbox!

Dr. Barton's talk on grades this morning in chapel was most enlightening. There's nothing quite so important.

Riding began today and everyone looked sporty running around in pants. Bumped into Tib Carruth and Catherine Kilty in the tearoom and saw Eleanor Erwin, equestrienne that she is, go tearing across the campus (on foot). The ring is showing increasing activity even being short of horses.

Studied tonight and then—bed!

Tuesday—Everyone is beginning to have that "gone to bed with the lights" look, we noticed at breakfast, and we've heard that going to sleep in class has already started.

Miss Sisson laid down rules and regulations to the Senior-Mids today in chapel. Now we know! Only hoping there's no confusion.

Last day for authorization in swimming brought everyone tearing to the gym where Miss O'Donnell and Miss Casey patiently said yes or NO! The life-saving also was scheduled for today and the girls were going around with a pretty much worn-out look. Let it never be said that Ward-Belmont girls can't take it!

Last but not least, the physical exam—weight, height, tootsies, lung pressure, strength, posture—does that cover everything? Take it and find out—we'd say it did. Almost wore ourselves out blowing a can around fastened on to the end of a tube. What fun a physical exam! We always knew we had no muscle and it was proven today. No brawn and sooner or later we'll know the truth about the brains. And so to bed!

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Reporter: WINIFRED MARSH.

EDITORIAL

BUY HYPHEN

The HYPHEN sales campaign is to begin soon, and every girl at Ward-Belmont should be ready to subscribe. How else can she possibly be well-informed on the activities of her campus and school? For the HYPHEN not only gives detailed information of school news which is vital to students, but, through its featured columns, adds a personal and informal touch which is very entertaining.

The new girls will find that the HYPHEN will be one of the best means of becoming acquainted with their classmates, faculty, and surroundings. Every old girl knows what an aid the paper is when, in writing hurried letters home, a clipping can be supplied for pages of writing. Or better still, the entire publication may be sent, for parents will find it interesting to read what Ward-Belmont is like. Any memory book of a Ward-Belmont girl will not be worthy or complete enough to pass on to her children and grandchildren if it contains no clippings from the HYPHEN.

So, when the HYPHEN solicitor approaches you, have your check book ready and subscribe.

J. W., '35.

— SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN —

ATTITUDE

A request has come to the HYPHEN to write an editorial on "attitude." Attitude is rather an intangible thing, hard to get a hold of. But whether you can see it or not, there it is and it can make you very uncomfortable and very unhappy, or vice versa, depending on yourself.

At this time of the year there is so much confusion of getting settled and used to rules and regulations again after a long summer's vacation it is hard to remember to put out lights and get to classes and meals on time. Proctors and monitors realize this and will be lenient during these first few weeks. This editorial was not to be to those girls who are trying to remember. Everyone slips occasionally. It is to those girls who delight in seeing how many rules they can break and escape the penalty that we would talk. Really, you are doing yourself more harm than otherwise. Not one of you would deliberately cheat in a game of hockey or tennis. You may not like the rules but you play by them anyway or there would be no sport in the game. Just so it is with school—any school—anywhere. You can, of course, close the subject by saying, "I won't like it." Possibly not. There are few things that everyone likes all of the time. But at least give it a fair trial, and try to understand that rules and regulations were made with a purpose before you definitely refuse to obey them.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Complete Campus Coverage ought to begin in the tearoom, judging from the number of "dieting" people seen there.

So glad that Edith Eason and Jane Meyer decided to come back. It seems that Jane took one look at Northwestern, then stayed only long enough to leave again. That's the old spirit!

Martha Fisher evidently doesn't think so much of Ward-Belmont girls as cooks (home economics department excepted.) Anyway, she put in as an afterthought that there were some who could fry steak.

Riding ring looks right natural again with Judy all decked out in her "sky-blue pink" outfit. Miss Carling runs to blue, too. Wonder if she got the be-o-o-i-i-ful blue shirt in New Mexico!

Which brings to mind—Eleanor Irwin started to read *Moby Dick* because she thought that it was a horse story.

Somebody got seven "plain" letters and an air-mail special delivery all at once this morning. Let's hope it doesn't happen often. The strain might be too much.

At "open house" Saturday night one of the new girls was trying to describe a monitor and couldn't think of the word, so she said, "One of those people with nose trouble—has to see what everyone is doing after light bell."

Congratulations this week go to the new hall proctors and club presidents. Power to you, girls!

Here and there—Don't the lions look nice all in their new paint? Don't Jonnye Walker and Tony Treadway make perfect roommates? Louise Lillard says that they have creamed eggs at Gulf Park, too. Did you all join the "Y" and the Athletic Association? And don't forget to subscribe to the HYPHEN.

If someone would kindly put that unhappy cat, who raves, sings, or what have you, on the campus every night, out of its misery there would be one much happier columnist on the campus, at least. That's enough for now. So long!

Judy Acheson received the following wire, "Suggest you drop riding so you will have time to write parents." Signed, Mother. Why, Judy,—so that's what your excuse has been—my, my, tsk, tsk!

Today the HYPHEN Office was approached with the request for a size 32. When further information was elicited, we found she wanted bathing suits. Sorry, madam, next door to the right!

The A. K.'s have that sort-of droopy look—it's the number of meetings they've been having—morning, noon, and night, so we hear.

EAGLE FEATHER

WARD-BELMONT SONNET SEQUENCE

I

The Attic pillars and their cool, carved strength
Have shaded every Grecian poet's song;
Though men must fall and rise and pass, at length
Still stands their inspiration, firm and strong.

Above the trees where mockingbirds will hide,
These other pillars of another day
Look to the south with dignity and pride
And mellowed smiles for all that they survey.

Oh, dusky pillars, stand forever straight
Above the campus green! Though less your years
Your strength endures; your symbol is as great.
Men wept for Athens; you have women's tears.

And if myself turns coward further on,
I shall remember you—and fear be gone.

II

There was an angry wind that lashed the earth
And spun the silence of the prairie sand
Upon that mad March morning of my birth,
So I have always seemed to understand.

How like that day the blood surged in my heart
And knew the snow sting and the rise and fall
And conflict tearing self and sand apart!
But it has gone; this morning changed it all.

I came while heart and wind made wild caprice;
I found a pleasant fire—and daffodils
In small bronze bowls. I found a happy peace
Like spring on your New England's gold-rimmed hills.

There was assurance in your spoken word
Like daffodils that storm has left unstirred.

III

Here in the listless falling rain I stand
Waiting as if my untrained eyes might see
Spring coming quietly to take in hand
The doorknob of this tight-furled tulip. She

Will turn its crimsonness to open rooms
With myths of tall, green poplars in thin lines. . .
The cloying fragrance of wisteria blooms
In globes of purple dripping from the vines.

Then in the chancel of a later night,
Magnolia trees in their communion mood
Will hold a fragile chalice, lone and white,
In reverent cathedral solitude.

If spring is still the same year after year,
Why am I breathless as I wait it here?

IV

October afternoon has spun a haze
With wings of dragon flies. A fall wind croons. . .
There in the sunshine, warm, young bodies laze
On tall-grassed slopes and dream and hum new tunes.

Sounds through the winter air a carol now:
The chimes for chapel play; thin lies the snow.
And someone swings on a magnolia bough,
To shake its load on laughing girls below.

Spring nights, soft-slippered by the rain, begin,
And books lie idle for a quiet walk.
Above the splatter and the thunder's din
Come murmurs of a happy, friendly talk.

When summer comes how still it all must seem,
The campus, drowsing in a next year's dream!

V

I, too, have gone away. But never comes
A church bell or a distant chime at night
But I must hear the carillon. No drums,
Beat stronger than the memory of moonlight

That wets gray slate roofs. And no white jade moons
But I must see the frosting lombardies.
No bird's song but I hear deceiving tunes
Of mockingbirds in magnolia trees.

No friend who smiles but I can dimly see
The smiling eyes of someone there who grew,
Like all the rest to be a part of me,
O little years, how I have cherished you!

No challenge but I feel the answer lie
In dreams that have come true—and cannot die.

DORRIS FISH, '32.

WARD-BELMONT
"RELATIVES" ENROLL

It is always interesting to find among the incoming girls a great number of "relatives," girls whose sisters, cousins, aunts, mothers, and even grandmothers, have come to either Ward Seminary, Belmont College, or Ward-Belmont years ago. The list which has been compiled so far is long, and no doubt incomplete. If there has been a "relative" left out, that girl will please report it to the HYPHEN Office, as the staff is eager to get a complete, correct list.

The most "related" girl enrolled this year is Betty Ann Bell, a Junior-Middle, who is from Colorado Springs, Colo. Betty Ann's grandmother attended Ward Seminary as Ann Williams, about 1870. Her mother, as Shelly Nixon, was in Belmont College in 1906-07. Her aunt, Arnie Nixon, graduated from Belmont College in 1909, having been there two years, and her cousins, Fay and Ethel Shelley, are graduates of Ward Seminary of 1906 and 1908.

Florence-Martin Bradford, of Fulton, Ky., is both a daughter and a niece of the school, as her mother and aunt attended Belmont College. Elizabeth Mastin's and Louise Timberman's mothers came to Ward Seminary, and Nelle Jane Ranck's and Elizabeth Ann Reed's mothers were both in Ward-Belmont the same years, 1913-14. Mary Ann Foley's two aunts came to Ward's and Ward-Belmont and Winifred Thomas' aunt attended here in 1916-17.

The "sisters" are numerous. Louise Morton is Ann's sister (ex '33); Katherine Biedenbarn is Margaret's sister (31); Sarah Clark is Jane's sister (30); Jane Claybrooke, Charlotte's sister (29); Ruth Davis, Viva Lee's sister (34); Barbara Hart, Helen's sister (30); Katherine Hays, Maud Craig Hays' sister (ex '27); Leora Hill, Alice Vivienne's sister (34); Helen Jones, Jennabeth's sister (34); Teddy Krauss, Gretta's sister (30); Elizabeth Pillow, Helen's sister (35); Elizabeth Quinker, Josephine's sister (ex '29); Mildred Sartor, Irene's sister (35); Elizabeth Siegmund, Catherine's and Christine's sister (ex '33) and (ex '34); Anne Shepard, Mollie's sister (31); Patsy Burgher, Mary Stewart's sister (high school '30); Grace Willis, Martha's sister (ex '28); Frances Clements, Margaret's sister (25); Betty Lou Pfeiffer, Dorothy Jane's sister (ex '31).

There are also a few cousins. Edna May Bradley is Ruth Potts' cousin (35), and Louise Brown is the cousin of Louise and Nell McMurry ('30 and '33), and of Nancy Brown (high school '35).

SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN

HARPIST AT-
TENDS SUMMER
MUSIC COLONY

Among the musicians studying at the colony in Camden, Maine, this summer, was Miss Frances Jackson, teacher of harp and also of German here at Ward-Belmont. Miss Jackson spent four weeks studying harp under the famous Carlos Salzedo, who conducts classes there and was enrolled in the master class for harpists.

The work with Mr. Salzedo was invaluable as his classes are always filled with the foremost harpists of the country. This summer, Miss Jackson said she enjoyed being a member of the classes with the first and second harpists of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, first harpist with the Cleveland orchestra, first harpist of the Baltimore and the National Symphony Orchestras of Washington, D. C., and Florence Wightman, harpist on the N.B.C. network.

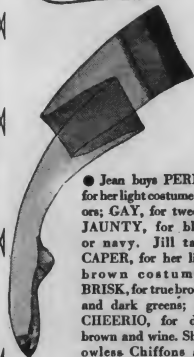
During her stay at the musical colony, Miss Jackson, besides her regular

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FOOT, TOO!



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harp work, got a great deal out of the material offered on the use of the harp over the radio. This was particularly interesting to her as she will be broadcasting over WSM this winter.

Other famous artists who were at Camden for the summer classes were Josef Hoffman, Joseph Levine, pianists, Felix Salmond, cellist, and Rose Bampton, the young concert singer. One of the most enjoyable of the concerts given in Bar Harbor, which were available to the Camden colony was the one featuring Carlos Salzedo, himself, and his wife, Lucile Lawrence, who is the harpist with the Radio City Orchestra.

In the past few years the Ward-Belmont Orchestra has had harp students in its ensemble, and has appreciated the addition. The girls who are interested in harp would do well to consult with Miss Jackson in her studio or in her classroom in the Academic Building.

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CLUB CHATTER

Rushing has been loads of fun for
the six old Agoras members. We have
enjoyed passing on to the new girls
some of the pleasure which the senior
Agoras last year gave to us.

Frances Graham, our president, has
surpassed all records by actually re-
membering the names of all the girls
who have visited us this week. More
power to you, Frances!

Janie Ruth Huey, vice-president, is
back. Christine Jill has been recently
elected treasurer. A secretary is yet
to be chosen. Kay Crosswell, rush cap-
tain, has been assisted by Jayne Key-
port and Elizabeth Smith. We pre-
dict loads of fun for the Agoras this
year.

—SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN—

The A. K.'s are glad to announce
the election of two new officers—
Nancyann Schmid as vice-president
and Betty Heck as treasurer. They
are also exceedingly proud of their
new sponsor, Miss Linda Rhea.

Now for some news of the old
A. K.'s: Smith is working in St. Louis.
Can you imagine that? Ginny
Winston is attending the University
of Cincinnati, and "Nooky" Keidel, the
University of Texas. Dukie will soon
be up to see her little sister. Another
old A. K. is back with us. Marjorie
Abbot decided that it was better to
return late than never.

—SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN—

Zounds 'n zithers! Now that the
rushing season is almost over, we
Anti-Panners think it's about time to
catch up on a little neglected corre-
spondence to the F. F. and such. After
walking around in a daze and meet-
ing the same person two or three
times at the Club Formal, we're all
going to crawl into our holes and re-
cuperate.

What ardent little club member of
ours is rushing the skids out from
under her new roommate? Ah, a
hint—brown and white polka dots!

Were we little Anti-Panners ever
proud of our spicy gardenias at the
Formal the other night!

In fact, the only hitch in the eve-
ning was when Crockett accidentally
(?) pulled the stool out from under
one of our new rushees. But then,
you know Crockett!

—SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN—

The Del Ver club intends to fill va-
cant offices with new club members.

Daily rush parties have been the
most outstanding activities of the
week.

—SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN—

The F. F.'s certainly enjoy seeing
Concklin back "jiggling" to some Chi-
cago orchestra, and Eleanor Irwin
back in the kitchen supervising Sun-
day tea (although it really is Mary
Ellen's job this year).

We 'most forgot (she's taken charge
so well that it seems perfectly nat-
ural). The F. F.'s are proud to pre-
sent Nita Bogue as our new presi-
dent. Rosemary Horstmann has also
been elected as new treasurer. Al-
together there are ten F. F.'s back,
but we hope to have some more grand
girls soon after you read this.

—SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN—

The Penta Tau club is indeed glad
to welcome so many of its old mem-
bers back, especially Nancy Brown,
who has returned after an absence of
one year. We are also anticipating
the entrance of new girls. There has
been one new election, that of treas-
urer. That position is now held by
Katherine Hyde. The Penta Taus are
planning an eventful and successful
year, and all the old members are
doing their best to make it so.

—SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN—

Rachel Hailey, Osiron scribe, didn't
make it back this year 'n we almost
didn't have any Osiron notes. The
seven old Osirons have been doing
some dashing around lately. Thelma,
Mary Jane Dulaney and Mildred Scott

have been doing some intensive rush-
ing and planning down in 107 Senior,
while Porgie Young, Rosella, Mary
Ellen and Gail likewise have been fit-
ting about the campus. Looks like a
good year for the Osirons.

—SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN—

The T. C. club welcomes Miss Betty
O'Donnell, new physical education in-
structor. Miss O'Donnell graduated
from Ward-Belmont in 1930, and the
present T. C.'s are much thrilled to
have her back, especially as she states
that she intends to be an active club
member.

New officers for the year are: presi-
dent, Mary Jac Griffith; and secre-
tary, Salanie Sherman.

—SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN—

Yes, the Tri K's are holding forth.
Only seven of us, but "we can take
it." Pat is still the same with her
wisecracks and Hershey hasn't
changed a bit. The Clays are still
singing and Virginia Barrett and
Winn Marsh and Margaret Louise
Boyd are still raving over the gor-
geous summer they had.

—SUBSCRIBE TO THE HYPHEN—

The X. L. club has certainly been
a place of merriment and happy gather-
ings this past week.

The old girls, with Irene Sartor as
the new president, have gathered
every afternoon for informal meet-
ings with the new girls.

The club extends its warmest wel-
come to the new girls and hopes that
they will have a happy and successful
year.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, October 6, 1934

Number 3

"Y" COMMITTEES BID FOR MEMBERS

The chapel was particularly attractive Sunday when the "Y" explained its work to the girls at the Vesper service.

Martha Jane Chattin presided over the devotionals in which Carolyn Bryant read the scripture and Mary Lalla Byrn gave a violin selection.

After the devotional Martha Jane Chattin, as president of the Y.W.C.A., opened its doors to the students by presenting her cabinet. Many members of the cabinet discussed briefly their work in the "Y" and gave all who were interested invitations to join their committees. This concluded the services.

Those who talked for the various committees were: Marjorie Wells, representing the Entertainment Committee; Virginia Shaw, Vespers Committee; Matilda Daugherty, Community "Y" Tours; Mary Alice Paine, Publicity and Industrial Commission; Mary Jane Bass, Tennessee Children's Home; Helen Pillow, Florence Crittenton Home; Catherine Crowell, Vanderbilt Hospital Wards; Mary Lee Wilson, Old Ladies' Home; Frances Street, Junior League Crippled Children's Home; Mary Eleanor Clay, World Fellowship Committee, and Leora Hill, Membership Committee.

WORDSMITH TRY-OUTS OPEN

All girls, both old and new, interested in creative writing, are invited to try out for Wordsmiths. Wordsmiths is the college organization for those girls who like to write. Last year they met twice a month to read what they had written and to criticize each other's work.

The contest started October 7 and will close on Monday, October 21. All contributions should be sent to Nancyann Schmid through house mail. Contributions may be any type of creative writing. Put your name and the name of your entries into an envelope and attach it to the manuscript. Do not put your name on the manuscript. These contributions will be judged by a student-faculty committee, and announcement of new members made as soon as possible.

CALENDAR—SENIOR WEEK

October 8-13

Monday, October 8—Senior Recognition Day.

Tuesday, October 9—Senior Dinner, Del Ver House.

Wednesday, October 10—Senior Chapel; Speaker, Mildred Clements, President of the Ecwawasin Club.

Thursday, October 11—Faculty Tea, Penta Tau House.

Friday, October 12—Class Recognition Day.

Saturday, October 13—Senior Dance for Senior-Middles, formal.

SORORITY PLEDGES ANNOUNCED

News comes to the campus of the friends who were here last year and who have gone on to other colleges to complete their education. In most cases the news has come through letters telling of their pledging to various national sororities.

At Missouri University, Helene Loeb has pledged A.E. Phi; Virginia Brice at Oklahoma University, Mary Lula Pivoto, Shirley Lege ('33), Jeanette Kassel, at Texas, and Ruth Robinson and Charlie Holcombe at Louisiana State, are all Kappas. Isobel Coulter is Tri Delta, and Ann Shaw, Theta, at Vanderbilt; and Ginny Winston is Theta at University of Cincinnati.

Word comes from Kathryn Mathis that she is enrolled at the University of California in Los Angeles, Wilma Baker is in Leland Stanford, Victoria Keidel at the University of Texas, Jane Carroll at home at the teachers' college there, Katrina in Arizona with her family.

HYPHEN SELLS FAST

The HYPHEN conducted its annual sales campaign Monday and Tuesday with great success. Over one-half the student body subscribed the first day, and by Tuesday evening nearly all were subscribers.

Following the usual plan of campaigning, posters were displayed around the campus and tables set out on "Ac" steps and in Middlemarch Monday morning. The committee furnished tags for subscribers to wear in order that they be "unmolested" during the remainder of the campaign.

Students received two complimentary copies of the HYPHEN previous to the campaign and so became acquainted with the paper. There are few boarders who do not take the HYPHEN and many day students have subscribed. There are over two hundred names on the mailing list.

Nellie Clements, circulation manager, assisted by the other staff members, directed the campaign. Anyone wishing to subscribe now may send their dollar to Nellie through house mail or bring it down to the HYPHEN office.

FAGS FOR A DAY

A clattering of feet, voices shouting and laughing—seven o'clock in the morning, October 2, Fag Day! From Pembroke, Founders and Heron, fags stormed into Senior Hall. Never before had such a conglomeration of costumes been assembled in Ward-Belmont halls. Each club had its fags dressed to represent its mascot or to symbolize some age or type of man. Costumes varied from white-robed babies to grey-haired ladies, from long-tailed animals to howling pirates. Pandemonium—song—chants—shouts—baby prattle!

After each lowly fag had greeted her mistress with appropriate dignity, either by kneeling or bowing to the floor, they were herded out-of-doors to perform various tasks.

The Penta Tau fags, dressed in short pants and gingham dresses to represent little children, dangled their fishing poles into the fountain, to Mr. Berry's chagrin. In the other hand, most of them carried red bricks which they begged passers-by to autograph.

Wearing brilliant-colored shirts and pants, and wicked-looking eye patches, the F. F. pirates wound in and out the trees, yelling in their best pirate manner, "Sailing, sailing over the bounding main."

Who were the creatures who had black stripes around their bodies, long, floppy ears, and knotty tails? Oh, 'twere the Tri K fags, crawling along and chanting "I'm a Tri K born—"

The sights became even more amazing as a long line of T. C. fags, wearing their slickers backwards and carrying open umbrellas, marched around the circle. A large red "T" crossed their foreheads and extended down the bridge of their noses, and glowing "Cs" adorned each cheek.

"Guess who we are," sang the Osiron fags as they went by wearing frightful green masks and long white gowns. Ah, we know, "The Booby Man's" assistants!

Some of the clubs sang the praises of animals; nature lovers, perhaps. The strains of "Green Elephants" sung by the grey-haired dames, or Agora fags, greeted the ears as the school stormed into the dining room. "Allah praise the green frog," repeated the Del Vers fags as they backed down the stairs. The gunny sacks they wore and the realistic make-up convinced us that they even resembled the exalted frog.

Oh, you A. K. fags, how did it feel to wear green skirts upside down, middie backwards, and green life-preservers? These fags showed their sense by appropriating a vacant table, short-lived pleasure!

The youngest bunch in the gathering were the X. L. babies, who chanted, "I'm an X. L. baby. Soon I'll be an X. L. lady." One "baby" was dressed in a long, pale blue gown, and how she could crawl!

The Anti-Pans' French maids created a sensation as they lisped, "Kith me quick, cauthie I've been thanding on my tip-toeth all day long, waiting on the Anti-Pan-th." Their neat, black dresses and white aprons looked quite different in the variety of costumes.

The old members of each club sat at one table around which their fags grouped themselves, sitting on the floor. How they enjoyed eating prunes dipped in salt, eggs sprinkled with sugar, and drinking coffee out of saucers!

After the groups left the dining rooms the fag mistresses discovered hidden talents of various kinds—Evelyn McCall's ability to recite poems backwards; St. Louis girls', Samid, Stevens, and Brigham, knowledge of catchy songs; Alice Webb's realistic imitation of a baby; Louise Brown's heel-clicking step. The prize should go to Joyce Cunningham, who stood by the walk and opened imaginary doors for the teachers.

Long after costumes were put away, evidence of Fag Day was abundant. At every turn, one came upon groups of kneeling girls, and the strains of "A. K. be praised," "I'm so glad I am a P-E-N-T-A T-A-U," "Allah praise the green frog," and other individual praises floated across the campus.

SENIOR WEEK, OCTOBER 8-13

Plans for Senior week, October 8 to October 13, are moving forward rapidly. Jean Stewart, Senior president, has appointed committees for the different events, and work is well under way.

For the Senior dinner to be held Tuesday in the Del Ver house, Mary Crockett Evans is chairman. Mary Jane Bass and Martha Ann Rogers are her assistants.

Mary Lalla Byrn is chairman for the chapel service on Wednesday. Jean Weis, Ann Whitmore, and Alice Williamson are members of her committee.

Thursday, the tea for the faculty and administration will be given in the Penta Tau house. Marion Colletter is chairman of the refreshment committee with Georganna Martin and Matilda Daugherty to help her. Mary Alice Paine is in charge of the music. Betty Heck is responsible for the invitations with Nellie Clements and Elizabeth Smith as her assistants. On the serving committee are Virginia Richey, chairman; Elizabeth Dabney, Sarah Clark, Buford Hayter, Janet Newbury and Mozelle Trout.

Marguerite Page and Ruth Potts will carry the banner in the procession Friday.

Nita Bogue is in charge of decorations for the dance Saturday night with Mary Jane Dulaney, Mary Ellen Hudgins, Jane Keyport, Anna Katherine Howard, and Winifred Marsh as her assistants. Patty Brown Harvey, and Lattie Miller Graves are responsible for the punch. Margaret Louise Boyd is in charge of the "special," and Sara Womack, Nancyann Schmid, Virginia Smith and Marjorie Wells are members of her committee.

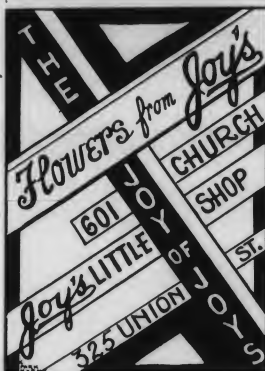
PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL PRESENTED TO SCHOOL

Monday, October 1, members of President's Council were introduced to the school. In presenting the council, Dr. Barton said:

"Not a single girl on the stage this morning has assumed her position; every one of them has been elected to her position by her fellow-citizens. Therefore, it behooves the membership of the respective groups to uphold them by every cooperative effort.

"These girls, because of their responsibilities to their offices and to the school, have taken a special position of honor as affects the rules and regulations of the school. I commit this self-discipline not only to the presidents but to every girl in school. These girls have a certain privilege in holding office, the responsibility for the discharge of their duties and honor to uphold for themselves and for the school."

Presidents who spoke for their organizations were: Marguerite Page, (Continued on page 6)



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"Belle of the Nineties"

Starting Monday — Madlene Dietrich
in "SCARLET EMPRESS"

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— Added Features —

VANDERBILT PROFESSOR. CHAPEL SPEAKER

Doctor William C. Campbell, of Vanderbilt School of Theology, gave quite an interesting and inspirational talk to the Ward-Belmont students Wednesday morning. His subject was "The Way of Life." The theme of the talk was that everyone has his own philosophy of life, and he is apt to disregard the philosophies of others as not being up to the standard of his, just as the prophet in olden times thought it foolish to wash in the River Jordan for forgiveness of his sins when he had purer and better water at home. But we learn from every thing and every person with whom we come into contact, and we should be glad that here we have many girls and many teachers who may change our opinions and add to our thoughts. The radiance that good and great people shed is that which makes one "born again." We should study these people, and profit by their experiences. There are sixteen waking hours in which we may do this, yet few of us use even a small portion of that time in actual thought.

We have not learned to concentrate. When we do, all things will come easy. Concentration must be made into a habit. Through it we learn from other people and other experiences those things which will help us form a truly great philosophy of life.

BOARDING CLUBS GREET PLEDGES

Following all-club reception and a series of informal rush parties, initiation was held in each clubhouse Wednesday night. Each club presented their ideals in impressive ceremonies to the following new members:

Agora: Margaret Barton, Jane Berger, Lida Allene Brown, Winnie Coffee, Mary Leslie Cook, Ruth Dazey, Barbara Dratz, Emmalou Florey, Freda Lee Hess, Phyllis Hudson, Ruth Jones, Royena Kipp, June Leach, Elaine Levinsohn, Fay Stipp, Nell Storer, Mary Sudhoff, Olga Vanta, Annie Lou Wall, Helen Watkins, Virginia Lee Wilson.

A. K.: Louise Anderson, Florence Martin Bradford, Joan Butterfield, Virginia Chisholm, Nancy Jane Claybrook, Mary Ann Foley, Leora Hill, Betsy Jones, Roberta Lincoln, Jane Ludwig, Martha Merryday, Mary Smith, Elizabeth Tipton, Tony Treadway, Jonnye Walker, Alice Webb.

Anti-Pandora: Martha Carson, Marjorie Crume, Jane Flannigan, Patty Howell, Mamie Jones, Jana Longnecker, Betty Moroney, Pauline Myers, Mary Ellen Peach, Charlotte Watkins, Christine White.

Del Ver: Sarah Ashley, Jeanne Bailey, Betty Ann Bell, Betty Burns, Elizabeth Carruth, Patty Gibbs, Rebecca Hall, Teddy Krauss, Martha Lou Lawrence, Evelyn Norton, Nell Jane Ranck, Barbara Lee Reed, Elizabeth Ann Reed, Betty Ridley, Jean Roland, Irene Wakeman, June Weeks.

F. F.: Frances Clements, Jane Cravens, Ruth Davis, Elizabeth

Evans, Alice Hancock, Barbara Hart, Katherine Hays, Jane Latz, Louise Lilliard, Jean Moroney, Ruth Porter, Elizabeth Quinker, Jean Reinhardt, Leah Rochelle, Louise Timberman, Eula Wade.

Osiron: Emma Mae Albrow, Gretchen Beckman, Katherine Biedenharn, Margaret Boller, Mabel Breeden, Louise Fosgate, Modesta Good, Anna Katherine Howard, Helen Jones, Martha Ellen Kiger, Katherine Kilty, Helen Kirkbride, Virginia McCamey, Nell McDavid, Jeanne Morgan, Betty Pickering, Carroll Sheep, Ann Shepard, Helen Tibbets, Pauline Tucker.

Penta Tau: Betty Armstrong, Edna Mae Bradley, Jeanne Brigham, Louise Brown, Alice Buchanan, Elaine Buck, Patsy Burger, Sarah Clark, Joyce Cunningham, Mary Elizabeth Lauhon, Evelyn McCall, Elizabeth Pillow, Mary Stevens, Mary Norman West, Carolyn Whited, Sara Grace Willis.

T. C.: Jeanne Brady, Lawre Lee Butler, Dawn Chiarenza, Rozelle Fawcette, Evelyn Frazier, Helen Hall, Dortha Johnson, Virginia Lose, Peggy Nye, Agnes Ormand, Frances Pace, Betty Pfeiffer, Martha Roth, Dorothy Smith, Nell Watkins.

Tri K: Charlotte Bridge, Betty Carlisle, Jeanne Cookson, Catherine Crossan, Betty Goldstein, Mary Lou Henderson, Beverly Lack, Catherine Lanham, Jean McKibben, Janet Pascoe, Elizabeth Rogers, Elizabeth Siegmund, Betsy Strain, Ann Turney, Marion Weber, Mary Donnan Wilson, Louise Witherspoon, Mosele Worsley, Dorothy Zimmer.

X. L.: Sally Bateman, Phyllis Carr, Mary Beth Caton, Constance Chase, Mary Curtain, Rozelle Emery, Mary Elizabeth Herder, Mildred Hood, Marion Kemp, Maxine Laird, Mary Frances Lanuius, Betty McEntee, Elizabeth Mastin, Eliza Monk, Kitty Mood, Louise Pumfrey, Elizabeth Rudolph, Elsie Sante, Mildred Sartor, Winnie Thomas, Martha Thompson.

FALL SPORTS GET UNDER WAY

Regular gym classes and fall sports are well under way. The tennis tournament started Monday.

Officers of the Athletic Association are:

President—Ruth Potts.
Vice-president—Jane Meyer.
General Manager—Margaret Louise Boyd.
Secretary—Grace Bepedict.
Treasurer—Barbara Leake.
Sport managers are:
Hockey—Frances Rose.
Tennis—Alice Williamson.
Riding—Eleanor Irwin.
Swimming—Carolyn Conklin.
Basketball—Gilbertine Moore.

Other sport managers are to be appointed later. The managers of fall sports spoke briefly in chapel on Thursday, September 27.



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P-S-S-T-I

"Hail, Henchman!" might well be the national greeting on the campus now. From the harried look on many faces, you can tell when a girl is a Senior English victim. Instead of "Have you heard . . . ? it has become, "Have you got (or read) *The King's Henchman*?"

We'll all be glad when this dominant character sinks back into a place of lesser importance.

Rain, mud, slush, mothers who were late in coming for their daughters 'n everything did nothing to console Mary Ann for the forfeited trip to Seawance. Cheer up, you'll have better luck next time!

Have you noticed the picture called "Perfect Contentment"? The subject is a girl who is having both her tennis shoes laced for her. The characters are Virginia—the contented one—Patty and Sally. Who were your maids this time last year, huh?

The "absolutedeist" most dejected sight on the campus is Nena, Elizabeth, and Sally—when one of them is missing.

Betty Roberson decided to acquire an atom of masculinity and take life-saving. After one lesson, she is beginning to weaken. We don't much blame you, Betty; a little girl like you ought not to try to tackle such a big job, anyhow. You'd look much more effective as the drowning victim than as the heroic life-saver.

Atlanta, Atlanta, Atlanta! That is the electric current which is quivering through the air this week. Among those "to be" present are Frances, Juanita, and "Hop." The worst affected is Juanita—you should hear her talk! She sounds like a "Rambling Wreck" herself with her incoherent sputterings. Of course, these aren't the only "favored few" who are going, but they are the only ones we have heard up to now. Oh, excuse me, Kitty; aren't you contemplating withdrawing from this fair city, also—or was I supposed to mention that?

Nena thinks that her mother has underestimated her physical ability. Mrs. Flippen won't let her walk to school because, as she says, she would have to come to school and carry Nena home. Well, you didn't really want to walk anyhow, did you, Nena?

Who's the sauciest looking thing on the campus? Yep, you're right; it's Margaret Greene, with that sailor hat.

Emmyrney's name ought to be Joseph on account of that "coat of many colors" which she has. It is pretty, though, isn't it?

After due deliberation and after having passed through the experience, we have become very much convinced that, aside from having to sit on the platform, having to stand up there for five seconds without saying a word is the most uncomfortable position one can be in—all of which has nothing to do with this column, but is our own honest opinion, and we feel much better now that it is off of our chest. (How's that for a sentence?) After Senior week we have no doubt that the ranks of the uncomfortable will be considerably increased. 'Tis time to eat.

ENTER, MADAME

May I put before the house, or to be quite accurate, the school and all, Miss Frances Street—Fanny to you if you don't mind being rather glaringly reproved. You see, although Fanny is Fanny to all, she hankers to be Frances to a few, at least.

Miss Street comes from Graham, Texas, which has nothing to do with crackers even though it does give one some such impression. Association, don't you know! It works this way: Graham, well, crackers just seem to follow that up. For crackers we go to the tearoom, and there you'll most always find Fanny.

Fanny has the most amazing number of perfectly gorgeous male relatives. They're sitting around in every spare space. Pardon, I meant their pictures! A collection any collector would be proud to have collected!

In case you all aren't so well acquainted with Frances, maybe you'd like to have a few salient facts. She was rush captain for the F.'s. And a fine and proper one, too. Outstanding features: a really truly fondness for writing letters; talking, and chili; brown hair, blue eyes, and a laugh; a superior roommate—the two of them are just like this, but never like that. Fanny's been going to Europe since last May to see relatives in Scotland. This summer she's all sot. What say?

PREP PATTERN

The lively circulation of news has started off with its usual bang and flash!

Excited whisperers have been telling one another about the coming trip to Atlanta of a certain young lady next week-end with the mother of a very, earnest young man.

Have you stopped "Reau-ing" the boat, Anne? It seems that one of our local sororities, the S.A.P.'s have taken into their fold three new members: Lucy Cheatham, Emmie Leake, and Jean Caldwell. Don't let 'em lay it on too thick, Freshman.

By the way, Junior-Middles, didn't our president make a swell talk in chapel? Good work, Mamie; we were all trembling for you!

Did H. F.'s heart go "pop" when Mary Ann broke it all off last Tuesday? . . . The H. F. stands for Horace Franklin, believe it or not, girls.

We heard that when Margaret Morgan got those letters from Phil Smoke, of Miami, she almost went up in smoke herself. Watch out, Margaret, you're playing with fire!

We all wonder who the Ben is that is lately torn between two loves. How long will the feud last?

What was it that caused Susan to fall off the wagon on Nancy's hay ride?

Which one of the S.A.P.'s has a new sweetheart in Washington, D. C. One of the main questions of the day, is, where Virginia McClellan was on the night of October the first? Even Nancy doesn't know.

Well I guess that is enough gossip to fill the air for a time. S'long! . . .

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EDITORIAL

THERE IS ADDED FREEDOM IN THE HONOR SYSTEM

Monday's chapel presentation of the day student and boarding student Presidents' councils should have set every student to thinking. It should set you and you and you to realizing just how much responsibility you and you and you have placed on your friends. For these girls are your friends—they are your club sisters, classmates, and friends for whom you so enthusiastically voted last spring—or who rushed you and were so nice to you this fall. Do you think that by these "hocus-pocus" these girls are turned into dread creatures or perhaps little angels?

It was just that idea—that they were all just as you and I—but raised to responsible positions—that the chapel program wanted to "put across." Those girls are on their honor—they are never reported—think of the freedom this gives them—the freedom of acknowledging their mistakes themselves, should they slip and break a rule, the privilege of reporting themselves!

The honor system is a type of freedom that college women should be able to appreciate and use correctly. It means that the girl is woman enough to know that the rules are made for her protection and for community living, and as such, are to be lived by, and should she, through carelessness or other unavoidable reason, find she has broken these rules, then she is woman enough to admit her mistake and take the punishment as deserving. Think how perfect a community if each student here would take on herself the same responsibility that these honor girls have taken!

The other angle of this editorial is that which we mentioned above—they are still the same girls they have always been whether officers or not. Why look on them as "meanies" who, because they are in authority, are "down on you!" After all you put them there. Uphold your choice, and back up your officers from presidents to monitors! Use your rights of citizenship in Ward-Belmont wisely!

A NEW GIRL'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS

My first impressions of Ward-Belmont were good. The school met, and better still, far surpassed my expectations. I had been lured by reports of a "warm friendly atmosphere." I found that everyone was not only willing but eager to help me get settled and to swing me at once into the height of Ward-Belmont activity. I had visualized a beautiful campus covered with trees and a smooth expanse of lawn, but my mental pictures were based on Oklahoma, where lawns are burned to a crisp golden brown by August, and where trees are of a modest size. Here I found tall trees with great trunks and mounds of green leaves. Not only was the ground carpeted with a smooth, thick

(Continued on last column of this page)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Did you know that Mary Lee Wilson was an old lady? Well, we didn't either, until she said so. Didn't she, now?

Seen in the riding ring and doing right nice by "our" instruction—Jeanne Brigham on "Little Jack"—they look swell together, don't they?—Ouch—I meant it as a compliment. Elizabeth Rudolph, whose "dad" owns a flock of thoroughbreds, just ought to be good in no time. Modesta Good on "Big Dipper" is doing right well, too. Elsie Santee is trying for a certificate and it looks as tho' she would get it.

Have you ever noticed how empty a Belmont street car looks when it goes around the corner after letting us gals out at North Front?

Fag Day, too, has come and gone—and some of the new girls looked pretty worried while it lasted. I sure pitied Betty Heck's fags—she had a tough fag-mistress last year and certainly was taking it out on hers. Heard Marion Weber pecking away on Hershey's typewriter, and saw Barbara Lee Reed looking all worn out after attending to Judy Berry's heavy correspondence.

Ask Libby Siegmund about "I only have eyes for you"—I don't blame him, Libby!

Did you ever see:

Lou Robinson when she wasn't going out for the evening?

Buford Hayter without a good-looking hat?

Mrs. Powell when she wasn't bright and cheery?

A monitor do anything wrong?

Mary Ann Foley with the same dress on?

Nellie Clements when she wasn't going for a walk?

Frankie Marbury when she wasn't dancing?

Two sisters who are real sisters in looks 'n everything as the Sartors.

Jane Keyport in an old pair of shoes?

Hershey when she wasn't laughing?

Winnie Marsh when she didn't smile?

The answer, folks, is NO!

You should have seen the expressions on a certain group of hockey players' faces when the teacher "blowed" her whistle, then asked them what she "blowed" it for.

Senior-Middles are getting a great kick out of hearing the old girls guess what we are going to have for lunch. They'll learn!

Guess this is all for the week—

So long!

MISS MAGNOLIA SAYS:

Gilbertine Moore is the type of girl who thinks she should keep behind in her studies so that she can pursue them.

Which reminds me that blunt people are the ones who usually come to the point first.

Did you know that to one of our girls "a boy is just a noise with dirt on it." (Why, Jane!)

EAGLE FEATHER

ADAM'S APPLE

I wonder if Adam's apple
Was put in his throat
For some very big purpose
Or just to get his goat?

They say he took a bite of it
(The apple, I mean)
It's a wonder they don't put it
On a moving picture screen.

Now do you suppose if Adam
Could have shaved his beard,
By now man's Adam's apples
Would have disappeared?

N. S., '35.

PRAYER FOR PARTING

God, give me courage
When the day for parting comes.
Let me forget the aching of my throat
And the tears standing close behind my eyelids.
Let me put aside that fear, ever present in my heart,
The fear that harm may come to those I love.
Let me be serene and even gay
As I clasp each dear one close to say "Good-Bye."
Why should I burden them with my foolish tears
Shed for a three-months' journey?
God, let me laugh as I leave them.
For if I were never to return,
How much better that they should remember
My laughter than my tears!
Give me courage, God, and strength of heart,
For I would go forth smiling and clear-eyed.

E. B., '35.

FANTASY OF DAWN

Softly as the night is fading
Dawn's wings of rainbow mist are spread,
And as she flits o'er all the earth
The light of day is shed.

Her golden tresses are like the sun,
She is crowned with pearls of dew
Her gown of silk and finest web
Is tinted silv'ry blue.

Fairies run and hide away
When the Goddess of Dawn flies by,
For their night of song and dance is past
And the morning light is nigh.

The birdlings greet the dawn with glee,
They sing as they stir from their nests,
God sees a purer, clearer world when
Sin and man are still at rest.

N. S., '35.

GROWN UP

I can't see people in the clouds
Or hear the flowers whisper to each other.
A box is a box now, not a vessel
Which can carry me to any foreign land
If I but imagine strange shores ahead.
The breeze has stopped singing lullabies to me.
I no longer say, "Star light, star bright."
We lose so many lovely things as we acquire years,
I have even grown too old to see the fairies dance.

E. B., '35.

A NEW GIRL'S FIRST IMPRESSION

(Continued from first column of this page)

emerald green, but at every convenient corner was a bed of glowing flowers.

I had expected lovely girls, pleasant to associate with, but the girls at Ward-Belmont combined these qualities with a delightful, impetuous friendliness as well. I had expected a certain traditional delicacy of manner—I found enchanting, quiet dignity underlying everything. I found quaint old Southern beauty of furnishings, architecture, and decorations. I discovered an efficiency which I had not anticipated in a girl's school. In the dining room I realized what great joy the Southerners do take in preparing and setting forth their meals. Every detail was new and I was utterly fascinated. I was, indeed, pleased with my introduction to Ward-Belmont.

H. K., '36.



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DAY STUDENT CLUBS WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

The Triad and Eccowasin clubs held formal initiation for their new members Tuesday, October 2, in their club rooms. The girls repeated their pledge by candle-light, and new members of the Triad club were given red "T's" to wear. The Angkor and Ariston clubs plan to hold their formal initiations on Tuesday, October 9.

New members of the four day student clubs are:

Angkor—Ann Ganier, Elizabeth Cornelius, Mae Cude, Harriet Orr, Dorothy Colmery, Martha Bryan, Virginia Lee Smith, Ruth King, Martha Wade.

Ariston—Grace Lutz, Betty Robertson, Elizabeth Noe, Rebecca Rice, Dorothy Elliot, Allie Joyce Collier, Katherine Rich, Mary Clark Crimm, Anna White Doolittle, Esther Helen Azarch, Martha Earthman, Elizabeth Hall, Sarah Wells, Jane Parker, Beatrice Kimsey, Kitty Clark, Peggy Vaughn, Colera Johansen.

Eccowasin—Frances Bratton, Katherine Edwards, Emmie Leake, Keith Glasgow, Betty Blackman, Margaret Morgan, Gene Beasley, Polly Barr Edwards, Mary Pope Creighton, Jean Caldwell, Margaret Caldwell, Lucy Cheatham, Shelley Welsh.

Triads—Marcella Driskell, Katherine Barnes, Mildred Parker, Dorothy Strickland, Betty Armistead, Martha Cheek Horn, Lillian Rowe, Melyssa Haynes, Sue Perkins Craig, Anne Hardiman, Jaqueline Patton, Edna May Zeigler, Jeanette Olliver.

SUNDAY SCHOOL STRESSES RELIGION AND SCHOOL

Miss Van Hoosier, sponsor of the Y.W.C.A., spoke in Sunday school, September 30. Her subject was "The Practical Side of Religion." In her talk Miss Van answered the question, "What effect has religion in our daily life here at Ward-Belmont?"

Religion in the true sense of the word, is able to do three things for us. It may replace our sense of fear with courage. It may give us a feeling of orderliness when the days are filled with many problems. It will give us an assurance that life is worthwhile, even though disappointments and sorrow may come. "But," she said, "we must remember that these things come only with a close communion with God."

MUSIC NOTES

The Ward-Belmont Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Sidney Dalton, had its first regular meeting on Monday, October 1. The Glee Club will meet on Monday and Friday the sixth period. There are still some vacancies in this organization, but all applications must be in by the end of next week.

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The Glee Club is planning to do a cantata. It is Dennis Taylor's setting of the poem "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes.

The Choir is also getting organized this week. It is composed of experienced girls. This group sings every Wednesday in Chapel, and at the morning church services on the last Sunday of every month.

The girls in both organizations have always done fine work and have enjoyed it, and this year will certainly be no exception.

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Wednesday—

Up at the break of dawn in order
to receive every possible benefit from
the "setting-up-exercise-man"! Are
you believe' in us?

To chapel at 11:30 for this year's
first devotional. Reverend John Fer-
guson, of the Arlington Methodist
Church, gave a most convincing talk
on "Forgetfulness." The new girls
were immediately able to sense Dr.
Ferguson's popularity at Ward-Bel-
mont by the profound silence in
chapel and the expressions of approval
on the Senior's faces when he was
introduced.

At 7:00 this evening the Senior-
Mids gathered in the chapel to make
the great decision of the year. To
glance at their faces it could easily be
imagined that an execution, or some-
thing equally terrifying, was to be
witnessed—never have we seen such
sincere anxiety on every face! Miss
Sisson explained the situation very
impartially and then left it up to us—

And then to bed where we pondered
on our decision the remaining part of
the night.

Thursday—

The Athletic Association campaign
began today. Ruth Potts, president,
was a capable master of ceremony in
chapel this morning, where she intro-
duced the members of her board of
managers.

Everywhere we went this afternoon
we bumped into tables behind which
perched athletes begging for dollars,
and, feeling charitable (?), we sub-
mitted to their pleas.

Miss Sisson started "teasing" the
various Senior-Mids today who have
had, in the past, relatives attending
this school. Having no such ties, we
"tea'd" at the Chatterbox!

Friday—

For the past week our teachers have
been predicting our reactions to
Madame Skariatina, former Countess
Keller of Russia,—so in wild anticipa-
tion we tore to chapel this morning to
hear her speak. Well, our reactions
were as were predicted. She hath
cast a spell unto us! Her personality
is dynamic and we sat spellbound!
Also her husband interested us
strangely—in private life she is Mrs.
Victor Blakslee, and hubby was right
there in the front row in chapel sur-
rounded by admiring misses!

Miss Sisson continued her teas to-
day for the "related" and we learned
their number is quite unusually large.
—And so to bed still under the
Countess' spell!

Saturday—

The only bright spot in this rainy
day was the appearance of the
HYPHEN.

We escaped the "ties that bind" this
afternoon and splashed into town.
Seemed funny seeing everyone out of
regulation and in "rainy-day" clothes.
We didn't quite know when to say,
"Hi, Ward-Belmont" and when not
to. More were late from town than
on time today—street cars really can
pass up passengers the easiest!

We understand there was more
than one gathering tonight. Every-
one was clustered around radios eat-
ing—just a quiet, uneventful Satur-
day evening!

(This statement was made through
the goodness of our heart—not one
penny was received—and are we mad
—Ha!)

Sunday—

No rain this morning, so a walk to
church was endured. Being a bit
early for the sermon we waited out-
side of the church and, much to our
astonishment, were almost dragged in
by enthusiastic members who believed
that we were undecided, timid, or
something!

We've decided that it's no use to
even go to our respective table for
dinner anymore—whether it's the ta-
ble, the situation, or what, we're not

sure, anyway, it fills up sooner than
any other table and when we get
there, which is usually none too early,
it's eat on the floor or get thee hence
to another table—Heigho!

Vespers this evening after tea was
sponsored by the Y.W.C.A. and was
in charge of Martha Jane Chatin,
president, who introduced her chair-
men, who, in turn, explained the work
of their committees. Mary Jane Bass,
chairman of the Tennessee Children's
Home committee, inveigled four of the
youngsters into coming to Vespers.
They completely charmed their audi-
ence.

On our first really cool evening
everyone was out "doing" the campus.
Melodious singing assured us that the
Desca Society (Hmmm—don't you
just love secrets?) was at its col-
lege songs again. The predominating
songs are usually from the Sigma Chi
Fraternity—wonder why, Bailey?

Monday—

School again!—Heigho!—anyway,
Christmas is coming. The assembly
this morning was in charge of the
President's Council, each member of
which explained her duties and hopes
of fulfillments for this year.

The HYPHEN campaign started with
a bang—and now, instead of seeing
athletes behind the tables, we see
journalists—athletes or journalists, it
makes no difference, either way it
costs you a dollar!

As a result of these campaigns
we're broke, so we'll retire and scheme
about our finances—just another Shy-
lock!

Tuesday—

There's no "bout a doubt it"—Fag
Day is the day. Up at six to prepare
ourselves for the event—Gunny sacks,
night gowns, maid uniforms, jail
birds, and what have you flocked at
the dormitory doors in order to get
an early start for Senior. The Sen-
iors do sleep the hardest and the
roughest of anyone we've ever known
of. Nightmares are a mild excuse—no
less than a cyclone could have caused
such a disturbance. We wonder if
they ever pick up their clothes. Every
Senior's closet was devoid of any sem-
blance of clothing and their dresses
were nonchalantly (?) tossed about
the rooms for us to pick up. Then
to the club houses mostly on hands
and knees—ours look as if they had
been run over by a railroad train—
saying intelligent verses over and over
again the only time we can be assured
of camera popularity is on Fag Day—
no one wants our picture when we
look our nicest.

Breakfast was a sorry affair. This
was one morning when there was ac-
tual starvation in Ward-Belmont's
dining room. Too bad we had to dress
for classes—we'd really become at-
tached to our costume.

Letter-writing has never been our
favorite sport and when our Fag Mis-
tress popped up with ten for us to
write—well—"We'd just love to"—
Heigho!

Never has bed felt so good, so soft,
nor has morning seemed such a start-
ling reality—a most weary good-night
to you all.

PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL PRESENTED TO SCHOOL

(Continued from page 1)

Boarding Student Council: Patty
Chadwell, Day Student Council: Mar-
tha Jane Chatin, the Y.W.C.A., and
Ruth Potts, Athletic Association.
Gail Lawrence, editor of the HYPHEN;
and Mildred Scott, editor of the
Milestones. Virginia Smith, president
of the Aristons, represented the day
student clubs; and Stanley Elizabeth
Clay, president of the Tri K's, the
boarding student clubs. Mamie How-
ell spoke for the high school classes,
and Jean Stewart, for, the college
classes.

Chapel concluded with the reading
of the honor pledge which had been
signed by all members of Presidents'
council, and the singing of the "Bells
of Ward-Belmont."

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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Number 4

SENIOR EDITION



CLASS OF 1935

SENIOR WEEK OPENS WITH CLASS PRESENTATION

Loyalty, honesty, friendliness, and firmness of purpose are the symbols chosen by the Senior class of 1934-35 to represent them.

Monday, October 8, the class was formally presented to the school and recognized by the administration. Dr. Barton, Mr. Benedict, Dean Burke, and Miss Clark received the white-clad Seniors as they filed onto the platform. Jean Stewart, Senior president, stated that the platform for the class of '35 was well symbolized by Longfellow's poem, *The Builders*. Jean said:

"We, as the architects, have chosen four elements with which to build. These are loyalty, honesty, friendliness, and a firmness of purpose." She then introduced the other class officers, each of whom had taken one verse of the poem to be applied to one of the four elements.

Elizabeth Gray, vice-president, pledged the class' loyalty to the ideals and traditions of the school, to its faculty, and its student body. (Continued on page 6)

OFFICERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class of '35 wishes to introduce its officers, put them in print, publicize them, tell everybody who they are and why.

Vice-president, Miss Elizabeth Gray, day student. She has the most fascinating long hair and the most attractive manner of almost anyone on the campus. Last year she was the very efficient secretary of our class, and this year she continues to maintain an official position. So be it!

As our Secretary we have elected Miss Helen Pillow of Greenwich, Mississippi. She is also secretary of the Penta Taus. And mighty good at doing things in apparatus class. She'll have to do a heap of writing this year, and will, no doubt, keep careful account of her minutes. A good habit! Time-saving to say the least!

Carolyn Concklin is Boarding Treasurer. She had this job last year. Concklin's from Oakpark, Illinois, right out of Chicago. And can you feature it? Next year she's going to study dentistry at Northwestern. But then you've always heard that it was

(Continued on page 6)

'35 HEIRESSSES TO SENIOR TRADITIONS

From year to year, with the coming and going of each Senior Class, traditions have been established which have developed into a series of memorable ceremonies. These occur throughout the year centering around Senior Hall, the nucleus of senior activity.

Senior Hall was completed in 1923 and was dedicated to Mr. Eustis A. Hail, a former vice-president of Ward-Belmont by the class of 1928. Miss Sarah Jeter, dancing instructor, was president of the class of 1923 and officiated at the laying of the corner stone.

Some of the established Senior traditions are quite informal and enjoyable: as the custom for the Seniors to sing carols the night before school closes for Christmas holidays; on the first of May it is customary for the Seniors to hang May baskets on the doors of resident faculty members. The Seniors also have preference as to chapel seats and the privilege of singing the first night of Step-Singing in the spring.

One of the most interesting and enjoyable customs, one which has faded away with the extension of social privileges, is Senior Free Day. On this day, which came only once a school year, each Senior was privileged to do anything (within reason) that she pleased—sleep late—attend as many shows in town (unchaperoned) as she could manage—wear her fanciest and dressiest clothes to town and her highest heels. These privileges were far more of a novelty then, under the stricter regulations, than they would be at present.

A fairly recent tradition is Senior Week, which grew out of Class Recognition Day. During this week, which has scarcely passed, Seniors predominate in every phase of campus life; on the platform in their white outfits and yellow robesuds; presiding over the tea-table in formal gowns; leading the processional on Class Recognition Day; acting as hostesses at the formal dance on Saturday night. Truly, Senior Week is Senior's glory!

One of the most beautiful of Senior traditions is the Washington minuet in which only Seniors take part. To preside on this occasion two girls are chosen by the student body to represent George and Martha Washington. The Seniors, dressed in Colonial costumes attend the Washington formal dinner and afterwards perform the minuet at the gym dance.

Although there is no rule that the May queen must be a Senior, the reigning sovereign has always been a member of the Senior Class. Surrounded by the rest of the class in pastel organdies, the queen symbolizes all the dignity and prestige the privilege of being a Senior signifies.

These qualities are an inheritance from by-gone classes, who have also bequeathed to the Present Seniors their traditions and the leadership in Ward-Belmont.

SENIOR WHO'S WHO

Abbott, Marjorie—A. K. Acheson, Julia—Del Ver. Adams, Alice—F. Sergeant-at-Arms; Co-Chairman of Tennessee Children's Home Committee of Y. W. C. A.

Allen, Jane—Ariston. Atwell, Mary John—Ariston. Bass, Mary Jane—L.

Berry, Judith—Del Ver President. Bicknell, Eunice—Del Ver Treasurer, HYPHEN Feature Writer.

Bogue, Nita—F. F. President. Boyd, Evelyn—Ariston.

Boyd, Margaret Louise—Tri K. Vice-President; General Manager of Athletic Association.

Boyd, May—Ariston. Brown—Lida Allene—Agora.

Bryant, Carolyn—A. K. Secretary; HYPHEN Reporter for Y.W.C.A.

Buchanan, Alice—Penta Tau. Byrns, Mary Lilla—A. K. Secretary of Boarding Student Council; Sec-

retary of German Club. Chiswell, Patty—Ariston; President of Day Student Council.

Chambers, Nella—Triad. Chatin, Martha Jane—Del Vers; President of the Y. W. C. A.

Clark, Katherine—Ariston. Clark, Sarah—Penta Tau.

Claiborn, Mary Eleanor—Tri K.; Vice-President of Student Council; Chairman of World Fellowship Com. of Y. W. C. A.

Clay, Stanley—Tri K President. Cleghorn, Eleanor—Ariston.

Clements, Mildred—Eccowasin President. Clements, Nellie—A. K. House Com. Chairman; Circulation Manager of HYPHEN.

Colletter, Marion—Anti-Pan. Concklin, Carolyn—F. F.; Senior Class Treasurer (Boarding) Swimming Manager of A. A.

(Continued on page 6)

"LOYALTY BREEDS ROYALTY." SENIOR'S TOPIC IN CHAPEL

Chapel on Wednesday, October 10, was conducted by the Senior Class. They had as their speaker, Mildred Clements, a member of the class and president of the Eccowasin Club. She gave an outstanding talk on "Loyalty Breeds Royalty."

Mildred spoke about our loyalty to our friends, to the school, and to "our own best selves."

The program was opened by the call to worship by the choir, with a group response. Then followed the singing of the Ward-Belmont Hymn, the responsive reading, and the "Gloria Patri." As president of the Senior Class, Jean Stewart introduced the speaker. The devotionals closed with a prayer hymn by the choir.

(Continued on page 6)

SENIORS ENTER- TAIN AT TEA

Thursday afternoon from four until six o'clock the Senior class was hostess at a tea for members of the faculty and administration. A three-piece orchestra played throughout the afternoon and sandwiches, cakes and tea were served. Virginia Richey was chairman of the serving committee and Elizabeth Dabney, Sarah Clark, Buford Hayter, Janet Newberry, and Mabelle Trout assisted with the serving.

SENIOR-MIDS, HONOR GUESTS TONIGHT

Tonight after a formal dinner, at which they will dine together as a class, the Seniors of 1934-35 will be hostesses at a dance honoring the Senior-Middles. Nita Bogue is in charge of decorations, Patty Brown Harvey is chairman of the refreshment committee, and Margaret Louise Boyd responsible for the "special."

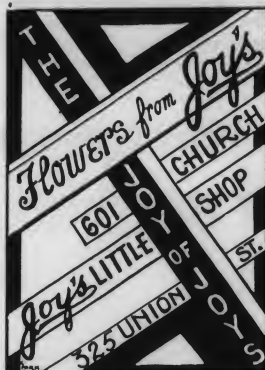
CHAPEL PROGRAMS

October 15-19

Oct. 15—Program by Students of the Music Department.

Oct. 17—Chapel. Speaker to be announced.

Oct. 19—Dancing Recital by Ward-Belmont girls.



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"MADAME DU BARRY"



JEAN STEWART
President of the Class of 1935

JEAN STEWART

We have before us today, and every day, the right honorable president of our Senior Class, Miss Jean Stewart. She hails from Pontiac, Michigan, but sure 'nough, she drives a Ford. Ford's a mighty fine car; Pontiac's a mighty fine place, and Jean likes it quite well.

Have you ever seen Jean on the stage? Acting? She's really the best ever. You know, that girl's rather clever at a bunch of things. Speech-making, well, just anything that requires poise and presence, she does extra-specially well.

Jean's full name is Jean M. Stewart. Wonder if that "M" could stand for Miranda, Mehitable or such-like? No doubt, it could; but at present it just stands for Mystery. With a capital "M."

Do you know why Jean always looks so calm and collected? It's because she sleeps on a Beautyrest Mattress. Her dad sells them, among other things.

Now for likes and dislikes, this, that, and t'other. You know Jean's a rather likeable person. She likes cats, dogs, and small children, and has the fondest affection for elephants. By the by, she's a good Del-Ver. On the other side of the fence, you'll find eggs, grapes, cantaloupes, and playing checkers. A noble list!

Jean's usually at the head of things, top-notch. When she's not busy, or rather most any time at all, you'll see her with Marguerite Page. A brace of presidents!

Patient, official, but never officious, much fun to be around. Well, these are a few of the things people like about Jean. Anyhow, here's luck to her!



MISS BERTHA RUEF
Sponsor of Senior Hall



MISS BLANCHE HENRY CLARK
Sponsor of the Senior Class

"THREE GUARDIAN ANGELS"

The Seniors have three "guardian angels" this year—Mrs. Powell, Miss Clark and Miss Ruef. Each one has been lovely in her willingness to help the members of the class at all times.

Mrs. Powell is the school mother to all of the Seniors. Her kind smile is always present and her desire to comfort and help us is only one of her many fine traits. She gives to Senior hall a homey feeling, and after all, what house is complete without a mother?

Miss Clark, who is class sponsor, and Miss Ruef, hall sponsor, add their friendliness, help and understanding. We all are so glad to have them, for they help to make our family complete. They understand the moods, desires, and hopes of W.-B. girls and I'm sure will welcome any chance to help us along in low spots. So let's show them just how much we appreciate their guiding by making this a good year.

MISS SISSON ENTERTAINS AT INFORMAL TEAS

Miss Sisson is entertaining the new students at a series of teas for the purpose of becoming acquainted with them. She has given four teas, entertaining the first group, made up of girls who are related to Ward-Belmont alumnae, on Thursday, October 4.

Miss Sisson gives her teas each Thursday and Friday afternoon and will continue with them until every girl has received an invitation. Mrs. Rose pours at the beautifully appointed tea table.



MRS. POWELL
Hostess of Senior Hall



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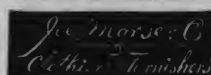
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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Climbed stiffly out of bed this morning and found our legs almost refused to carry us about. Later on we discovered that our plight was as bad or worse than everyone else's. Could it possibly be attributed to our Fag-Mistress, we wonder?

The devotional this morning was in charge of Dr. William C. Campbell, head of the religious department of Vanderbilt University. We are doing our best to bury the past, but somehow or other it invariably pops up again!

Started in at four o'clock to take a bath and persisted until five-thirty when study hour was at last over. Only the hockey players could be clean before five-thirty—line forms on the left!

We received the greatest thrill of our life tonight at dinner when everyone was dressed in white preparatory for formal club initiation. It looked simply grand! Initiation was very lovely, and we are unspeakably happy!

Thursday—

The assembly this morning, under the direction of the Seniors, was a regular guessing game, "Which?" Nancyann Schmid looked as if she had just arrived from the bowery and we are hoping she didn't scare anybody in the front row.

After chapel the Senior-Mids' made nominations for president and we will all live in doubt until Saturday—then 'twill all be over.

We are practically walking on air—two boxes in one day is almost too much for us to take—anyway, these will probably have to suffice for at least a month.

Friday—

We have given up trying to figure out this weather. When we get up it's so foggy we can't see across the campus and later on it's either lovely and sunny or dull and rainy. Oh, well! Today was dull and rainy! Heigh-ho! Also woke up in a room full of heat. The radiator was hissing away and having the bestest time!

Father Duffy talked in Chapel today on the art of yesteryear, and very interesting it was, too. We're sorry we aren't taking history of Art so that we could have had more appreciation of it.

After Chapel the Senior-Mids were told that they had unanimously nominated Patsy Schorndorfer and Tony Treadway. Well, all that we can say is—may the best man win—trite but true!

Today and tomorrow the History of Art students are going "Parthenoning" to view the Kress collection of pictures. It is a distinct advantage and we feel left out.

Of all days—we would pick a rainy one to wash our hair! Oh, well,

what's a case of pneumonia compared to waved hair! We like the Shampoo room and believe that it will soon have to enlarge its quarters in order to take care of its many customers.

Nobody knew us at dinner tonight with our hair set; henceforth, we are nursing some very hurt feelings!

Spent a wonderful Friday night studying in the library. What a shock that would be to our parents!

Saturday—

At lunch today 'twas announced that Tony Treadway was the new Senior-Mid president—Congratulations!

Just before we left for town this afternoon we received our drapes and spreads for the room. Down town we purchased picture wire and came home and dressed up the hut! Found out the picture wire was meant for hanging twenty-five-pound pictures, so we proceeded to unbraid it—now it's so fine that everyone accuses us of putting tacks in the wall—What price glory!

Spent tonight sitting in a sister Desca's room eating peanuts and anticipating tomorrow—no, can't tell, you'll just have to wait.

Sunday—

To church this morning and chewed our fingernails during the whole of the service because—here 'tis—we were going out to dinner!

Never have we had such a wonderful time. Catherine Kilty's grandfather, sainted gentleman that he is, undertook to feed six of us!—and then rode us about the city all afternoon. What bliss! And we had more fun when we came home riding around the circle and having everyone look and wonder what and who! Our future occupation will be to spend our time just riding around the circle, and being envied—What fun!

Home in time for tea and afterwards Vespers where we were thrilled by Dr. John L. Hill's speech. Besides having a striking stage appearance, he has a powerful personality.

After Vespers we were charmed by Rubinoff's violin. Few of us were dry-eyed after he rendered "Love in Bloom." It would take no less than an Amazon to withstand his music.

And so to our nightly task of studying.

Monday—

This being Senior Week the Senior Class was in charge of Chapel this morning. They all looked so nice in white. The program was based on Longfellow's poem "The Builders" and each officer of the Senior Class interpreted a verse showing its connection to the class as a whole.

To lunch this noon, where we heard that several Senior-Mids, while voting for class president, voted for Mae West. Such an idea of wit seems to us faintly suggestive of kindergarten days but then—it was only a suggestion.

We were informed today that we were absent from chapel—maybe it was all a dream but we could have sworn we were there—Heigh-ho!

Received a letter from the "Bestest" which promised a package. We're living in a state of perpetual anxiety.

The library is beginning to seem like home to us. We entered its portals again tonight.

Tuesday—

Miss Lydell explained to the student body the formations for Class Recognition Day Friday and from her explanations it sounds lovely. Do hope it's a clear day.

Stopped by Pembroke this afternoon and happened to peek into Mary Smith's room. She was in ecstasies over having just received a dozen lovely yellow tea roses, which were simply beauties. Some people have all the luck while all we can do is hint!

Guess what we did tonight—right—the library—in the rain! Everything. The minute we knew we knew something was missing—Jean Stewart. The first night that she's missed since we've become "regulars"—we're worried!

'Night!

We can tell a good yarn

So prick up your ears!

Everyone has an urge to make things—everyone has leisure moments. AND who doesn't like to wear the latest in fashions! If you count your pennies, then count your stitches. All the latest news in yarns and styles are in our Art Department, and our instructor will gladly start you off and keep you right! So, knit yourself something!



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EDITORIAL

WHAT IS YOUR CHOICE?

"For friendship is not ours to lock away in a stifling chest for fear of thievish hands." Friendship is something that should be brought into the open; a gift that should be presented with outstretched arms. We are, at the present moment, living in a compact group where no better opportunity can be found to make friends. From the actual contact of the various types of people, understanding of the actions and reactions of others as compared to ourselves becomes a fascinating, intricate problem for us, as individuals, to solve. To gain this understanding, we must first analyze ourselves. Do we sit back and wait for circumstances to "Plunge us into the stream of sentient living?" Or do we plunge in ourselves; seek an awakening in ourselves; seek an animated life?

Some of us give the poor excuse, "I'm not a good mixer." Doing things alone, thinking alone, living alone, becomes almost a hopeless habit with this kind of person who fails to get underneath her complex and discard it. It can be discarded if only thoughts of others are allowed to creep into the mind. "Not good mixing" will wear off in time as one meets more people and finds that he or she should have something worth while to contribute to the community of other selves, who perhaps have the same feeling of inferiority. "It is good to come down out of the clouds into a common atmosphere of life; into touch with things all can sympathize with."

Let us apply these above theories to literal facts. Today we are living with girls who come from various states. Our main object in coming to live with them is, of course, not only to learn something in the academic field, but also to find friends. Upon discovering that each other has a little different something that makes her attractive and appealing. Some attract us more than others. This is a magnetism which is unexplainable and mysterious, yet a magnetism which may be dangerous. The business of being a friend is one of the greatest human responsibilities. We soon learn that we can pass by hundreds of girls, never discovering the priceless hidden treasures that they may possess, in preference to the companionship of one or two. Perhaps it is ideal to have only one or two friends. Happiness may be found in the mutual giving and taking, in the sharing of experience and wisdom, where it is easy to be oneself, and to allow one's impulses to unfold; yet, by conditioning ourselves to broaden our acquaintances, our lives become more rounded out by the inherent gifts of other lives.

Men have written volumes on the powers of friendship. It is an elemental topic which concerns everyone. All of us wish to be appreciated and understood by someone. The value of this year to each of us is going to be measured by the number of individuals we come to know and to understand. It will pass by quickly and only the memory will be left. Now is the time to make our choice—seek the friendship of one, or enjoy the comradeship of several. Each of us is to play a part in constructing a congenial group. Therefore, let us not lock away our friendship in "stifling chests," for friendship is a generous sun-warmth that expands the soil it flows through, turning night to day, light given to us to give abroad again, "till none in unblest darkness shall remain."

Jean Stewart, '35.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Congratulations to Tony Treadway! As president of the Senior-Mids we know you will be successful, and wish you the best of luck.

Nancyann Schmid must have made plenty of time last Saturday night. At least she had her alarm clock at dinner with her.

Didn't it seem good to have Dukie back with us? We only wish it were for longer.

Helen Kirkbride startled all the Osirons by announcing that she just loved to write themes. Helen ought to be a very, very popular girl this winter!

And did you know that Gilbertine Moore, Ginney Richey, Mary Lalla Byrn, and Margaret Louise Boyd are going to be big and brawny football players by the time they leave school this year? At least they hold a terrific practice scrimmage every morning from five o'clock on.

We hear that Mary "Huggins" is a prize pupil in the difficult hygiene course.

Why was Sarah Ashley fairly beaming one morning not so long ago? It couldn't possibly have been that long distance call from a certain student in a certain large university in Virginia, could it, Sarah? And, speaking of phone calls, we hear that Ruthie Potts is quite adept at long distancing—for other people.

Doesn't Dorothy Jaeger remind you of Marge Jacobson, and Patty Gibbs of Martha Pyeatt, and Betty Ridley of Jean Munstie?

Stanley Elizabeth Clay certainly interrupted the hockey instruction Tuesday afternoon. Tiska tisk, Stanley!

Even Marion Farr refused to bet on the Tigers! And she's from Detroit too!

Buford Hayter is up to her old tricks again! We hear she got highly amused in front of Pembroke, Tuesday.

Have you seen some of the attractive rooms on the campus? Irene Sartor and Martha Chatten have theirs done in dark blue printed chintz. Nancyann Schmid's is unusual in dark red; Judy Acheson's is in the most heavenly shade of blue with peach. Marty Page's and Jenni Stewart's is charming, too. And are Tilda Daugherty and Teta Clay ever proud of the orchid valances they labored so diligently over? Not to mention Boots Bradley's and Edwin Schmid's brown and white gingham fringed handiwork—such clever girls! We certainly do covet Thelma Martin's and Mildred Scott's chaise longue, also Nelle Jane Ranck's "anowzy" make-up mirror.

A little bird told us that honey-moon bridge games in North Front are loads of fun!

Have you noticed that Betty Ann Bell always looks surprised, Elizabeth Ann Reed always appears cheerful, and Jean Bailey always looks worried?

Frankie Marbury scared us all by staying a day late when she went home for the Vandy-Georgia Tech game.

We all wonder why Jeanne Brigham's facial muscles are so active in church each Sunday? And we never thought of Brat!

Wasn't Evelyn McCall coy in that tricky artist's bet?

Well, children, that's all for this week; but we'll see you next week.

EAGLE FEATHER

SENIOR LEGEND

Last year when the trees were bright with autumn colors, We left our homes, our friends, our people, To seek a new place, a new atmosphere, and knowledge For which we shall be richer all our lives. We came, and arriving, found a grassy campus, White-pillared buildings, gay laughter, and girls, Some of whom soon became our fastest friends. Shall we ever forget those first few weeks When the joy of learning to belong to Ward-Belmont Made us forget that we missed home? Shall we forget the kindness and consideration of our teachers Who made us feel that they would help us help ourselves? Can we forget any part of that year? The fear of a fax mistress, The awe at club initiation, Long hours of study followed by the zest of play? What of our pride when we, as a class, Led by capable officers, forged ahead And were granted new and generous privileges? What of dances where we were the Seniors' guests, And the dinner which we gave for them, And in the spring a day of sports In which they whipped us soundly? What of the end when we, as the new Seniors, Were given their seats in chapel, And of the parting, the end of a glorious year When we turned homeward, heavy hearted at leaving our friends?

A sorry parting, yes! But happy the return When once more all hung out her banners. Though our number is smaller, we shall still push forward With a fine leader, a sturdy spirit, and hearts more loyal. May we work this year toward a high goal, To uphold our school and bring her greater glory! May we respect and obey the rules, love the traditions; And when we leave the class of '35 Has earned a place in Ward-Belmont's history.

E. B., '35.

SENIOR SONG

We pledge now our love for our old W.-B.,
We vow to be ever true,
We pledge too our love for our dear Senior Class,
God bless them, the old and new.
We'll hold high those colors, the Gold and the Blue;
Our banners shall kiss the sky,
Our faith all resisting, our goal for life's best,
Our motto, "to do or die."
The joys we have here will not fly as the leaves,
They'll last us life's journey through,
And the love we have now for the friendships we've made
Will live in our memories too;
And though we must part from each other some day,
As Seniors have parted before,
The glorious spirit of old '35
Will linger forevermore.

WARD-BELMONT HYMN

Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think or do or speak or do.
The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

THE BUILDERS

(The platform of the Senior Class, 1935)
(Introduction)
All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds, and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
(Loyalty)
For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
(Honesty)
In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.
(Friendship)
Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
(Firmness of Purpose)
Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base,
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.
(Conclusion)
Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
(Arranged by the Senior Class.)

CLUB CHATTER

Wednesday evening, October 3, the Agoras and Miss Casabier enjoyed a delicious dinner which put them into such excellent spirits that preparations for their dance were begun.

Eight new girls seemed to have had an enjoyable Saturday evening dance at the club. Next time remember to ask Frances Graham for a deck of cards before attempting to play contract. Our neighbors may not always be so obliging.

After so much attention to the new girls, the old A. K.'s should have one last chance at glory.

Mary Lalla Byrn is very excited over her correspondence from "George"—our prominent A. K. is enjoying tutorage of her suite-mates—we are proud of Virginia Shaw's dancing at the Senior dinner Tuesday night.

Carolyn Bryant, our new secretary, has been issuing invitations for dinner at the A. K. club Wednesday night. Gilbertine Moore is enjoying "Dukie's" visit. Nellie went on a shopping tour for the club the other day. Arlene Milligan seems to enjoy her "proctoring" in the Senior. Margaret Schmid was much excited over something in the post office the other day—these A. K.'s and their letters! Dukie and her mother visited us at club on October 3. We were so sorry to hear about Virginia Chase's stay in the infirmary. All right—girls—see if you can be as newsy as this next time!

Right off the bat one of our new girls shows us up! Charlotte Watkins was the first Anti-Pan to have her folks come for a visit, and did she have a good time! No wonder she has a long face and weepy eyes after that week-end!

Woe is us! Why doesn't somebody say something to that young Crockett child? It's getting positively embarrassing the way she pops up.

The little Anti-Panners were treated to the sluzziest dinner down at the club Wednesday night! Was it good, and did we eat!

Well, Frankie did get back even if she was a few days late. From what we hear (and did we hear!) she had a snitzy time.

The F. F.'s entertained their new members with a big dinner Saturday night, and did we have fun!—you should have seen Mary Ellen Hudgins opening coca-colas by the dozen (Me-thinks she sampled every one—mine tasted rather sweeter than usual), and my dear friend Horstmann—I have never known her to be so sad. I started to rush up and console her for some great loss in life—but guess what? It was only two big white onions she was sympathizing with. Nita and Eleanor make great cooks—

as far as hamburgers go. I think our new members were rather envious of our cooking ability, but then—they had their fun after dinner.

Did you ever play "coffee-pot"? Eula Wade would really make a good lawyer—if you ever need one just call on her.

This ends every bit of our club news, so until next time—

Much unexpected talent was disclosed Wednesday evening when the new Osirons performed. The feature of the evening was a "Horse-show." Participants consisted of all the new girls who had so gleefully declared that riding was their favorite sport. Katherine Kilty, as ring-master put Charley, Shamrock, Little Jack and the rest through their paces in right masterly fashion.

The Osirons wish to announce, though a little tardily as they have had them since the first week of school, that they have a brand new radio what works 'n everything, some new lamps, and a most inviting chaise longue.

Helen Jones, Helen Tibbett's, Helen Kirkbride and some of their little pals really told Thelma at her word when she told them to make the club their home. They've been down most every afternoon this past week.

Speaking of the "eyes of Texas," exactly from the new Osirons are from Texas.

Due to the fact that very few of the old members are back, the Tri K's have been able to take in a number of new girls. The new Tri K members are looking forward with enthusiasm to the first formal meeting of their club. To all, this will mean a chance to meet and discuss the coming club year. The club hopes to be able to carry on the ideals and measure up to the high standards of previous Tri K's.

Mary Beth Caton, Mildred Sartor, and Connie Chase have been dancing and chatting at "ye olde club house" right frequently of late. They surely don't believe in wasting any time in getting acquainted with the radio. That's the spirit, girls! Keep it up!

By the way, Hershey, I hear that you, Marsh, Bicknell, Milligan, Lawrence and McCullen had a swell elegant eats Saturday night. I didn't hear wrong, did I?

P-S-S-T!

Now that it's Senior week, the exalted members of the campus (in their own estimation) have full sway for a time. But they do look pretty good in white dresses, even if they (not the Seniors) do get slightly messed up after a week's steady wear.

We thought that Helen Power couldn't make a speech—at least that's what she'd have us believe. After that enthusiastic talk in chapel on Monday, we have decided not to pay any attention to any protest that she has to offer from now on. Even Spartacus to his gladiators couldn't have done more nobly.

Alice's middle name ought to be "Tennis." If she isn't "urging" girls to sign up for the tournament, she is on her way to the gym office to see about tennis matches; she is in the midst of a mathematical problem of how to divide a given piece of cardboard into so many lines and spaces for the tennis chart. We hope that she doesn't get any grey hairs over it all, but there surely is great danger.

Now, Mary Ann, don't you know

better than to go places where you have to "comp" into them in order to avoid being seen? And don't you and Katherine "frame" that poor unsuspecting male too badly; after all, boys will be boys.

Has everybody heard by now that Nella taught school this summer? She's going to give a talk in the Education class soon. We don't know whether she knows it yet or not, but we have the information from a pretty reliable source.

Sally P. has been running her car so hard that the poor thing just gave up the ghost and died a natural death on her the other day. It did rather complicate matters for her; but it all goes to prove that you can't depend on a car to get you where you are going. The old "ankle express" just can't be improved upon for perpetual motion in getting you places.

We've been wondering why Janet has been so happy looking—that is, more so than usual. It was not until the sports dinner which the Seniors had that we were able to ascertain the cause—it's Joe and Wisconsin. According to prophecy, that's where you put one and one together—and still get one.

At last the truth about Sally W. has been divulged. She's going to be the first woman member of the House of Representatives. She has a good verbal background for such an important position. It's to be understood that this is only one side of her future—we won't mention the other angle in full, but it involves certain marital entanglements.

Ask Evelyn about her "love buzzard" and his "wigwag." And May, you'd better stop meddling in your sister's affairs. "Little girls" should be seen and not heard from. "Love buzzard" is a sort of new term on us, but leave it to Evelyn to start something like that.

Somebody else wants to play with the typewriter, so we guess we'll be going now.

SORORITY PLEDGES
ANNOUNCED

News of the 1934 graduates comes piling into the Ad. and Bus. Office, and the office is glad of the opportunity of passing on the news of sorority pledging.

Rena Berry pledged Theta at Duke University; Marge Jacobson, Theta at Wisconsin; Cack Brown, Pi Phi at Wisconsin; Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Alpha Xi Delta, and Marian Kaeser, Gamma Phi Beta at Illinois; Ganel Stuart, Zeta Tau Alpha at Texas, and Frances Summers is Alpha Delta Pi at Kansas University.

The HYPHEN wishes to correct a previous notice which said that Mary Brugh had pledged Theta at Texas University. She pledged Pi Beta Phi, and her sister, Margaret, pledged Theta at Vanderbilt.

SENIOR-MIDS ELECT
CLASS PRESIDENT

Tony Treadway was elected president of the Senior-Middle Class at a meeting held Saturday, October 6. Miss Benson was chosen as the faculty sponsor for the class. Wednesday, October 3, the class met in the chapel and voted on its sponsor. Each girl also wrote on a slip of paper her choice for class president. Saturday the class held another meeting and Miss Sisson announced the two nominees, Patsy Schorndorfer and Antoinette Treadway. Votes were taken and the name of the new president announced at dinner Saturday evening.

Another meeting will be held in the near future to vote upon other class officers.

GERMAN CLUB HOLDS
YEAR'S FIRST MEETING

The German club met at 7:30 on Thursday, October 11, at Miss Jackson's home on Vanderbilt campus. Betty Heck is president of the club.



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SENIOR WHO'S WHO

(Continued from page 1)

Croswell, Catherine—Agora; Chairman of Vanderbilt Hospital Com. of Y. W. C. A.
Dabney, Elizabeth—Penta Tau.
Daugherty, Matilda—Del Vers—Chairman of Community Tour Com. of Y. W. C. A.
Dayton, Jean—Del Vers.
Doughty, Charlotte Anne—Anti-Pan.
Dulaney, Mary Jane—Osiron Treas.
Eason, Edith—Anti-Pan.
Eadsley, Lucille—Anti-Pan Secretary.
Evans, Mary Ann—Ariston.
Evans, Mary Crockett—Anti-Pan.
Farr, Marian—Del Vers.
Fisher, Martha—Anti-Pan President.
Flippen, Nena—Triad.
Graham, Frances—Agora President.
Graves, Lattie Miller—X. L.
Gray, Elizabeth—Ariston; Senior Class Vice-President; HYPHEN Feature Writer.
Groz, Virginia—Anti-Pan; Associate Editor of Milestones.
Hall, Muriel—F. F.
Hartnett, Emmalyne—Triad.
Harvey, Patty Brown—Penta Tau Rush Captain.
Hayter, Martha Buford—Penta Tau.
Heck, Betty—A. K. Treasurer; President of German Club.
Hershey, Arlene—Tri K.; President of Glee Club.
Hetherington, Margaret—T. C.
Hill, Betty—X. L.
Holland, Edwin—Penta Tau House Com. Chairman; HYPHEN Reporter.
Horstmann, Rosemary—F. F. Treasurer; HYPHEN Club Editor.
Howard, Anna Katherine—Osiron.
Howley, Theresa—Triad.
Hudgins, Mary Ellen—F. F. House Com. Chairman; First Vice-President of Y. W. C. A.
Huey, Janie Ruth—Agora Vice-President.
Hyde, Kathryn—Penta Tau Treasurer.
Irwin, Eleanor—F. F. Riding Manager of Athletic Ass'n.
Jill, Christine—Agora Treasurer; House Com. Chairman.
Keyport, Jayne—Agora.
King, Gwendolyn—T. C.
Kirwan, Mary Jean—T. C.
Lawrence, Gail—Osiron; Editor of HYPHEN.
Lewis, Rosella Lee—Osiron.
Lilliard, Louise—F. F.
Longworth, Louise—T. C.
McFadden, Janet—Ariston.
McMullen, Annette—X. L.
Manley, Edith—Penta Tau.
Marbury, Frankie—Anti-Pan.
Marsh, Winifred—Tri K. Proctor of North Front.
Martin, Georganna—X. L.
Martin, Joyce—Triad.
Martin, Thelma—Osiron President.
Milligan, Arlyne—A. K.; Procter of Senior.
Mills, Katherine—Ariston.
Moore, Gilbertine—A. K.; Chapel Procter; Basketball Manager of Athletic Ass'n.
Neel, Elizabeth—Triad.
Newbury, Janet—Ariston.
Nicholson, Marion—Ariston.
Page, Marguerite—Del Vers; President of Boarding Student Council.
Paine, Mary Alice—Penta Tau Vice-President; HYPHEN Feature Writer; Chairman of Public Affairs Com. of Y. W. C. A.
Pardue, Sarah—Triad.
Patterson, Mary—T. C.
Pillow, Helen—Penta Tau Secretary; Senior Class Secretary; Chairman of Florence Crittenton Home of Y. W. C. A.
Potts, Ruth—Penta Tau; President of Athletic Ass'n.
Power, Helen—Ariston; Day Student Treasurer of Senior Class.
Reed, Virginia—Penta Tau.
Richey, Virginia—A. K. President.
Roberts, Juanita—Triad.
Robinson, Louise—Penta Tau President.
Rogers, Martha Anne—Anti-Pan; Rush Captain.
Sartor, Irene—X. L. President.
Schmid, Nancyann—A. K. Vice-President.
Scott, Mildred—Osiron; Editor of Milestones.
Shaw, Virginia—X. L. Second Vice-President of Y. W. C. A.; Secretary

and Treasurer of Glee Club.
Sherman, Salanie—T. C.
Shields, Barbara—Ariston.
Smith, Elizabeth—Agora; HYPHEN Reporter.
Smith, Virginia—Ariston President.
Stewart, Jean—Del Vers—President of Senior Class.
Stokes, Mary Ellen—Osiron.
Street, Frances—F. F. Vice-President; Chairman of Junior League Home for Crippled Children of Y. W. C. A.
Trout, Mozelle—F. F.
Truett, Marion—Ariston.
Tucker, Pauline—Osiron.
Vick, Eugenia—A. K.
Webb, Alice—A. K.
Weis, Jean—F. F. Secretary; News Editor of HYPHEN.
Wells, Marjorie—Anti-Pan; Chairman of Entertainment Com. of Y. W. C. A.
Wetterau, May Evelyn—Eccowasin.
Whitcomb, Caroline—Penta Tau.
Whitmore, Ann—Eccowasin.
Williamson, Alice—Ariston Tennis Manager for Athletic Ass'n.
Wilson, Dorothy Guy—Triad.
Wilson, Mary Lee—Anti-Pan.
Wirtz, Mary Ann—Del Vers.
Womack, Sarah—Triad.
Young, Margaret E.—Osiron Vice-President.

OFFICERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

(Continued from page 1)

like pulling eye-teeth to get money out of folks, and Carolyn has had a pretty good grip on things. Finally, we have Helen Power at the Day Student Treasurer. Helen must have just a little of the Irish in her. You know she has lovely, dark hair and blue eyes, and supposedly, that's characteristic of the highest type of Irish woman. Helen's unusually considerate of everyone and can talk anyone over to her way of seeing matters. A good combination for a treasurer to possess! Anyhow, 'ray for the Irish!

Such are the leaders of the Senior Class. Selah!

SENIOR WEEK OPENS WITH CLASS PRESENTATION

(Continued from page 1)

"In the sense of 'Be ye loyal to yourselves that ye may be loyal to each other,'" Elizabeth said. "We will be loyal to ourselves."

Helen Pillow, secretary, spoke on honesty, which she stated was an intimate thing. She affirmed that in being dishonest you cheated only yourself and that, as in building details count, so in life do the small things mean much.

Carolyn Concklin, boarding treasurer, and Helen Power, day-student treasurer spoke on friendship and firmness of purpose. Carolyn pointed out that here at Ward-Belmont was an opportunity for making friends and entering into the mutual "give and take" of friendship. Helen closed the series of talks with the vow that with a firmness of purpose they would carry on the building of Ward-Belmont ideals, and would try to make the school richer for having been here.

At the president's request, Dr. Barton then formally commended the class to the school and remarked that although he had heard many platitudes, none had been more beautifully worded or sincerely expressed.

"LOYALTY BREDS ROYALTY," SENIOR'S TOPIC IN CHAPEL

(Continued from page 1)

In Mildred's talk of being loyal to our friends, she said, "In true friendship we must reciprocate. Through the loyalty to our friends comes the deepening of the soul which breeds royalty."

Mildred said that the attitude toward studies, clubs, athletics, social life and Ward-Belmont traditions constitutes loyalty to the school. The greatest of our loyalties, she felt, should be to "our own best selves." Only through self-respect can respect for others be gained.

In conclusion, Mildred said that sincerity, courage, and high purpose are found in royalty and that being loyal to these is being loyal to your self.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, October 20, 1934

Number 5

CLASSES RECOGNIZED AT TRADITIONAL SERVICE

Ward-Belmont celebrated its traditional Class Recognition Day, Friday, October 12.

At 11:15, the student body, clad in white, each girl wearing the small decoration designated for her class, marched in pairs from the chapel to assigned places before the Academic building.

Miss Norris, originator of Class Recognition Day, spoke about its meaning. She stressed the importance of traditions, and expressed the hope that the students make their pledge a true prophecy, developing all of its qualities.

All the presidents and sponsors then came forward and Dean Burk presented each president with a letter, until "Ward-Belmont" was spelled. To the Seniors, the letter "W" was committed, with the trust that they would prove Worthy of the reputation of the institution, and have Wisdom as their portion. An "A" expressed the desire that the Senior-Middles' Attainments match their Aspirations. The Juniors were entrusted with the "R" as a symbol of those Rewards which they will receive. The special students received the "D" with the hope that it would stand for Delectable Discoveries. As the hyphen is a symbol of union, the Alumni were given this symbol as they are the unifying force—the tie that binds. To the Junior-Middles, make the "B" prove Beneficial, giving Balance to their careers! Energy! Enthusiasm! Efficiency! May the letter "E" suggest each of these to the Junior of the High School! The letter "L" for Long Lives, Light hearts, and Lasting Love to Ward-Belmont (Continued on page 6)

HIGH SCHOOL CLASSES CHOOSE REPRESENTATIVES

The presidents of all high school classes were elected last spring, but in recent meetings some of the other officers have been chosen.

For the Junior-Middles, Mamie Howell serves as president, and the only other officer who has been elected to date is the day student treasurer, Mary Alice Herbert.

The Juniors have as their president, Peggy Dickinson. Virginia Barrett is vice-president, Matilda Gibson is secretary, and Ellen Martin, treasurer. Susan Cheek is president of the Sophomore Class. Their other officers are: Nell Edwards, vice-president; Catherine Crossan, secretary; and Ruth King, treasurer.

Freshman officers are: Martha Bryan, president; Polly Barr Edwards, vice-president; Martha Roth, secretary; and Jean Caldwell, secretary.

"Y" CALENDAR

Sunday, October 21—
8:30 A.M.—Sunday School
Poetry: Carolyn Bryant
2:15 P.M.—Play Hour at the Tennessee Children's Home
3:00 P.M.—Visit to Junior League Hospital
6:00 P.M.—Vespers
Speaker: Miss Lelia Bagley, Japan
Monday, October 22—
7:00 P.M.—Visit to Old Ladies' Home
Tuesday, October 23—
7:00 P.M.—Trip to Vanderbilt Hospital

"PEANUTS" + MYSTERY = "SHELLS"

"Peanuts" + who + what + when + where + why = "Shells."
This equation so nicely worked out for us by the Entertainment Committee of the Y.W.C.A. is Peanut Week—the one week in the school year devoted to making friends and to being just as mysterious and as "nutty" in the process as it pleases you to be.

The "Y" introduced the first part of their equation in chapel Tuesday, October 16, with the presentation of a skit and the giving out of "peanuts" to their "shells." With Marjorie Wells as ring-master, dancers, organ grinders, monkeys, and soloists proved the great necessity for peanuts, their intrinsic value and worth, to man and beast. At the close of this program, "Peanut Girls" came down from the stage bringing with them a plentiful supply of eatable nuts as well as the ones containing students' names.

The idea of Peanut Week is this—Each girl receives a name of a student to whom she is to be especially nice during this one week. She is not to divulge her identity to her "Peanut" until Saturday night when "Peanut" meets "Shell" and all is explained.

Some "Shells" content themselves with writing notes to their "Peanuts" placing apples, candy bars and magazines in their boxes. Some go further—some are very mysterious about it and go to great lengths to keep their identity a secret until Saturday night when they will meet to know each other by a "green ribbon" in her hair, a four-leaf clover, or many other strange devices.

Peanut Week is entirely in charge of the Entertainment Committee of the Y.W.C.A. who endeavors to close the week, and thus to finish the equation as grandly as they began it, with a dance in the gym on Saturday night.

ROY UNDERWOOD TO GIVE RECITAL TUESDAY NIGHT

Tuesday evening, October 23, Roy Underwood, head of the Piano department, will present a piano recital.

Mr. Underwood is a graduate of the Juilliard Musical Foundation in New York, and holds the degree of Bachelor of Science from Bethany College. He studied with Mollie Margolies, of Chicago Musical College, and was awarded a scholarship by the Juilliard Musical Foundation. He has studied piano with Oliver Denton and Alexander Siloti, composition with Wallingford Riegger and Rubin Goldmark, and conducting with Albert Stoessel. He has also had noteworthy success as a concert pianist, appearing with such artists as Katherine Meisle, Marie Kurenko, Armando Tarkatyan, Mario Chmelie, Luella Mellius and others. He came to Ward-Belmont this fall from the University of Kansas where for four years he has been a member of the School of Music faculty.

Mr. Underwoods' program will be as follows:

Organ Prelude in G minor..... Bach-Siloti
The King's Hunting Jig..... John Bull
Sonata in C major..... D. Scarlatti
Carnival..... Schumann
Prelude in G major..... Rachmaninoff
Minstrels..... Debussy
The Dancer in the Patio.....
..... Charles Repper
Ritual Fire Dance..... de Falla
Prelude in B flat major..... Chopin
Tarantella..... Liszt

NAME CLUB REPORTERS

The clubs appointed their reporters at the first regular club meetings, and from now on they will keep track of the activities of their various clubs for Club Chatter. Club reports do not only consist of things which happen in club meeting but of anything which club members do during the week. The reporters are:

Agora Winnie Coffee
A. K. Mary Lelia Byrn
Anti-Pan Marion Collesler
Del Vers Becky Hall
F. F. Eleanor Irwin
Osiron Helen Tibbetts
Penta Tau Virginia Reed
T. C. Mary Jean Kirwan
Tri K Betty Carlisle
X. L. Mary Frances Lanuis

DEL VERS WIN SCHOLARSHIP TROPHY SECOND TIME

Dr. Barton presented the Del Ver Club with the Scholarship Trophy, October 11. The cup was won by work accomplished during the spring semester of 1934. It is the second consecutive time the Del Vers have won it.

The following is the competitive rating of all the clubs:

Del Ver	1.76
Angkor	1.66
Penta Tau	1.61
Eccowasin	1.54
K. K.	1.50
Ariston	1.49
Anti-Pandora	1.48
A. K.	1.43
Osiron	1.34
X. L.	1.33
Triad	1.24
T. C.	1.23
T. C.	1.10

The average for Ward-Belmont was 1.45. The average of the Del Vers is the second highest ever attained in the history of the cup. The highest was achieved by the Eccowasins during the 1930-1931 season by an average of 1.872.

SENIOR-MIDS ELECT NEW OFFICERS

Saturday, October 13, the Senior-Middles had a special meeting during regular chapel time for the purpose of electing their remaining class officers.

The nominating board selected the following students for the Senior-Middles to vote upon: vice-president, Ellen Bowers, Elizabeth Cornelius, and Margaret Reed; treasurer, Jonnye Walker and Elizabeth Ann Reed; secretary, Jane Flannigan and Patsy Schorndorfer; assistant treasurer, Louise Douglas and Evelyn Brader.

The following officers were elected by ballot: vice-president, Ellen Bowers; treasurer, Jonnye Walker; secretary, Jane Flannigan; assistant treasurer, Louise Douglas.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

October 22—October 26
October 22—Expression in Modern Drama, Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend
October 24—Chapel: Rev. Costen Harrell, West End Methodist Church, speaker.
October 26—"Fourteen to Dinner," a play by Seniors of the Expression department.

EDITORS OF HYPHEN AND ANNUAL CHOOSE STAFFS FOR YEAR

HYPHEN and Milestones editors have completed their staffs for the year. Although a few were chosen last spring, the majority of the positions were left to be filled this fall. The HYPHEN staff has been at work for several weeks, and work on the Milestones will start at once.

Wednesday evening, Milestones representatives will go around to the clubs and make appointments for the individual pictures, the taking of which is to start next week.

Mildred Scott, editor of the Milestones; Virginia Grotz, associate editor; and Patsy Schorndorfer, photographic editor, were chosen last spring. New members of the staff include:

Day student editor... Ellen Bowers
Business manager... Martha Kiger
Art editor... Frankie Marbury
Feature editor... Edwin Schmid
High school editor... Anne Turney
Gail Lawrence, editor of the HYPHEN; Rosemary Horstmann, club editor; Nellie Clements, circulation manager; Eunimacy Bicknell and Elizabeth Gray, feature writers, were chosen last year. Barbara Lee Reed, Jean V. Grotz, and Margaret Greene have been chosen associate editor, news editor, and day student editor, respectively, on the executive staff. New members of the staff were chosen by try-out. They include: feature writers: Tony Treadway, Judith Berry, Georganna Martin, Edwina Holland, Leora Hill, Nancyann Schmid, Mary Alice Paine.

Reporters include: Winifred Marsh, Barbara Dratz, Elizabeth Smith, Louise Lillard, Sally Bateman, Catherine Lanham, Louise Duncan, Helen Kirkbride, Alice Overton, Jane Bagley, Charlotte Ann Bridge and Mary Norman West.

Girls who are helping with the typing, copy-reading and proof-reading are: Betty Carlisle, Beverly Lack, Frances Graham, Betty Lou Pfeiffer, and Mary Jane Bass.

Y.W.C.A. FORMALLY ACCEPTS MEMBERS

At Vespers on Sunday, October 14, the Y. W. C. A. recognized its new members in the lovely and inspirational candle service.

Martha Jane Chattin, president of the "Y," gave recognition to the new members by their classes. The Senior Class was represented by Jean Stewart, president of the Senior-Middles; by Antoinette Treadway, president, the Senior and Junior high school classes by Beverly Lack, and the Sophomore and Freshman high school classes by Jeanne Brady.

For the processional, with Mary Eleanor Clay at the organ, the Y.W.C.A. cabinet marched in, singing "The Hymn of Light." This was followed by the congregation singing "Holy, Holy, Holy," and then a prayer in unison. Mary Sudhof gave a vocal solo "My Task" which was followed by the reading of the Scripture by Matilda Daugherty. Throughout the recognition of the classes, there was violin and piano accompaniment by Mary Lelia Byrn and Mary Eleanor Clay. In this service Martha Jane Chattin recognized each representative as they stated their purpose for joining and presented each of them with a candle, symbolic of the light they carry on. After the singing of the Y. W. C. A. hymn, "Follow The Gleam," the cabinet and representatives marched out to the processional "Lead On, O King Eternal."



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"WHAT IS WISDOM?" CHAPEL TOPIC

As the speaker for the chapel devotional service of Wednesday, October 17, Miss Annie Allison, principal of the High School, used as her topic, the thought-provoking question, "What is Wisdom?" She stated how very few are the number of fortunate people who possess real wisdom. Even the so-called "learned" often lack the dignity and the courage which are results of true wisdom.

Miss Allison told how the people of different ages of history have groped their way through the darkness, searching blindly for the light. Some have attained their goal, while others have developed self-pity, vanity, and envy. The truly wise have avoided these traits, and have overcome the loneliness which is produced by them, for they "have filled their minds with beautiful thoughts, striving to make of themselves pleasant companions. The earnest plea of Miss Allison was "to so live that each day may lead a step higher on the stepping-stones to better things." In doing this we may obtain wisdom—the understanding of the real value of life.

ROYAL COURT HELD AT SENIOR DANCE

Saturday night, the Seniors entertained the Senior-Middle Class at a formal dance in the gym. Jean Stewart, Senior president, Miss Clark, Senior sponsor, Tony Treadway, Senior-Middle president, and Miss Ransom, Senior-Middle sponsor, greeted the guests. The gym was attractively decorated in the Senior Class color, yellow, and purple, the Senior-Middle class color.

At one end of the room was a dais on which were two thrones where King Jean and Queen Tony presently took their places. During intermission the royal court entertained the guests and Nancyann Schmid sang "My Old Flame."

"FRAULEINS" ENJOY FIRST CLUB MEETING

Fifteen delighted "Frauleins" were whisked away on the night of October 1, to attend the first meeting of "Der Deutsche Verein." At "Lehrerin," Jackson's house, they were greeted by gruff, but friendly barks, from the inspiration for the club invitations. After a brief business meeting, in which plans were unfolded for exciting future gatherings, the Frauleins gathered into frantic groups. Charades in German then came forth. Theresa illustrated the merits of higher education through her ability to play "Fido"—she barked and leaped remarkably well. Next, a "beginner" won tiny wooden shoes brought from the Fatherland—the prize for making seventeen German words from the letters in "kindergarten."

Striped sandwiches, coffee and yumpshush cakes were greeted by loud squeals of joy (squeals identical in German and English).

As they said "goodnight," the Frauleins stuffed handfuls of mints into their pockets, explaining that they were "for those unfortunates who couldn't attend 'Der Deutsche Verein.'"

SENIORS REMINISCE ON "DAYS OF '35" AT CLASS DINNER

The Senior Dinner at the Del Ver house, October 9, was really an occasion for the Seniors. Fried chicken, more rolls than any three large plump people with healthy appetites could manage, nice little green peas, half a baked Irish potato, frozen fruit salad, and to top all that off, individual pies and coffee. What bliss! Frances Granam had charge of the after-dinner activities, which were varied and most amusing. Impromptu

speeches, a positive inspiration, were presented in a rather unusual manner. The scene was set in 1964, thirty years hence, and the class of '35 was having a reunion. Prominent members from its ranks were called upon to tell of their activities during the many years since the class had dispersed. Did you know that Louise Lillard was golf champion of the world? She got her early training at W-B. Bonnie Kirwan was winner of a big "jack playing" contest. And such like and so on. The Clay Sisters gave their rendition of songs, popular back in the good old days of '35. A mighty fine rendition it was. Mary Alice Paine, Virginia Shaw, and Frankie Marbury did some complicated dance steps that were positively fascinating.

When the program was over, the Seniors were free to do just about anything that they wanted to do. Mostly dance, 4:30 everything had to break up. But a good time was had by all. An extra-specialty good time. Thus it was, and so shall it be!

P-S-S-T!

Can you imagine anything more pathetic than very dignified Ellen Bower trying to make a most undignified entrance in the court scene at the Senior-Senior-Middle dance last Saturday night?

And doesn't Janet look simply fetching with her hair fixed in that charming old-fashioned way? She reminds us of the pictures that we see in books of long ago.

Patty never will make much of a car thief. She would be caught before she even got the aforementioned vehicle to running. Why, if she can't find the starter in a little car like Sally's, what would she do if she were trying to make a getaway in a man-sized car?

Jayne thinks the depression is over. No sooner is she elected treasurer of the Arston club than money starts rolling in. She's already promised that we can all go with her to a show sometime soon.

Helen tells us that there is something in the theory of being able to do anything that you set your mind on. She says that she has been concentrating on getting up early, and that it really worked. But—m'dear Helen, if such unaccustomed action is going to make you go sound asleep in Hygiene we advise you to disregard all theories in the future. (P. S., we wish that we could have joined you. Hygiene is all right, but unless you follow its rules about sleep, it does get you down.) And while we're speaking of that "gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole," we might tell you that it surely does things to Sally. She had too much of it, and the result was overcharged electricity in her vitality. If eight hours does that to her, we tremble to think what might happen if she got sleeping sickness!

Quite a commotion was caused in Middlemarch on the night of the concert. Being of a naturally curious mind, we ventured into the mob scene to ascertain the cause. Imagine our surprise when we found that the center of attraction was a lunatic with her mouth wide open! In guttural, inarticulate sounds she was trying to acquaint us with the idea that she had just swallowed her gold filling, and she was pointing to the empty hole in her jaw tooth to prove it.

Now, we don't know anything about it, but Millie has that Beta pin back, we hear. Also, it's reported that Beta pins are simply "flowing" around the campus. Maybe that's the reason that we have missed them—we are not that good at aquatic feats.

MUSIC STUDENTS ON CLUB PROGRAM

Two of the Ward-Belmont Special students played for the Ladies' Club of the First Presbyterian Church on Friday afternoon. Ella Lu Cheek gave some violin solos, and Kate Evans sang several numbers.



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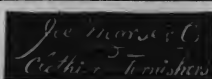
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CLUB CHATTER

Have the A.K.'s ever rated among the last few weeks? "Dukie" Bill was here week before last and when Frances Warmoth surprised us last week-end. Some few of us went down and cooked breakfast with "Fanny" as our guest. Most of the "hostesses" tasted while poor little Margaret Louise Boyd cooked. More fun! And while the club as a whole has had guests, some of the members have been very, very happy over their families being here last week-end too. Betsy Jones had her family here and on her birthday too. It must be nice. Then Mary Lalla Byrn's Daddy was here. We are certainly glad to see Virginia Chisolm out of the Infirmary looking most well and happy again. Did you ever see anybody that goes out as much as Martha Merryday? Give power to her. Oh, yes! And Gilbertine Moore's family dropped in and out in a hurry the other day too. Florence Martin Bradford just up and left us to go home for a spell. Know she had a marvelous time.

Zounds 'n zithers! Things are certainly getting organized down at the Anti-Pan club house, what with Ginny Grotz running around frantically buying glasses (the drinking kind, you know) and Martha Fisher walking around with that far-away look in her eyes planning the club formal. Frankie is doing remarkable things on the specialty, and the invitations are going to be snowy we're told.

We hear that Frankie's Bill is coming down again this week, which reminds us that we have a new member in our club with a Bill. Eh, what, Charlotte?

This is of interest to all the old Anti-Panners especially. We have received word that Balsiger has finally made a little progress on the green sweater she was forever knitting last week; in fact, she lost hope and tore the whole thing up last week!

Methinks that the little fuzzy dog on Jana Longnecker's bed is just too ducky for words. Also the big picture of Bob which runs it a close second!

The new Del Vers feel like old members now—all the vacant offices have been filled by new girls. Elizabeth Carruth is the new vice-president, Teddy Krauss, secretary, and Jeanne "Flosey" Roland sergeant-at-arms. Miss Hollinger gave a most inspiring talk Wednesday evening on the traditions and the meaning of Del Ver.

Friday night, Miss Pulver, Miss O'Donnell, Judy Acheson, Marguerite Page, Jean Stewart, Martha Jane Chittin, Mary Ellen Hudgins, Virginia Grotz, Irene Sartor and Eunice-

mary Bicknell went down to the club for dinner.

Where did Judy B. get all the pencils we used to sign for committees the other night?

Betty Ann Bell is lined up as a big success in tennis—drop around third floor sometime and watch her. She and June "Bug" Weeks are all excited about that coming week-end at Chattanooga.

Becky "Mullygrubs" Hall hasn't recovered from that week-end at home.

Louise Fosgate, secretary, and Katherine Biedenham, sergeant-at-arms were elected at Osiron meeting on Wednesday. Congratulations!

Since work on the Milestones has begun, Mildred Scott is pretty busy. We hear that Marty Kiger is the new business manager. Should be a good yearbook with such a grand staff.

And Margaret Louise Boller is going to have a visit from her parents next week. Some people have all the luck.

Pauline Tucker had a birthday Tuesday. Lots of people must think a lot of Pauline, 'cause at ten o'clock she was still trying to figure out just how to keep all the presents in her room and still have room for she and Rosy to sleep.

And did Gail ever have one swell time "a-horsing"? At least she acquired a lovely healthy complexion.

The new Penta Taus are stepping right into the spirit of the club. Patty Brown Harvey, our new athletic manager, is still on the heels of all members to come out for hockey. At this rate she will have the whole club playing before long.

All you new girls haven't had one of those good Penta Tau hamburger dinners yet, but your time is coming. The club officers and several of the girls are going down Wednesday for dinner. We'll see what kinds of cooks and dishwashers you turn out to be.

Patsy Burgher was elected sergeant-at-arms at club meeting last Wednesday.

Jean Brady is the new hockey manager for the T. C.'s. Please, Jean, don't be too hard on us with those early morning work-outs.

Doesn't Mary Jac make a precious monkey? Wonder if she learned to act that way in Chattanooga last week end.

Did you hear about the big clean-up in the T.C. Club house last week? We sent our furniture to the cleaners, so we think we're the most immaculate club on the campus.

The Tri K's are enthusiastically awaiting Wednesday night's dinner at the club house. It will be a double pleasure for all of us, because "Buzzy" Bosserman, a former Tri K on her way home from Texas, plans to be with us. Bye the bye, we're pretty proud of our little songbird Hershey—how she can hit those high notes!

The meeting of the X.L. club on Wednesday night was in the form of a hamburger dinner. Can Irene Sartor and the other old members ever cook grand hamburgers? Never mind, the new X.L.'s will try their ability next. However, we won't guarantee your feelings the next day. Marion, you certainly can play. That "Manhattan Serenade" was just too divine.

Don't you think our president is swell and Miss McElfresh just too cute for words? Well, well, who should we meet down at the club but Connie Chase, Elizabeth Rudolph and the rest of the gang! Just make yourselves at home, girls, and don't mind us. By the way have you heard about the new X.L. officers?

Elizabeth Rudolph is vice-president; Georganna Martin is secretary and Elsie Sante, sergeant-at-arms. Congratulations, girls and best wishes for a most successful year! Since there is no more news to be had, your humble reporter is signing off until next week. I'll be seeing you.



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EDITORIAL

School is made up of a number of things, most of which you will never get done, either by getting worried and excited over them, or by plunging into the middle and trying to do them all at once.

One of the main purposes of school is to teach students to organize their work so as to be able to accomplish the most in the least amount of time, with the least amount of worry. But by organization we do not mean to adhere to a rigid schedule, saying, at seven o'clock, I will get up, at seven fifteen, I will do this, and so on throughout the entire day. It would be practically impossible to hold yourself to such a schedule. Life would become a burden and you would soon find yourself in a much worse fix than before. But neither can you get things done by leaving them until the last moment, by taking up twice the time worrying about them, or by doing a little here and there and finally giving up altogether.

You cannot hold yourself rigidly to a schedule, nor can you do entirely without one. It would seem, therefore, that we must strike a happy medium somewhere. Have you ever heard, or discovered for yourself, that when you have the most to do you get the most done? This is because when you have much to accomplish you go directly from one thing to another without wasting time between the two. Discipline yourself to start a lesson and keep at it until it is done. Don't worry about it beforehand, and forget it when it is over. Study can be—so our teachers have told us, a great joy and pleasure, or it can be as we have found to our sorrow, a burden and a source of much worry and despair.

Now that the main excitement of the beginning of the school year is over, let us learn to organize and arrange our schedules so that instead of letting our "recreation interfere with our work," or our work interfere with our recreation, we can have time for both, and be able to enjoy each in its own time.

G. L., '35.

MUSIC STUDENTS
PRESENT PROGRAM

A group of students from the Music Department presented the chapel program on Monday morning, October 15.

Betsy Lusk Dudley played "Negen" by Bloch as a violin solo. She was accompanied by Mrs. Rose at the piano.

Arlene Hershey sang "Si Mes Vers des Ailes" and "I Love Thee" by Grig. She was accompanied by Mr. Dalton.

Juanita Roberts played two piano solos. They were "Wharum" and "Nolette" by Schumann.

These numbers were well done and were much appreciated by the student body and faculty.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Heigh-de-ho! 'Tis a marvelous day and here sits "yours truly" in a dark, dreary room, writing much ado about nothing.

Didja hear this one?? Margaret Louise Boyd had a date n'everything with a cold n'everything. Both patients doing nicely.

Bonnie Kirwan has fully decided to enter in the International "Jack" contest. . . Stanley Elizabeth is angry with Billy and believes she likes her "Mariner" after all. . . There's a shortage of irons in Senior. . . Betsy Jones is from Missouri and is proud of it. . . It's hard getting up in the cold morning at five-thirty. . . only fifty-six days until Ye Olde Time Yule-Tide. . . Peanuts are nice people (?) to know until your allowance is on the penny scale, and not on the "up and up"!!!

Didn't you have fun at the dance last Saturday night? Mary Louise Henderson gets the prize for the night's bright cracks. She calmly walked up to someone (this someone in a state of hilarity, which includes the "Bete Shag") and asked them to lead the prayer and read the Scripture for Sunday School!! At any rate, she did get someone, and they did fulfill the job beyond our expectations.

Don't forget the dance tonight where you can meet your "Peanut." Give her the best there is to give—friendship and thanks for her kindness toward you during the week.

Ask "Crockett" about "Eno" and listen with kind attention to her intelligent response.

Nancyann, you've certainly started everyone humming and singing about "Your Old Flame."

Anyone wishing to contribute her amount to a fund used to purchase an Emily Post book on Etiquette for none other than the vivacious Joyce Cunningham, please place your money in your own dear pockets and call it a day!

'Tis said that a certain girl in Founders is more than anticipat' her "approximately three weeks" this December. More power to you, Teddie!!! Aren't we all?

And don't these hockey practices get a person down? And let's hope that means not only mentally but also in weight! The pounds that these W-B. meals can give a dashing maid!!

Wasn't it good to see Frances War-moth back again? The old place seemed once more natural, and we do hope she'll pay us another visit again real soon.

Who is this man Chaucer, anyway? "Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote." That's the password to use in order to enter any of the English class rooms. At any rate, he's been a popular man around the campus these last few days (daze).

Do you know you left many envious people behind you last week-end, Gail and Eleanor? And you, too, Judy, when we discovered that you had lost a few pounds after much strenuous climbing and walking!!

"Huggins" had the nerve to bewail the fact that she had received no letters one particular morning; all she had received was two enormous packages!

Were Marion Collesher and Lillard trying to make us all feel jealous and envious the other night at the concert? We hope you and "they" enjoyed it anyway. By the by, speaking of the concert, didn't Bernhard Weiser's almost invisible moustache fascinate you to extremes, and also his eyebrows? Why couldn't we all learn to manipulate them as he does! And didn't the ushers represent us in a most pleasing manner?

Keyport, Schmid, and Wilson certainly "indulge" (in the true sense of the word) at the tea room, 'most every afternoon.

Just got a "special" which certainly served as a breath of crisp mountain air to my jaded mental and spiritual

(Continued on page 5)

EAGLE FEATHER

By Eunice Mary Bicknell

(The Eagle Feather is open to any girl who cares to submit original poetry. Please send all contributions to Eunice Mary Bicknell, through House Mail.)

That Thou are Mighty, oh, world, I know
That Thy hand has knit the very fibre of my being
And placed therein a spark which burns my soul's peace
I know. . . yet hear my prayer, I beseech Thee!

For striving, fluttering, beating wings do but crush the
very
Breath from deep within me.

Crush not this life with worldly heel and cry that all is
vain!

Do Thou hush the lying tongue which whispers that all is
fair,

Thus crushing the challenge of virile Youth . . . and stay the
Slinking eye which beckons to the wretched life.

Laugh with me, oh, Life, . . . not at me!

Play with me, remembering the age-old handicap!

Weep with me, for thus I soothe the clutching hand which
stirs

Impatience 'neath my heart.

Fan the flames of old ideas burst fresh upon my new-born
brain.

Old earth! Patience, have patience with me, Thy child!

Let me soar and dwell on peaks while Youth lives here
. . . and when the snatching claws of Fate and Time have
torn me from

The things I love, remember that I had my chance, my fill

And let me die like other men who've lived and now lie
dead—Forgot.

VILLON.

WHAT TO WRITE?

When asked to write a poem tonight
For good "ole" Eagle Feather—
I sat down and racked my brains
And pulled my thoughts together.

Now should I write my favorite way
Of children and their toys—
Or should I sink in morbid waves
Of life and love and joys?

Or should I write of just myself
And things I like to do—
Or of the day and night outside
Or skies of purple hue?

I love to write for you, my friends,
About things you love to see
So if you've any ideas now,
Won't you send them in to me?

See if you haven't something
That I can put in rime.
Remember now to tell me soon
So I'll get it in on time!

Tell me anything at all
From people to the weather—
And I'll guarantee you'll see it
Next week in Eagle Feather.

N. S., '35.

PRAYER TO NATURE

That you gave us, God, a sky of blue,
A meadow green, sometimes with daisies, too,
The shining sun that beams all day
And a moon all night to guide the way.

Oh! That we mortals could make things so great;
The seas, the oceans, a brook, a lake,
Let me kneel upon the grass you made
And offer gratitude for all
At our coffers you have laid.

D. C., '36.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK

Rain patters rhythmically on gray slate roofs.
White pillars gleam softly through the mist.
Lights shine brightly through many-paned windows.
Girls brush their hair, prepare lessons, write home.
Suddenly, an electric gong sounds and instantly the win-
dows darken.
A nightwatchman whistles as he goes his rounds.
Ward-Belmont sleeps.

E. B., '35.

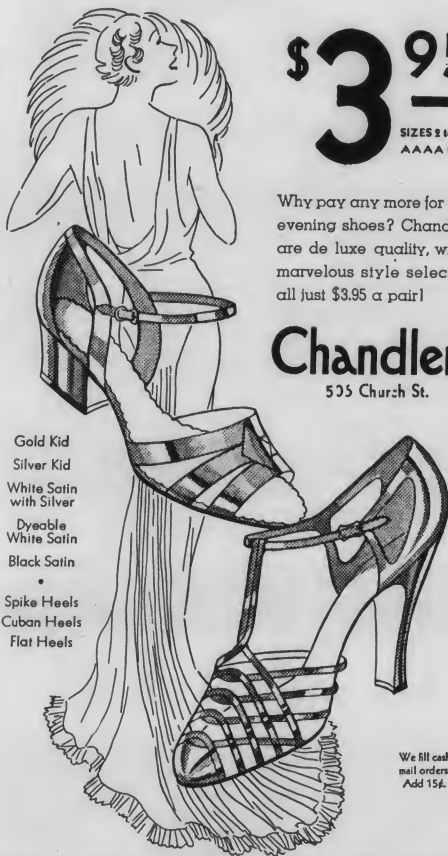
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COMMITTEES BEGIN Y.W.C.A. WORK

Frances Street, chairman of the Junior League home committee, with the assistance of Miss Looft, crowded Sally Bateman, Mary Jane Bass, and Sarah Clark into a taxi and made the first visit to the Junior League Hospital for Crippled children. The girls were greeted with many shouts of welcome. The minute they entered the little girl's ward, entreaties came to read the funny papers and play games. When they went to visit the little boys, the girls discovered that Tarzan and the Apes was the favorite story. Nothing could equal the marvelous adventures of this hero, in the minds of the boys.

Later in the afternoon the girls went out on the lawn and played games with the children who are able to be out of doors.

SPORT NOTES

Well, club hockey practice started off with a bang. All the clubs have teams this year, and it looks as though competition would be keen.

The tennis tournament is moving right along. Most anytime some ambitious player is liable to come dashing in search of an umpire. As yet, there are still too many left to make any guesses as to the final outcome.

Miss Cayce says that she has some good material for life-saving—but not to trust them *too much* just yet. By the way, there are more people taking beginners swimming this year than ever before—could it be the drouth?

The date for the fall horse-show has been set for Friday, November 23, because, as Miss Morrison says, people seem to have a mania for going to town on Saturday afternoons. The show this year will include three-gaited, five-gaited, combination, beginners and advanced jumping classes. There will also be a certificate class. Of course, it is pretty early to be talking about it, but it *sounds* as though Miss Carling were getting the girls into shape and it should be a good show.

Road rides started last Monday to the great joy of at least one ambitious rider, who said that she was getting "circles round her brain" riding in the ring.

We all think that the new phys.-ed. teacher is swell, but we're wondering—just wondering, you understand—what kind of English they teach at Sargent.

CAMPUS COLUMN (Continued from page 4)

appetite. But doesn't my correspondent realize that several thousand miles away it is rather futile, extraneous and nugatory to bombard me with confessions? Anyway, let's consult our authority on love, and correspondence, little Marian Farr, who knows so much about what we know so little!!

We've heard that "Marty" Page admits she can't keep away from the tea-room unless she goes to town. You will power, "Marty"!!

Seen about the campus:

Hershey with her hair hanging leisurely down her back after a tennis match. . . . Crockett with a mouth full of food. . . . Elaine Levinsohn always smiling. . . . Margaret Barton with a forlorn expression. . . . Jonnye Walker rubbing her "shot" arm. . . . Jane Flannigan with a look no one could possibly resist. . . . Elizabeth Mastin laughing. . . . Elizabeth Rogers mumbling something about spinach and chocolate pie. . . . Jane Berger looking forlorn after having a week-end guest.

At this moment a female crooner is torturing my radio. There! Wayne King (And so far into the night)! See you next time!



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DIARY

Wednesday—

Chapel this morning had as its speaker Mildred Clements whose subject, "Loyalty Breeds Royalty," was most interestingly presented.

We attended our first club meeting tonight and assisted in electing officers. Really made us feel almost like an old girl.

We were chagrined to find that some of the girls had dinner at the clubs. Well, maybe we will sometime, and besides they didn't have chocolate eclairs for dessert!

Raced up to our room after meeting to get as much studying done as possible in the remaining time. Good-night!

Thursday—

We bid a fond good-by to our table-mates of the past three weeks at breakfast this morning, and raced out to Middlemarch to get our new table assignment—here today and gone tomorrow!

We received two packages this morning; one contained the darlingest little Scottie dog. It's the cutest one we've ever seen and from the bestest tool!

In chapel this morning Dr. Barton presented the scholarship cup to the Del Vers. A proud bunch that—and justly so! Miss Lydell explained the procedure of Class Recognition Day once more and we believe that we know now when to walk, where to walk, and how to walk!

Study tonight—and no maybes! We have two (2) tests tomorrow.

Friday—

Dressed in white! Sunshine! Is everybody happy?

We went to bed hoping and praying for sunshine for today and look what we got! There is a Santa Claus!

The tradition of Class Recognition was very impressive and, despite the intensity of the sun, was quite successful. The top of our head felt a great deal like a hot iron, but then—

Had tea with Miss Sisson this afternoon and enjoyed it very much. These personal and friendly affairs are greatly appreciated by the girls.

We'd like to know if there is a conspiracy against us or what—another test tomorrow. We smell a rat!

Saturday—

The Senior-Mids had a special meeting today at 11:30 and elected the remainder of the class officers, i.e., vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and assistant treasurer.

We made our usual Saturday excursion into town this afternoon. Came home to prepare for the party given by the Seniors for the Senior-Mids.

Every one looked grand at dinner all in formals, and the dance afterwards was heaps of fun! The skit was a riot! The ease with which the court was moved to tears when Nancy-ann Schmid gave "My Old Flame" (with pathos) was remarkable; if we didn't have an iron constitution we fear we, too, would have been overcome!

Good night!

Sunday—

What! No sleep Sunday? Will this month never end?

Attended the sing-song in Sunday school this morning and then dressed and walked (such energy) to church.

Our roommate's parents came this morning and took us for a ride this afternoon. Were we thrilled? That's two Sundays in succession! On arriving once more within the gates we perched in a swing and wrote letters until time for tea.

The Y. W. C. A. formally accepted the students as members at Vespers this evening. It was a candle-light service and very impressive.

What is this source of energy that causes girls to skip all the way around the circle? We, walking, pass them in various stages of weariness. Could it be practice for fall track? Curiosity overcomes us!

Monday—

Got over-ambitious this morning and trotted down to the scales in Middlemarch clutching a penny tightly in one hand. Looking around anxiously to see if any one was near, we climbed up on them. The penny slid slyly in the slot and we wotched (sorry, it slipped). Anyway, we're sure that those scales weigh heavy!

We got our first telegram this morning. Thrilled? You know it!

The musical recital in chapel this morning unearthed some real talent in old W. B. We enjoyed it immensely. Every minute was good!

Gingerbread for lunch! More skipping around the circle. Yep, think we've figured it all out!

Monitors' meeting tonight—both hall and chapel. Anxious groups were hovering outside of doors all evening.

Tuesday—

Happy peanut week to you! The assembly this morning was clever and cast such an expectant and mysterious air about every one. We love it!

Had our English conference this afternoon and wish they could happen everyday. Certainly did learn things about us!

Made a mad dash for a tub during study hour this afternoon unfortunately were waylaid. Live and learn!

Charles Hackett inspired every one to long dresses tonight. What a man! The chapel was filled to over-flowing and Hackett, we believe, pleased every one. The first concert was a success but we still don't have all of our studying done! Heigho!

Good night!

SING-SONG HELD

A gay poster in Middlemarch announced that October 14 would be the girls favorite sing-song Sunday school. Many requests have been coming in for this kind of service, when the girls are allowed to choose the songs that they love best to sing. An unusually large crowd was full proof of the popularity of this informal hour of worship. The morning lesson was read by Louise Witherspoon and a special solo sung by Mary Sudhoff. Sentence prayers in which many of the girls took part added to the meaning of the worship service.

CLASSES RECOGNIZED AT TRADITIONAL SERVICE

(Continued from page 1)

from the High School Sophomores. At the "M" is the midpoint of Belmont, the first-year High School girls were presented with it in the hope that they be ever Magnetic—not Mechanical; Modest—not Moody; Manly—not Mischievous. To the observant Junior High School girls, the letter "O" is given so that they may miss no Opportunities. The Intermediates, with their various studies, were presented the "N" that they might add Nature study to their achievements. To our Babies, the "I"! May they be True, be Trusting, and someday be Triumphant!

Presidents and sponsors were: First-Year High School, Martha Bryan, president; Miss Crawford, sponsor. Second-Year High School, Susan Cheek, president; Miss Cayce, sponsor. Third-Year High School, Peggy Dickinson, president; Miss Grizzard, sponsor. Fourth-Year High School, Mamie Howell, president; Mrs. Shackelford, sponsor. Seniors, Jean Stewart, president; Miss Clark, sponsor. Senior-Middles. Antoinette Treadway, president; Miss Ransom, sponsor. Junior High grades, Corinne Howell, president; Mrs. McCall, sponsor. Intermediate grades, Mary Cooper, president; Miss Moseley, sponsor. Elementary grades, Leila Douglas, president; Miss Hale, sponsor. Alumnae, Miss Betty O'Donnell, representative; Miss Fulver, sponsor. Certificates, Catherine Crosswell, representative; Miss Looft, sponsor. Specials, Elizabeth Zeigler, representative; Miss Blythe, sponsor.

WARD-BELMONT LYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, October 27, 1934

Number 6

STAFF STARTS TAKING ANNUAL PICTURES NOV. 1

With the completion of the *Milestones* Staff, work on the 1935 *Milestones* begins. Already the staff has begun and has started work. Plans are being formulated, ideas on theme and motif considered, and work started on the pictures.

The individual pictures this year will be taken again by Schumacher Studios, the groups by the Commercial Photography Company. Picture-taking will start on Thursday, November 1, and the girls will be signed up for their appointments by Photographic Editor Patsy Schorndorfer through their clubs. Wednesday evening she will visit three clubs, the F. F. A. K. and Agass, and make appointments for the members on Thursday, November 1, Monday, November 5, and Wednesday, November 7. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday afternoon will find Mr. Schumacher in his studio at Ward-Belmont from one until five.

Mr. Schumacher is taking six poses this year and the charge is one dollar and a quarter (\$1.25). The staff has decided to have all of the pictures taken in the black drape which has become so popular in the last few years. Every girl, both day student and boarder, is expected to have her picture taken so that she will be represented in the yearbook.

The staff asks the cooperation of the girls in keeping their appointments with Mr. Schumacher. Also, they ask that any student who has a suggestion as to any part of the yearbook please either tell one of the staff or send them their comment through housemail.

DANCERS SHOW WORK DONE IN DEPARTMENT

Ward-Belmont dancing students gave a short recital Friday for a chapel program. Miss Jeter, their instructor, announced the numbers and explained that the program was merely to give the students an idea of the varied kinds of work done in the dancing department.

"Columbine and Harlequin," a toe duet, was given by Dollie Dearman and Jane Bagley. Frankie Marbury, known for her original compositions, danced a tango, "From a Toyshop" was given by Mary Alene Edwards and Elise Campbell as the two dolls, and Jane Barton and Adelaide Roberts as the two soldiers.

In conclusion, body fluency was illustrated by Jane Hall Craig, Dollie Dearman, Jane Bagley, Margaret Street Roberts, Patricia Gibbs, Mary Alice Paine, Frankie Marbury, Mary McComas, Virginia Gaffney, Margaret Winkler, and Grace Benedict, to a Chopin Prelude.

FALL BIRTHDAY GIRLS HONORED AT DINNER

Celebrating one of Ward-Belmont's loveliest traditions, Tuesday evening, October 23, the girls having birthdays in the latter part of September and the first of November were entertained at a five-course dinner. Beautiful fall flowers surrounding a mirrored centerpiece made the table of the private dining room a thing of distinct charm. Dr. and Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Blanton received the thirty-two guests.

When the huge, white birthday cake was brought in, and each girl allowed to make a wish with her candle, the happy expressions of the faces tended to show that the wish of many was to come to another Ward-Belmont birthday dinner.

THREE STAGE HITS REVIEWED IN TALK ON MODERN DRAMA

"The theater today is trying to force itself through a barrage of nonentities and foolishness," said Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend. Miss Townsend spoke in chapel Monday, October 22, on "Expressionism in Modern Drama."

"Men and women, today, are seeking in drama, as in all art, the new; and new things are valuable only when they have had a chance to mellow."

The early actor had no tools but his voice and body. Much depended on the rhythm and grace of the actor. To these tools, have been added recent settings: elaborate costumes, stage settings, and lighting effects. Two-thirds of the modern drama depend on lighting.

Miss Townsend went on to tell of three plays which she witnessed in New York and how each obtained its effect.

Men in White was chosen the best play of the year because it made the best and most complete use of all practical resources. Ten years ago David Belasco was strongly condemned for using just such realism.

She Loves Me Not was successful because it contained a quality of human fun which appeals to most people, and because it was exceedingly well acted.

Tobacco Row was rank realism, but the characterizations on which it depends are very well done.

Since 1929 the theater has suffered badly. In New York only eight theaters out of eighty-seven were open. The thousands of destitute actors were being cared for by an Actors' Relief Fund and by Actors' Guest Dinners. The host and guests at these dinners seldom learn each others names, but Miss Townsend said that at none of the ones which she attended was there any talk of hard times. All of the actors, who were her guests, had that courage which belongs to real art.

FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS TAKE OTIS TEST

The Otis Test of Mental Ability was given to the Senior-Middles Saturday, October 20. It is a standardized test used in many high schools and colleges to test mental capacity and ability to learn. Every fall the new girls of Ward-Belmont take this test.

This test is very valuable because by referring to it a teacher can tell whether a pupil is doing her best work or whether she is mentally handicapped in that particular subject.

THE HOBGOBLINS 'S GOT US

Hallowe'en! Doesn't it bring chills, shivers, and sort of cold tremors all up and down your back—even if you do consider yourself quite sophisticated and "woman-of-the-worldish"? Every time we think of Hallowe'en we remember "ye goode olde days" when we used to dress up in some elaborate costume, mask ourselves with soap, face-paint, etc., and parade out to visit the neighbors and (with the use of more discretion), our aunts and uncles. The supposed object of said call was for them to guess the identity of the weirdly sheeted and masked figures who invaded their peaceful homes, but of course, the ulterior motive was food. (Familiar?) We always made a point of visiting the ones who handed out the best cookies and candies first.

Then at last when we got home, loaded with the trophies of the hunt, and sometimes breathless from the chase because all the neighbors did not have so great appreciation of the privileges which Hallowe'en brings as they might have had: The never-to-be-forgotten taste of a false face when it has faded off! The joys of bobbing for apples, losing the enveloping sheets, and ending up the evening with a soaked, completely disheveled appearance.

That was long, long ago—even so long as two, three, or even four years ago; but about this time of the year we get a wild fiendish longing to soap windows and ring doorbells. Perhaps it is the weather, the orange moon, the windows and ring doorbells—at any rate it is the good old Hallowe'en spirit that's got us, and no matter how hard and how long we may try to study French verbs, visions of ghosts, witches, and goblins keep popping up in front of us, beckoning, seeking to bewitch us with their spell. Maybe, maybe we aren't so old after all.

LARGE AUDIENCE GREET'S ROY UNDERWOOD

A large audience assembled in the auditorium Tuesday evening to hear the first Nashville recital by Roy Underwood, who recently joined the faculty as head of the piano department.

With the opening number it was apparent that the performer was about to furnish an evening of pianistic enjoyment, and the interest was increased as the program proceeded. For Mr. Underwood had a great deal to offer. He has been excellently schooled in the technique of his instrument. There was body weight and freedom of movement behind his rich tone, with fleetness and strength of fingers. Crisp runs, clarity and the ability to make a melody sing were other noticeable features of his performance.

Of still more importance is the fact that he has something besides keyboard mastery. In everything he played there was musicianship combined with musicality and intelligent effort to set forth the expressive content of the score. Finally he has a virile personality, and his playing and deportment are happily devoid of mannerisms.

The opening number was the Organ Prelude in G Minor by Bach, transcribed by one of Mr. Underwood's teachers, Siliti. In it the breath of the organ idiom was well imitated. Harking back a century to "The King's Hunting Jig" by John Bull, an early English composer, the audience enjoyed a number that is deserving of greater popularity. After the Sonata in C by D. Scarlatti, came the most ambitious offering of the evening: the "Carnaval" by Schumann in its entirety. Throughout its twenty-one numbers the performer easily held the attention of the audience. There was wide variety and keen understanding in his interpretation of the fine work, and the extensive and informative program notes added to the listener's interest.

The second group contained Rachmaninoff's Prelude, Op. 32, No. 5; Debussy's "Minstrels," humorously performed; "The Dancer in the Patio" by the Boston composer, Charles Repper, presented with warmth of tone; and de Falla's dashing "Ritual Fire Dance," one of the best technical displays of the evening.

Chopin's Prelude in B Flat, and the "Tarantella" of Liszt brought the program to a close. The Liszt number was given a fine, clean-cut reading that called forth prolonged applause. Several encores were added to the printed program.—By SIDNEY DALTON, The Nashville Banner.

WARD-BELMONT BRINGS FAMOUS ARTISTS SERIES

Continuing a policy begun several years ago, Ward-Belmont will bring several artists in various fields to the school to appear in concert and lecture. This year the list of notables has been just as well selected as the series in other years that have brought Paderewski, Tito Schipa, Mary Lewis, Iturbi, Meisner, Christopher Morley, and Martinelli. Artists of like eminence will greet Ward-Belmont audiences this season.

The first concert of the series was that of Charles Hackett, leading tenor of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, who appeared October 16.

Speaking on "Poetry of Our Time" Edward Davidson, English poet and critic, will come to the lecture platform on December 4.

Returning once more to Ward-Belmont is the favorite, Branson de Cou and his "Dream Pictures" on January 15.

The latter part of the series, with three famous artists appearing in February, March, and April, will include Casadeus, the pianist; Nathan Milstein, the well-known violinist, and the American-born and trained soprano, Jeanette Vreeland.

SENIOR-MIDS HAVE CLASS PICNIC

Three buses took over eighty Senior-Mids to Warner Park Saturday afternoon for a picnic for a "get-acquainted" picnic. Two factors, the ideal weather and the food, combined with the good spirits of everyone, helped to make the outing live up to its name. After all, we were bound to know each other better after having seen each other eat four winners and heard ourselves sing "Down by the Old Mill Stream."

A hotly-contested game of baseball was indulged in before supper. Afterwards the fire was built up and marshmallows and faces toasted. Every known song was sung by the girls who sat in a circle around the fire. Finally the "Bells of Ward-Belmont" put a finishing touch to a delightful outing.

Tony Treadway, president of the class, and Patsy Schorndorfer, who was head of the food committee, handled the outing in masterly fashion; and are to be congratulated on the success of the affair.

WALTER HAMPDEN AP- PEARS IN "RICHELIEU"

This evening, Walter Hampden will appear at the Ryman Auditorium in "Richelieu." Mr. Hampden is today one of the most outstanding actors of the world. Dogged persistence even in the hardest times has made it possible for him to always draw an audience, although he has never failed.

Born in Brooklyn in 1879, he has constantly worked for finer achievements. "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Hamlet," "Capo'nacci," and "Richelieu" are his finest plays.

In the title role, as the French cardinal of dominant character, Walter Hampden finds fit expression for his own commanding personality.

HALLOWE'EN DINNER SHROUDED IN MYSTERY

Mystery surrounds the formal Hallowe'en dinner, October 31. Mrs. Rose is in charge and promises ghosts, owls, black cats and witches galore. The Seniors will form a ghostly parade; the "woman-in-brown" will perhaps appear. Other plans, Mrs. Rose says, must remain shrouded in mystery until the fateful day.



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SCHOOL HEARS CELEBRATED TENOR

Charles Hackett, a celebrated tenor, opened the school concert season with an artistically-done program, Tuesday night, October 16. He is renowned on many European stages and especially in Genoa, Italy, where he made his debut in 1919. Since, he has played Romeo and the Duke in "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan in New York and the Chicago Opera.

His first group of numbers for the evening comprised songs in Italian by Salvador Rosa, Scarlatti, and Bassani, and a very frivolous one called "The Kiss," by the great Beethoven. As an encore for "Il Mio Tesoro," Mr. Hackett gave "Rigoletto" and "La Donna Mobile."

The entire audience showed much appreciation for his French selections, "le Jet d'eau," "Les Cloches," "Beau Soir," and "Le temps a laissez son manteau." Finishing with a flourish, Mr. Hackett sang compositions by Corryell, Hutchinson, Bealy, and Bantock. He received three encores.

Bernard Weiser played the accompaniments of the singer, and for his own piano solo, he gave Lisadov's "Music Box."

FAVORITE POEMS ARE SUNDAY SCHOOL PROGRAM

"Life has loveliness to sell,

All beautiful and splendid things," began Carolyn Bryant at the worship service this past Sunday morning. Everyone settled ready to listen, as one favorite poem after another was read, dealing with the loveliness of the world about us, with the loveliness of people, and with the sense of beauty that comes when all of life is permeated with the conscious presence of God. Many who were there were ready to heed Carolyn's closing words:

Then,
"Stretch out your hand and take the
world's wide gift

Of joy and beauty. Open wide
your soul

Down to its utmost depths."

The prayer-hymn, which Mary Eleanor and Stanley Elizabeth Clay sang at the conclusion of the service, added meaning and loveliness to the whole.

CECILIA RUDIN, '26, PUBLISHES BOOK

A former Ward-Belmont student, Cecilia Rudin, ex. '26, has recently published a most interesting book, "Stories of Hymns We Love." This is Miss Rudin's first book and is spoken of by one reviewer as a "gem of the Book World."

When Miss Rudin was a student at Ward-Belmont she received the Rose Medal for the best piece of work done for the literary section of the *Milestones*. Since her year at Ward-Belmont she has spent two years in Europe studying art, music, and literature supplementing her work at the University of Wisconsin and the University of Chicago where, in 1933, she took her Master's Degree majoring in English.

REVEREND HARRELL TALKS TO STUDENTS

Reverend Costen J. Harrell of the West End Methodist Church delivered an inspiring talk to the Ward-Belmont students in chapel Wednesday morning, October 24.

Reverend Harrell chose as his text the "short story" from Luke XV about the woman who lost the silver. In Luke XV there are three short stories concerning loss; one of a sheep, one of a son, and the other of a coin. As few of us have lost a sheep, none a son, and many a coin, Reverend Harrell chose this story; "because it comes beautifully and impressively to the level of our own lives."

The lost piece of silver was only one of ten, but without it the others

were worthless; for together they formed the woman's "frontal," equivalent of our engagement ring.

Reverend Harrell stated that all life is but a series of events symbolizing God. Jesus was accustomed to take these small parts of our lives and so interpret them that we can see God through them.

"This story teaches us that our relationship to God and our use in His life is the greatest romance on earth; God's love for us is a great spiritual romance. He loves with a love and warmth and jealousy that is living and vital. We are His jewels that make up His frontal.

"When you and I get out of touch with God, something is lost from His life that causes Him sorrow. There is a vacancy in the heart of God when you and I do not vitally know Him. When we do, there is a joy like no other joy in all His creation."

The only thing that gives God joy and satisfaction is fellowship between you and me, Him and us.

ENTER, MADAME

Ladeeeeee, and seeing as how there're nothing but ladies at Ward-Belmont, more ladies, I'd like to introduce to you, this fine and sunny day, Miss Buford of voice, the little girl with the Southern accent. Just in case you didn't all know about it, she was selected as Southern in the A, B, C Contest last year. And let me tell you she fits the description just like a \$40 pair of gloves. Moreover, everybody loves it. When she uses that "pleasant" voice, why, say they're already laid out ready to roll over and play dead. Yup! No doubt, that's one way of doing it. But no one can do it like Buford does.

The little lady's full name is Martha Buford Hayter, but you can just disregard the "Martha" part of it for everyday use. Buford's a rather fascinating name, don't you think?

Almost forgot to mention that Miss Hayter comes from Nacogdoches, way down in Texas. It's a mighty swellelegant place to come from. Boasts a teacher's college n'everything.

Let me see, now! Guess as how maybe you'd like to know a few things about Buford. Outstanding qualities are a real giggle, long hair—you know, the kind like you see in the advertisements—and the way she wears her clothes! Gee! And say, Buford's on the hockey team, Penta Tau. Well, I guess that's all for right now. There isn't any more.

MUSIC NOTES

W.-B. Students Perform for Vanderbilt Club

Two Ward-Belmont girls are going to Belle Meade Country Club to entertain members of the Vanderbilt Student Aid Club. The girls are Lisbeth Smith who will play a group of piano selections and Lilly Hollabaugh who will sing several vocal selections.

MISS LELIA BAGLEY, SPEAKER AT VESPERS

Miss Lelia Bagley, missionary to Japan, was the speaker in chapel Sunday evening. She spoke of her past experiences with the Japanese girls, and the satisfaction that she derived from helping them in their problems. To us of the modern Americas, these problems seem almost impossible, but even we know the wide differences in freedom between the two countries. The majority of the young people with whom Miss Bagley dealt had little hope for freedom of any kind, yet they found the divine freedom of living a true Christian life, and were therefore happy. The conditions differ widely between the United States and Japan, but we both are able to find the same happiness in following a Christian doctrine.

"PEANUT" CIRCUS IS GREAT SUCCESS

"Get your tickets here; get your tickets here!" Charlotte Ann Doughty begged from the ticket window. We acquiesced and proceeded down the receiving line Saturday night at the Y. W. circus dance.

We found we were transformed into a truly circus world. Cardboard jungle beasts decorated the walls and the occupants of this world were dressed in weird and varying costumes. A candy counter immediately attracted our attention and from here we passed onto the dance floor where we were prodded incessantly by sucker sticks!

Early in the progress of the dance the side shows drew the crowd and each freak performed. Elizabeth Mastin as Lulu held the crowd spell-bound with her slinky ways.

"Right this way, see the half-man, half-woman. How does it do it?" Ruth Davis did this act up in a fine manner.

The Siamese twins, depicted by Mildred and Irene Sartor, were most realistic.

On the next stage we found the mysterious oriental, Connie Chase, who quite terrified us.

"On this platform we have the fat lady tipping the scales at 850!" Mary Louise Henderson with the help of most of the pillows in her hall looked quite all right!

"In Tinky the midget weighing three-fourths of a pound!"—and we almost believed it of "Tinky."

"Eooooooww, etc." Tarzan of the Apes in person couldn't have been portrayed more realistic than he was by Elizabeth Ann Reed. This ended the side shows, and dancing continued.

Later on in the evening Evelyn Norton danced and was encored a number of times.

Hot dogs and cokes were served to an enthusiastic crowd and devoured in a very short time.

A grand march from which the most original costumed couple, Mary Jean Kirwan and Jean Dayton, were chosen by Miss Sison and presented with a balloon and some peanuts, brought to a close a most satisfying party.

EXPRESSION NOTES

In one of the most outstanding chapel programs of the year, Miss Townsend took us behind the scenes and gave us an "inside view" of three of the most popular New York stage plays. She showed us, in detail, how the settings were arranged in order that the audience could pass from one scene to the next without disturbing the train of thought. In "Men in White," "She Loves Me Not," and "Tobacco Row," she explained to us the remarkable way in which reality is obtained through the minute characterizations of each individual.

In the chapel program Friday morning, Miss Townsend presented three of her expression students in the very delightful and interesting one-act play, "Fourteen for Dinner." These three girls were given ten days in which to rehearse, and then, the invitation of the chapel entertainment committee, presented it to the student body.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Mrs. Pringle, a social climber.....
.....Jean Stewart
Elaine Pringle, the daughter.....
.....Carolyn Bryant
The Maid.....Marion Farr

The overwhelming number of girls taking expression this year has been very encouraging, and has, in itself, expressed the appreciation of the students to the school for being allowed this privilege. It has just been since this year that the course has been open to any one interested, and an amazing number of girls have been taking advantage of it.

CLUB NEWS

Agora

We Agoras are rather proud of our club's history which was related to us by Miss Scruggs, the first Agora sponsor, at our Wednesday meeting. Anne Berger is our new Sergeant-at-Arms—more power to you, Janie!!! Ruth Jones has been elected for secretary, and our industrious treasurer, Christine, has us saving all our money to help refurbish the kitchen—we just can't wait!!! Fifteen of our enthusiastic athletes are set to put up a big fight on the hockey field next month for the trophy. Well, we wish them all luck and three cheers—goshaw!!! They have a winning spirit and we'll back them to the end.

A. K.

If everyone could only have heard Tony, Jonny, Nancy Jane and Leora and what they said about all A. K. Seniors that didn't get up for early morning hockey practice last Monday morning, all school would have been worth while. But was just a little misunderstanding on their part as they got up a week early. But, after all, girls, what is a little thing like a week? It seems that they didn't feel that way about it, and made poor Betty Heck suffer. Let her tell you how the morning air feels in a "nightie."

Gilbertine reports a perfectly marvelous time at "Dukie's" in Chattanooga. And while she was there Leora writes home that she is home-sick; Mr. Hill runs at once to Nashville to see her leaving Gilbertine there to continue her visit without him. Oh, if we all could get such a response to homesick letters, this place would be continually full of whole families!

Jonny and Tony had a most perfect time at McMinnville. "Campbell" must be a wonderful person to make Jonny put up the date of her homecoming so quickly. Oh, yes, and you might ask Tony how it feels to sleep with worms.

Mary Lalla had her Daddy with her two week-ends ago, her Mother and brothers a week ago, and her Daddy here again this week. Today her sister is here; yet she still insists, "They don't come to see me, but they come on business."

And Caroline never lacks in visitors, either. Two weeks ago her mother and "Joe" were here and they surprised her again last week-end. Now you can never tell; they might be on their way again, for you just know how it is when flourishing young business men get to feeling "that way." And too I can hardly believe that Mrs. Bryant is Caroline's mother. She looks more like her sister, but I suppose we must take Caroline's word.

Anti-Pan

Whoops! Methinks the world must be coming to an end on-accounts-of-because-why ten little Anti-Panners are having dates all at once Wednesday night. Uh huh, we know—preparing for that big he-man Open House Friday night!

Guess it's just not in Martha Anne's nature to sit still during chapel. When she laughs, the whole row of seats starts to jump and we all get St. Vitus Dance.

Woe is us! Doughty must have gone into mourning or somepin', what with those jet-black finger nails of hers. Now, who else but Max Pickle would inspire such black (!!) deeds?

Tain't no justice in this here world. Patty Howell's folks were here for the week-end, Jane Long-necker has a scrumptious date Wednesday night, Martha Carson's past-present-future drove all the way up from Louisville to see her, and Charlotte Watkins got a telegram that made her cry—it was so nice!

Del Ver

Didn't we have a good time last Wednesday night when we all went out to Percy Warner Park and had a little picnic all by ourselves? I wish we'd do that more often, but we need the moon every time to add that certain something!!! And, was it ever a good feeling to hear "Pulvey" say that we were all entitled to two hamburgers and two "cokes" a piece and also to an apple. All of it tasted so good—especially good when we were all gathered around the fire with the moon trying its best to shine. And! We have found some new talent in the club—You should hear Jean harmonize. I think she did draw forth a few tears from some eyes. Anyway, a good time was had by all. Here's hopin' we have as good a time at our Open House.

F. F.

The old F.F. girls will be interested to hear that Mary Hobson is attending King-Smith School at Washington, D. C.; that Doris Sherman is enrolled at Sophie Newcomb in New Orleans; that Harriet Ostregh has pledged Delta Gamma at Michigan; that Polly Gay is pursuing her—er—ah—studies at Louisiana Tech. These people that get eight letters all in one day, and on Sunday too! How do you do it, Jane? We're all glad to see Katherine Hayes back from her week at home. Wouldn't it be nice if we all lived close enough to do that? The breakfast, given in honor of Hershey's birthday Sunday, turned out to be quite successful, even if there wasn't enough syrup to go around. Among those present were Hershey, Mary Ellen, Rosemary, Gail, Arlene Milligan and Winnie Marsh. That afternoon Mary Ellen gave a tea at which Miss O'Donnell was the guest of honor. Gail poured and Eleanor did her part by changing the furniture around.

Penta Tau

At the Penta Tau Club meeting Wednesday night, a very thrilling pantomime was presented. The scene centered about a castle made out of chairs and blankets. Patty Brown, Kathryn and Edwina looked like old-time knights with their brown paper sack helmets and their broomstick horses. Potts executed a daring ride around the castle to conquer fair lady Helen's demand of the man who wished to marry her. But Knight Potts left the lady in a faint as she allowed scornfully that he had a wife in Spain. Buford Hayter gave a clever recitation which caused the entire club to be overcome with giggles!—!

What a bunch of cooks we're getting to be! Sunday morning, Virginia Shaw, Kay Hyde, Mary Alice, Alice Buchanan and Frankie made up the grandest waffles! Um-m—they just melted away like cotton candy! And one of our members is certainly getting (Continued on page 6)



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EDITORIAL

FOLLOW THE CODE

"Live pure, speak the truth, right the wrong, follow the King, else wherefore born!" Such was the vow that the ancient knights in the forgotten days of chivalry took upon themselves in order to gain and maintain a high position in the court. These knights are mental images of glamour and admiration to all who read of them and pursue with them their exciting adventures in their struggles to live up to the code of manners and morals. There is scarcely any college student, I dare say, who has not at some time dreamed of knights and ladies, and respected them because of their ideals.

Why, then, are there no more manifestations of modern ideals? Surely, a classroom and campus offer many opportunities for knightly deeds, although there are no obvious, material "Holy Grails" to seek! But there is certainly an abundance of "worlds to conquer" scholastically and socially. Can we not be modern Galahads, living pure, honest lives, righting our small wrongs, and following the King rather than the "crowd"?

J. W., '35.

SCHOLARSHIP, NOT GRADES!

The awarding of the scholarship cup may have set some to thinking of grades. That is all right if too much emphasis is not placed on this numerical value of learning. After all, there is a difference between the marks one gets and what one really knows. It is the same difference that there is between a man's reputation and his real character. It is usually said that a man with honest character has a reputation for honesty. It is true that nine out of ten do. And in the same way does it apply to scholarship. A girl who knows her subject thoroughly nearly always gets good grades in it. But there are some who, through lack of early training, perhaps, find themselves at a loss to express what they do know in a manner which will make an impression on a class or on a teacher.

It is for these "tenths" that this is written. Get up your daily assignments! If the subject is particularly interesting, do a lot of outside reading. If you are very well informed on a subject, some of the information will just naturally spill out! You will gain a personal, intellectual satisfaction by increased effort, and you might be pleasantly surprised at your next month's grades!

M. G., '36.

CAMPUS COLUMN

It seems that every week an old familiar face returns to the campus. Wasn't it good to see Buzzie Bosserman back in campus clothes 'n' everything? She certainly looked fit after her summer at Miss Sisson's and Miss Morrison's camp. And we know at least twenty little gals who are envying her muchly for being able to see the Texas-Oklahoma game.

The Senior-Middle picnic must have been a jam-up affair with the president of the class returning in her dainty slip. Why, Tony!!!

We hear that Potts and Whited are really getting left out in the cold by Mickey, the dashing football hero, and, George. What! No mail for how long?—two weeks!!

Betsy Strain and Marion Farr were much elated over their phone call to Ann Arbor—we wonder why!

This ought to make the headlines—Hayter washes her hair for the first time in how many months? After this event (Alas and alack for poor Buford) we learned her beauty secret. Have you noticed what a delightfully shaped head she has when it is not becomingly pompadoured?

We know that no one was as surprised with her Shelli as Mary Jane Dulaney when it was disclosed that the Miss X was none other than her own roommate. And do ask Mary Jane to tell you what useful gifts she received!

We didn't know that Elizabeth Ann Reed was capable of such weird noises until she represented Tarzan at the dance Saturday night. And didn't the Sartors—Irene and Mildred—make good Siamese twins? However, the crocheted washbasin goes to Bonnie Kirwan for the most "unusual" costume!

We also hear from a very special little bird that Elaine Buck received a very good letter, and that she was a very popular girl over the weekend.

Anna Katherine Howard's folks really entertained her suitmates while they were here. It must be wonderful! All the way from Texas, too!

Shamie on Marty and Leora for treating our good friend, Chettin, in such an unladylike way! Didn't you girls know that it disturbed her sense of delicacy?

And Jean Stewart was really "ached" to find that some one had filled her washbasin with coccomalt. We wonder who the little devil was????

Among the "Oddities on the Campus" is the fact that Nell Jane Ranck can tolerate any kind of reptile—snakes 'n' everything but cannot stand feathered fowls of any description—and that the farther away she is from birds, chickens, etc., the better she likes it.

We all wonder if Dawn Chiarenza was the "actress" Miss Townsend referred to in the fifth-hour Expression class? She certainly had a knowing look.

And aren't Sarah Ashley and Mوزelle Worsley grand dancers?

The dance at the Anti-Pan house must have been a grand success. We watched the lads and lassies go down and come back. Every one seemed plenty satisfied and all the girls were beautifully gowned.

That's all for this week—see you next week.

EAGLE FEATHER

By Eunice Mary Bicknell

WHY THIS NIGHT?

It's just a night
Like a thousand nights before
And a thousand nights to come—
There's been rain and cold
The wind is blowing some—
But it's different.
It's wind and rain
As I've often seen before,
And I'll often see again.
It's a common time,
But it's never been the same,
This is different.
The rain is new,
The pavements shine like satin;
The trees cry and crying bow,
The wind's song is changed,
And I—I wonder how.

B. D., '36.

TENNIS

A gawky girl walks on the court
Her tennis class attending.
She trips and stumbles and, in short,
Is horribly unbending.
Her smash is poor, her forehand worse,
We cry to see her serve.
And all in all, it's sad to know
She has no tennis nerve.
She lacks determination and,
Her poise is hard to find.
She 'mediately begins to slump
If she should fall behind.
She awkwardly picks up the ball
And stumbles to the net.
Her racquet falls from out her hand;
She cannot last the set.

But that was early in the year;
The story's different now.
She plays the game with grace and poise
And will few points allow.
Her serve is good, her forehand better;
We gasp to see her smash.
She outwits all opponents
With determined nerve and dash.
When people ask her where she gained
Such excellence in sports,
She always says that most of it
Was settled on the courts.

W. C., '36.

CONTRAST

I

I heard a million motors pass
And trains go by, and whistles cry,
And sirens shriek along the street
—The noisy, busy night of city.

II

I saw moon splash purple on the lawn,
Looked up and saw its golden-silver glow,
I slept from hearing winds in the trees below,
And woke to find the clamor gone.

B. D., '36.

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Thanks to Charles Hackett we arose at six to study. However our appreciation of his concert hasn't decreased.

The devotional this morning was in charge of Miss Annie Allison, and her discussion of the ever-present question "What is Wisdom?" was most interesting.

We went a-picnicking tonight. Our club clambered on the bus at five-thirty (we were scheduled to leave at four-thirty, but you know how 'tis) and bumped out to Percy Warner Park. Hm-mmm! Were those hamburgers good! We are used to eating half-cooked food on picnics, but George certainly has different tactics! Sang all the way back and almost got side-tracked at the circus (no remarks from outsiders) but arrived in time for study hour!

We're tired—squat tag is just too strenuous!

Thursday—

Rain! Ha! Nice weather for ducks, Mr. Wimpy!

A Senior-Mid class meeting was held today during chapel time and arrangements were made for a picnic Saturday. Sounds like fun!

Libby Siegmund's folks were scheduled to arrive today and her excitement was positively contagious. We consoled ourselves with the thought that our parents are expected Easter. Bless the winged flight of time!

Friday—

We loved the assembly this morning. The dancers inspired us (we always have to try it and see for ourselves). Aside from a dislocated hip, and so on, we did fine!

The Descas entertained twelve kiddies from the Tennessee Children's Home this afternoon. We enjoyed it every bit as much as they did. A bit strenuous, but loads of fun! We recalled London Bridge is Falling Down, and Drop and Handkerchief; didn't realize that we had such a good memory!

When we took them home they begged us to stay. It was so hard to leave them. Certainly makes us appreciate what we have!

What a week-end this is going to be! Parents are coming, girls are going home, and here we sit within the four walls of the hut! Such is the price of popularity!

Speaking of parents, excitement, and so on, Patty Howell is overflowing (with excitement). Her parents are expected soon.

One thing we've discovered about going away to school—our estimation of the parents rises about fifty per cent.

Everyone is wondering if 'twill be clear for the Senior-Mid picnic tomorrow.

Saturday—

Struggled with a mental test this noon and decided that mental was a most appropriate name for it. A clear day and the Senior-Mid picnic was a howling success. It's too bad that the football game was

on the same day. Anyway there was a wide variety of entertainment. We aim to please, our motto!

The end of Peanut Week and the circus dance! The gym looked so very "circusy." Most everyone stayed late to get an animal for their room. Not us, no sir; no elephant, tiger, or what have you is going to room with us. There's a crowd!

And so to our room free of jungle beasts!

Sunday—

Got up at the usual Sunday hour, but not so next Sunday!

To Sunday school and church and after dinner guess what—study! As lovely as it was outdoors we studied!

Miss Leila Bagley gave an interesting talk in vespers tonight concerning her Japanese girls. We enjoyed it very much.

After vespers we came upstairs and had a clean-up week all in one evening in our room!

At nine-thirty we dashed up to hear Jeanne Morgan's tale of a Sunday out. Nice-looking ring you have there, Jeanne!

Elizabeth Ann Reed made a telephone call and had every one in the hall praying that *He* would be there. He was and they talked. Nothing like an emergency, is there, Liz?

And so to bed, nursing a jealous anger!

Monday—

Miss Townsend spoke in chapel this morning and explained the presentation of three of this year's successful plays.

Watchers of the clock began to squirm at one minute after twelve. Hunger pangs seemed quite evident.

Today was generally uneventful. The usual routine was carried out, and we haven't heard from the Bestest for three days—this is a blue Monday!

To the library to study tonight. Everyone's planning ahead for Wednesday's lessons because of the concert tomorrow night.

Tuesday—

Miss Sisson gave announcements this morning in chapel.

To lunch—and did you notice the brilliant flow of conversation at the tables?

Still no letter from the Bestest! We've decided that he's been deceiving us all these years and is (or was) Pretty Boy!

We studied this afternoon, remembering Mr. Underwood's concert tonight.

The first birthday dinner of the year was this evening. We peeked at the table and it looked lovely. We can't wait until Spring!

The concert tonight was grand. We nominate Mr. Underwood for the Hall of Fame.

We even got in an hour of studying after the concert. Hurray!

'Night!

SHOWER CHATTER

Can't seem to find much news for the column this week. I wish every one would try to do something thrilling—like a touchdown, or a brilliant "love sets" match or one of Miss Cayce's proteges heroically saving a life.

It really is a shame that it isn't baseball season, for I have some good tips discovered at the Senior-Mid picnic. . . . Edwine Schmid has a most wicked curve on the ball. I heard her tell one of the *Banner* reporters Saturday that she was off form, but usually pitched a "shut-out" game. The real ball player, though, is Miss Lydell. No one can keep up with her, and no team is complete without her.

Since club hockey practice has begun there certainly is a noticeable change in spirit—uniforms also.

Anyone who believes that archery is as easy as it looks, come on out and try it. If you won't do that, and still think it a cinch, ask Dot Jaeger.



There is much of the dramatic to the new

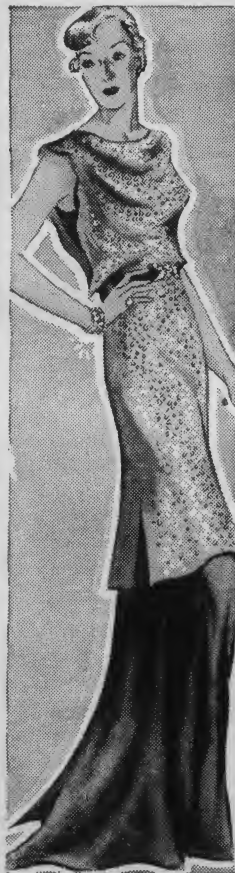
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9-27

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SODAS — CANDY
LUNCHES

CLUB NEWS

(Continued from page 3)

ting schnitz—did you hear about Edith Manly's birthday party with Men! Goodness! And Patty trips around gaily, while Mary Alice got to the football game and more good times!!—!

Osiron

My, my! These Osirons have really been having a good time lately. Margaret Louise Boller's folks came after all. They brought A. K. Howard's folks along too—so they stepped out quite a bit.

"Porgy" Young and Mary Ellen Stokes live close enough to do their own visiting. These people who get to go home over the week-end! Did you see Thelma Martin running around Sunday night with a pencil in the back of her hair? I guess she was just a little excited over a long-distance telephone call from a certain young man you may have heard her talk about. Do we envy her! Keep up the good work, Thelma!

Oh, yes, we had quite some excitement with the dance last night n'all. That was something to write home about. Tell you more next week.

X. L.

Well, well, and so another week has passed! How time does fly! I have been wondering why all of those X. L. girls from Alabama and some from Georgia were so interested in the game last Saturday—or may be it was not the game but the people—What do you say, girls?

You tennis "Champs" keep up the good work and win the cup for "ye olde X. L. Club." You certainly seem to have what it takes—vim, vigor and vitality. By the way what is this I hear about dinner at Belle Meade? I hope my ears are not deceiving me—Mary Elizabeth, who was the tall, good-looking blond here with you Sunday afternoon? How about an introduction?

Oh dear, oh dear! How do you expect a fella to write when the parents are coming this week-end? So since there is no more to say—I'll be seen' you.

Tri K

Have we ever got the crooners! What's the feminine for that? At our dinner last Wednesday the Tri K's were royally entertained by Isobel Coulter singing varied songs. And then didn't she go and decide that she'd sung enough right in the middle of "Love In Bloom"! These heartless people!

Imagine these hockey enthusiasts hounding our very heels! No cares at all for our feeling, mental or physical!

Beverly was all agog over her week-end. It's not many of us who get to be "home ag'in."

Angkor

On Tuesday, October 16, the Angkor Club held formal initiation for all new members. Both old and new were requested to wear white. The room was darkened and two large white candles tied with blue ribbons illuminated the president's desk. Each new member on taking the pledge was given a smaller candle which was lighted by Anne Huddleston, president. These girls holding the club colors representing truth and purity made a very impressive picture as they stood in a semi-circle around the president's desk.

Tuesday, October 23, we had election of officers in the club and are happy to announce Margaret Greene as vice-president, Susan Cheek as secretary, Elizabeth Cornelius as treasurer, and Sergeant-at-arms, Shirley Caldwell.

From the number of hands that went up when a count of those who were going to have their pictures made for the *Mixetone*, the annual will be composed entirely of Angkor beauties. We'll see you between the pages!



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Josephine Hutchinson—in

IN

"HAPPINESS AHEAD"

Coming Next — JOE E. BROWN in

"Six Day Bike Race"

PARAMOUNT

STAGE SHOW—Friday, Saturday

HENRY SANTREY
and His Band

— Starting Monday —

Will Rogers—in

"JUDGE PRIEST"

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, November 3, 1934

Number 7

TRADITION RETAINED ON HALLOWE'EN

For years the Hallowe'en dinner, accompanied by the customary revels, has been traditional at Ward-Belmont, and this year was no exception.

The dining room was decorated with the Hallowe'en colors, black and orange, and the lights were all covered with cats and witches, giving the room a very mysterious air. Witches rode their broomsticks up the curtains and the walls. As the guests entered, they caught the exciting, mystic whiff of incense.

The ghost parade began immediately and was composed of twelve Senior ghosts intermingling with witches. The lights were turned off and on and when plunged into darkness, the dining room was filled with shrieks of terror.

The menu was very mysterious and gave little clue as to what was to be served.

Several dance numbers were given during the evening between courses.

MIMS INSPIRES STUDENTS

Dr. Edward Mims, head of the English department at Vanderbilt University, spoke to students in chapel Sunday morning, October 28, on the value of really reading the Bible. He pointed out the fact that it has survived the onslaught of centuries and competition with the thousands of books published yearly. Although its language is archaic and we have heard its stories hundreds of times, still it heads any list of best-selling books. There is in it an appeal to every type of person. The prophet, the priest, the wise man, and the poet are all represented. Much can be gained from even a formal reading of the Bible, but to gain real knowledge and pleasure it must be studied and read for pleasure. Not everyone can understand everything in the Bible but everyone can find there something which will be applicable to his alone.

FRENCH CLUB HOLDS FIRST MEETING

On Thursday, October 25, *Le Cercle Français* got together for its first meeting of the year. This took place at the F. F. club house with Judy Acheson, the newly-elected president, presiding.

First on the program was the election of the rest of the officers. Results were that Marjorie Wells is now the vice-president, Edwin Holland the secretary, and Elizabeth Dabney the treasurer. Each of the officers headed a group which presented charades.

At the end of the program, coffee and fudge cake were served. Everyone sang *La Marseillaise*, and the meeting was adjourned.

WORDSMITHS ELECT NEW MEMBERS

Four new members of Wordsmiths, honorary college literary organization, were announced in chapel Tuesday. They are: Eunice Mary Bicknell, Betty Roberson, Winnie Coffee, and Dawn Chiarenza. The new members, together with Miss Louise Herron and Miss Ellene Ransom, former sponsors of the club, will be honor guests at a formal dinner, Monday evening, November 5.



WARD SEMINARY FOUNDED DURING POST-WAR CHAOS

In the dark years after the war when the South was trying to recoup in the midst of its destruction, Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Ward conceived the idea of establishing a private seminary for girls which would prove an honor to the South and would become a self-sustaining institution.

They founded Ward Seminary, and Dr. Ward remained its president for twenty-two years. In that time Dr. Ward built the school into an institution which influenced not only the lives of all the students who attended Ward's, but the intellectual and cultural life of the entire city of Nashville. The other great colleges and universities since founded in Nashville owe their origin to the influence of his prime efforts, and it was, also, through Dr. Ward and his advertising of Ward Seminary that the great advantages of Nashville as an educational center were first made known.

His friends have said many fine things of him. Dr. Ward ranked high as a student; he was kind, generous and beloved by all. Everyone knew his patience and persistence, and his dauntless courage, which was illustrated in bringing Ward Seminary to such a wonderful success.

Mrs. Ward was always at her husband's side and as Dr. Ward taught the girls to live to the fullest and best, just so did she exemplify all that was fine in woman. The establishing of the institution which became Ward's Seminary for Young Ladies was the result of a suggestion of Mrs. Ward. Excerpts from a letter written in New York on June 20, 1865, by Dr. Ward to Mrs. Ward give a definite idea of the beginnings of the historic school:

"You suggest the ideal school and use good argument why what is done should be done quickly. I agree with you. I am willing to go into it and will take the Shelby Medical College, the residence part of it, if they will put it in good shape and let me have it at a reasonable figure. If the occasion demanded we could get the use of some room in the college for recitations. As to outfit for so large a house, we could not think of furnishing it complete, but only as we had demands for rooms. I do not think we could get many boarders the first year.

"My idea runs thus—to secure a house, publish a card in the papers stating that I will open a school for females and that I have been in New York and other places for four months looking into schools, that girls can be taught as well and as cheaply there as here.

"Then, to get Miss Dunn and her, Mrs. Robertson for music and Taylor if demanded, and such other help as might become necessary, and not make a great flourish about what we are going to do, but a calm and dignified statement of the wants and our desires to fill them. These assistants, as you say, as to their fitness to teach and popularity with the public and their ability to draw influence, I only wish I were there now to look into all these things, but I cannot come under three or four weeks at best. In the meantime, you can see all about it and use your own judgment.

"I leave the whole matter to you, for I think you understand my idea. You might say to inquiries that I will be home as soon as I have finished my observations."

OSIRON DINNER DANCE FIRST OF YEAR

The first of the much-talked-of club "open houses" was held Friday evening, October 26, by the Osirons. From six until ten they were hostesses to a group of Vanderbilt students and some additional guests at a supper dance.

Small tables seating four or more guests were placed about the room and in the balcony for the supper. Afterwards the tables were cleared away and Jimmie Miller's orchestra played for dancing.

Miss Mary Douthett, sponsor of the club, and Miss Hibernia Seay were chaperones. Miss Sisson came down at nine-thirty, and after the dance was over, confirmed the Osiron's opinion by complimenting them on the success of their dance. Thelma Martin, president, and Helen Jones were in charge of the dance.

PEER GYNT ILLUSTRATION IN DEVOTIONAL CHAPEL

That the judgment of the world upon us is of greater importance than our judgment of the world, was the subject of a talk Dr. Roger T. Nooe, of the Vine Street Christian Church, gave in chapel, Wednesday, October 31.

Dr. Nooe stated that we all are ever-ready to state our views, to pass judgment on the whole universe, but usually do nothing about it. However, Dr. Nooe said, "We should judge life. All progress has come through people who have." Aristotle began critical intelligence; he asked questions of life, and laid the foundations for most of our sciences.

As to "the other side of the question: Isn't it more important how life judges us?" We are judged by our judgments, and by our thoughts. "We'll not have the last word about life; life will have the last word about us." Dr. Nooe impressed it upon us that "in the final analysis, certain things will judge us more than we judge them." In illustration of the point, Dr. Nooe told of the man who thought he was passing judgment on the paintings of the Sistine Chapel, when he said of it, "There is nothing here for me," instead, the paintings were passing judgment upon him.

"As the years unfold," the speaker continued, "memories will come that bless and burn." In the long run, it's more important what Ward-Belmont thinks of us, than what we think of Ward-Belmont. Are we helping to keep good the name of the school, and will those who come later find it lifted a little higher, because we have been here?

Ibsen's character, Peer Gynt, had two principles: "Go round-about," evade great duties and magnificent calls; and "to thyself be enough." He finished his life with a prayer that he be forgiven for having walked the earth to no avail. Life passed its judgment of Peer Gynt.

Jesus said, "Face life unafraid"; and "If any one find life, let him lose it, and he shall find life, and something better."

MUSIC NOTES

Miss Helen Jackson, teacher of Harp at Ward-Belmont, may be heard on the Sunday Nite Serenade program over WSM at 10:30 every Sunday night.



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ARABIAN HORSES EXHIBITED IN OUT- DOOR CHAPEL

McGavock Dickinson, owner of the Travellers Rest Farm, spoke at the first out-of-door chapel of the year, Monday, October 29. Mr. Dickinson, who is an authority on Arabian horses, brought with him two champion mares and a champion colt to show characteristics of the thoroughbred Arabian horse.

A thoroughbred Arabian is never spotted; and he is never a white-haired, pink-skinned horse. In fact, the Arabian word for thoroughbred means black-skinned. Arabian horses are gentle, very intelligent, can jump and can be gaited. In spite of the fact that they are generally noted for their speed, the English race horse can beat them by a short distance. Arabian horses are built for endurance and more of them have won the United States Mounted Service cup for endurance than any other breed.

The Arabian horses were brought back to Europe by the Crusaders. Most hot-blooded, fast, strong horses trace back to this strain as the European horses before this time were cold-blooded, sluggish animals. There are at the present time only about six hundred pure-bred Arabian horses in America.

BIRTHDAY DINNER USES ROSE MOTIF

The second birthday dinner for the year was held Monday, October 29, for those girls having birthdays in the latter part of the month.

The table was decorated with dozens of red roses. There were three silver bowls filled with roses and two iridescent bowls half filled with water with roses floating on top at either end of the table. Broad green satin ribbons crossed the table contrasting with the red roses. Green candles were used in silver candlesticks.

Mr. and Mrs. Benedict were the host and hostess, respectively, and Miss Sisson was also present.

The girls attending the dinner were: Mary Frances Launius, Louise Robinson, Margaret Elizabeth Young, Emma May Albrow, Barbara Leake, Betsy Jones, Frances Street, Pauline Tucker, Margaret Harton, Edith Manly, Louise Witherspoon, Jean Dayton, Betty Armstrong, Alice Hancock, Arlene Hershey Joanne Brigham, Frances Graham, Elizabeth Ann Reed.

P-S-S-T-I

(With apologies to everybody for the conspicuousness of this column by its absence last week—accidents will happen, you know.)

After all the excitement that Juanita caused—when she just knew that she had swallowed her gold filling—it proved to be only a false alarm, because she didn't even lose the filling, much less swallow it. It must have been something she ate, no doubt.

We have another suggestion for first place in our list of painful sights. Have you ever seen Patty try to sit down in her gym shorts? We hold our breath every time that she starts that most awkward process, and everybody certainly anticipates the sound of ripping cloth some day.

Mary Wilson Gillespie is getting rather worried. It's nice to have a young and healthy complexion, but in a school like Ward-Belmont it does arouse suspicion.

Has anybody figured out whether Rebecca Rice's tunic is brown with yellow stripes (or checks) or yellow with brown ones? We go cross-eyed in attempts to arrive at some sort of conclusion.

It has been rumored that Louise Duncan is seriously considering em-

CALENDAR OF "Y" EVENTS

Sunday, November 4—
8:30 A.M.—Sunday speaker.
Mary Lalla Byrn, speaker.
2:15 P.M.—Play hour, Tennessee Children's Home.
3:00 P.M.—Play Hour, Junior League Children's Hospital.
6:00 P.M.—Vespers, Mrs. Henry Cain, speaker.
Tuesday, November 6—
7:00 P.M.—Visit to wards of Vanderbilt Hospital.
Thursday, November 8—
7:00 P.M.—Trip to Old Ladies' Home.
Friday, November 9—
8:00 P.M.—Student Industrial Commission.

bracing the art of window-washing as her future career. For what other purpose could she have been sitting in a window (we won't say where) and trying to balance her head?

E. C. is going to be a dramatic alto. She says that she never decided what part to sing until the Glee Club started. It's nice to be able to decide that you want to sing alto, and then be able to sing it.

According to Nelia, a henchman and a best man are the same. After the idea has been suggested, it seems quite a safe way of avoiding being left at the church door. You might try it some time, girls.

Margaret started out in Chemistry with the idea of being a chemist of bases and acids. After a medium dose of hydrochloric acid, she quickly changed her mind. Even Dr. Hollinshead, with his master persuasiveness, couldn't induce her to agree that the aforesaid acid was good to taste. She still prefers ammonia.

Can anybody explain to us why Alice has such a failing for members of the opposite sex whose names begin with C? We could mention—but we won't—several of "that low tribe" (as Miss Ross so ably puts it) who come and go in rapid succession. Each time it's "the one." How many does it take to satisfy you, anyhow, Alice?

One of our up and most common debts (Beverly, of course) was gracing the library the other day. In a very defiant manner she proclaimed that she was going to do something that she had always wanted to do—she upon, she brandished a lipstick and brazenly applied it to her mouth, in the middle of the library! Dot, our high-powered salesman from the Tennessee Electric Power Company (who incidentally, was not high-powered enough to convince Pulver that the HYPHEN office needed a new super-alloy) seems not to have had any such desire. The last time we saw her, she was still wearing low-heeled shoes, and we were unable to find any trace of make-up.

Juliette has suddenly become very enthusiastic over French. Ask her why. She probably won't tell you, but it has something to do with the L. S. U. game, a long and detailed ride over the city of Nashville, and a few other details which we dare not mention. Really, Juliette, we are surprised at you!

Isn't Dot Guy's new Pi K. A. bracelet a honey? That, and a few other things, indicate that she is rather fond of band majors whose names begin with—oh, well, haven't you already heard?

Nena really has it in a highly developed form. However, we are rather inclined to feel sympathetic with Edd (who, by the way, has quite a nice new car, don't you think?) Poor boy! He wouldn't feel exactly right dressed up in a pink sweater, but Nena assures us that the pink wool is just a prologue to the swelling theme which will be made of blue. Luck be with thee, Nena! It's a long road that has no curve, and a useless sweater that isn't finished.

Everybody who wants to be a protector of the human race had better keep Evelyn away from babies. Poor

little things, she really has had an evil eye on them from her Psychology reports.

If this weather keeps up, we'll be "Lost in a Fog," and "Out in the Cold Again," but "Isn't it a Shame" that people like us run loose and are considered practically harmless?

"Y" NOTES

Trip to Colleges

Not all of the Ward-Belmont girls are acquainted with Scarritt, Peabody, and Vanderbilt; therefore, the Entertainment committee sponsored a trip to these colleges so that the girls might become more familiar with the schools. Miss Van Hooser acted as a guide from one school to the other for the following girls: Alice Adams, Beverly Lack, Dorothea Johnson, Frankie Marbury, Katherine Hyde, Virginia Reed, Betty Carlisle, Margaret Louie, Louise Boller, and Marjorie Wells, who is chairman of the Entertainment committee.

Miss Duram, the Dean of Women, received the party when they arrived at Scarritt College. She provided the girls with a guide, under whose direction they saw the buildings. The impressive little chapel was an especially lovely part of the school. Before leaving the girls climbed the tower and looked out over Nashville, in the distance they could see the roofs of Ward-Belmont.

On leaving Scarritt, they drove to Vanderbilt University where they visited the library first. Then they went to the Alumni Building where they heard the band practicing for the football game with L. S. U. When they passed the athletic field, some boys were practicing football and they stopped to watch. Another interesting building visited was the Observatory. After this they stopped at the College Drug Store where they enjoyed "hot dogs."

Because the time was getting short, the party drove through the campus of Peabody. This was sufficient to impress its beauty upon them and make them want to visit the college again when they could stay longer.

The Community Service Tours committee, under the chairmanship of Matilda Daugherty, made its first trip on Wednesday, October 17. The girls visited the Juvenile Court where Judge Barton Brown described for them the work of the court in Nashville. He has been judge of this court for fifteen years. During this time he has had many experiences and has made many interesting discoveries. Judge Brown has come to the conclusion that background and environment of children can often be a definite cause of trouble. Sometimes it has been a lack of training, sometimes it is the wrong kind of training. Quite often the court has proved a blessing to the boys and girls brought before it, giving them a chance to get a real start in life.

Girls who made the trip were: Alice Adams, Marjorie Wells, Jean Dayton, Martha Jane Chatin, Eunice Mary Bicknell, Leora Hill, Charlotte Ann Doughty, Margaret Louise Boyd, Mary Donna Wilson, and Virginia Shaw.

When the Vanderbilt Hospital committee arrived at the hospital Tuesday night, October 16, a note from the Social Service department was awaiting them, expressing welcome and appreciation of the work which the girls do. Both young and old people who are lonely are in the hospital. The girls mingle in the wards, talking to the patients and playing games with some.

Catherine Crosswell is chairman of this committee. Those who went on the first trip were Mary Norman West, Mary Elizabeth LaPort, Mary Francis Launius, and Mildred Scarritt.

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Up this morning feeling fresh as a daisy, heigh-ho!

The devotional this morning had as its speaker Dr. Harrell of the West End Methodist, who is always readily accepted at Ward-Belmont.

At last we heard from the Beestly and feel much, much better!

To club meeting tonight, where plans for the open house were discussed. There was much pro and con argument, but we believe that everything is settled upon the day before the party, at least!

Thursday—

Went to our mail boxes all expectant "neverthing." There was the fattest envelope with—our cancelled checks in it! What a let-down! Too, it brought to light an all too-apparent subject which we've been avoiding for the past two weeks: our bank account. "Nuff said?"

In chapel this morning announcements were made concerning the fire-drill tonight. No noise, no confusion, and so on!

We studied in the library this afternoon and tonight (really we're becoming real addicts!) and hurried back to the hut at nine-thirty in time for the fire-drill.

Of course, we took the directions for all they were worth and literally soaked our towel; henceforth, our hands nearly dropped off from exposure. Talk about frozen assets!

Lights on, windows down, shades up, doors open! A fire wouldn't have much chance here!

And so to bed feeling like a chartered member of the firemen corps! Everytime we hear a siren now, we rise to action!

Friday—

In chapel this morning Jean Stewart, Carolyn Bryant, and Marion Farr presented a clever play. Jean had the well-known malady of hostess trouble. We certainly "felt" for her!

Tonight was the Osiron open house. The first one of the year and most everyone was as thrilled about it as the members, themselves, were!

We were quietly and unassumingly studying in our room when great shouts and hollerings drew our attention to the great open spaces—better known as the campus. There flocking around the campus were men, millions—well, thousands—oh, all right, a hundred of them! We were so excited, we nearly fell out of our window. They trooped straight to Pennike and Senior and hovered on the steps of same.

"Tis said that a certain hall hostess soothed her charges by assuring them that everything would be all right since she had all of the doors and windows locked!

Sooner or later (too soon) the commotion ceased and we drug our roomie away from the window and once more settled down to our drudgery.

End of mob scene number one!

'Night!

Saturday—

No chapel this morning, so we hung around with the thickening crowd until the doors were opened to the dining room and surged forth with the rest.

Out this afternoon with Gilbertine and Mrs. Moore. Had such a grand time! The ride to Franklin, Tenn., is one of the prettiest and the hills had us spellbound! Out whar we live there ain't no sech!

Back in time to see the football fans come back suffering from the first signs of cold weather. 'Twas lovely out when they started but turned right crispy!

Enjoyed "Richelieu" tonight. Arrived just a wee bit early and certainly envied the girls with their admitting to while away the three-quarters of an hour before the play started.

Didn't get home until a quarter of twelve! These late hours are really exhaustive. We almost fell asleep on

the way home! Guess we can't take it. We'll probably fall asleep automatically at eleven sooner or later.

Sunday—

Sleep, sweet sleep! Clear up to ten-thirty! Then upstairs to a Descartes room to eat grapefruit, cookies, and candy for breakfast. Nice balanced meal, that!

To church and heard Dr. Mims give a very good sermon.

Listened to the Kansas City philharmonic orchestra this afternoon and it certainly hit the spot!

Tea and vespers were at the clubs tonight and we sat and watched Judy Acheson knit her afghan!

Jeanne Morgan and Catherine Kilty both received telephone calls. The Osiron party was a decided success in their opinion!

Monday—

To a HYPHEN meeting early this morning where we taxed our brain for news of the week—nothing like brain work in the early morning!

A second birthday dinner was in chapel for the girls having birthdays in the latter part of October. We peeked in on them at dinner and all of them looked so nice and "birthdayish!"

Up to the hut where we made our chain of days from the first of November on up to Christmas. Mighty handy things, paper clips!

Tuesday—

Up this morning to study! The hut was in total darkness—winter has come!

Announcements were made in chapel this morning of the new Wordsmith members. Congratulations, writers—we think it a great honor!

To the library this afternoon to study.

Another fire-drill tonight! We found that it was just the bracer that we needed in order to keep awake the rest of the evening. One thing we'd like to know—what does the infirmary do? Go up in smoke? Sarah Ashley was bemoaning the fate of her roomie, Jeanne Brigham, who was abed at the time of the race around the campus.

Good-bye until the next time!

ENTER, MADAME

Hiya! And how might you all be this fine Saturday afternoon? Today, I believe I'll give you a few items concerning one of our best-known and most dearly-beloved citizens, Miss Arlene Hershey. Take your bow, milady! In Miss Hershey you have one of the outstanding members of the Senior Class, outstanding in any group, I might say. Outstanding for her chuckle, her exceeding good humor, and her experience in varied and sundry manner of things. Say, Hershey's been through more than a Civil War yet, a blue-ribbon patchwork quilt, and the man on the flying trapeze, all put together. And the way she tells you all about it. Well, Hershey has a way with her, all her own!

Hershey's just a small-town gal—comes from Lemoyne, Pa.—but she's made good. Goes in for voice. Really puts a lot behind her singing. She intends to go ahead with it, too. Noble resolution! Also, Hershey's mighty good at the art of elocution. She can really make up—herself, I mean. Gee!

Let me see! What else? Well, she's the only girl in a family of numerous boys. Her dad owns the Hershey Ice Cream Factory. Surprise, it's ice cream instead of candy! Hershey has the very fond affection for most any kind of ice cream. It makes a woman of you.

Miss Hershey is goal guard for the Tri K's. A formidable opponent. And I'm quite sure she's an expert on the swan dive. In fact, I've heard she can give a graceful performance with a couple of steps and no water whatsoever at all, when she's in a hurry, too. Well, bigger and better splashes to you, Hershey!



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EDITORIAL

FRIENDS ON THE SHELF

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Stevenson must have been thinking of books when he wrote this couplet, for the world is full of good literature. Unexplored pools of pleasure await your plunge into this world of fancy. New friends, who can be as real to you as your roommate, stand idle between the pages of the classics, awaiting your coming. With the opening of a book, you are carried to other lands and other times—you may talk to heroes long since dead in language now obsolete.

Reading is one way of establishing a personal touch with history. But more than that—brought up-to-date—it is still a surprising store-house. Ideas that have played hide-and-seek in the corner of your brain may suddenly jump out at you from the printed page. The same ideas, yes, but couched in phrases past your power!

Books, more than mental prodders and intellectual stimuli, are the homes of friendly beings. Friendships in them run more smoothly than friendships here at school. A wider range of persons appears, and you can afford to be "picky" and "choosy" with your acquaintances.

You need not chum with a domineering villain unless you just happen to like domineering villains, for in another book perhaps is waiting the most satisfying of friends.

These friends may, in the ordinary course of conversation, convert you to an opinion against which you would be much prejudiced if you met with it in ordinary discussion or conversation. An argument is sometimes more convincing in black and white than when delivered orally. Besides you are entirely dependent upon yourself for your opinion. It makes no difference to the book if you do not agree with it, so your entire mind may be employed in getting the facts clearly instead of part of it hawking the opposition in search of a chance for rebuttal.

So, if you want to meet new friends, if there's something you would like to see in a different light, if you want to be royally entertained, make the library your headquarters for a part of every day. Through your companionship with books you will be a better companion to your real associates. M. G. '36.

MEASURING UP

Living up—making up—keeping up—the things of which many people's lives consist! We have for many years flaunted the fact that we are a free country in the faces of the other nations of the world. We say that we are a free people doing only that which we wish. We say also that education helps to make us free by removing the bonds which ignorance and lack of training have laid about us. True, but have you ever thought how these bonds are replaced by others, far stronger because they are more subtle? Bonds which impede us on every side except in the way that we should go. Bonds of responsibility to positions, to what people expect of us, to the things which we must do and be because people for whom we care believe in us.

We are preparing to take our places in the world and in the management of its affairs. At present the whole thing seems to be in a state of chaos. How much easier to say—eat, drink, and be merry, for nobody knows whether we will even have a world tomorrow! But we can't; we are bound by the traditions, the limitations and the expectations of education. As the younger generation, the world expects much of us and we must measure up. G. L. '36.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Don't you like the weather? If you don't, you're kinda hard to please, 'cause we've sure had all kinds lately.

Greetings to Mary Jane Foulston of Wichita, Kansas! We're mighty glad to see you, even if it is a little late.

Congratulations this week go to Betty Roberson, Dawn Chianenza, Eunicemary Bicknell and Winnie Coffee as they were taken into Word-smiths. We understand that the committee had a hard time deciding, so those of you who didn't make it, don't be downhearted but try again next time.

EXTRA—All about the big famine in Senior! "Chat," Irene, and poor little Martha Fisher all but starved to death after fire drill Tuesday.

And Mary Ellen certainly has a time with her name. This week it's "Hug" and "Huggenston." Maybe she'll be able to bear up after her week-end at home.

With the changes in weather comes a few changes such as fur coats, wool socks, etc., and then back to summer clothes again—but speaking of fur coats, have you seen Grace Willis' coat? It's the kind you love to touch. And that red suit of Mildred Scott's! Ummmmmm!

"SNATCHES" I've seen around the campus—

Mary Lee Wilson and Nancyann Schmid finding out about their "Jims" in common.

Mary Ann Foley after a "week-end."

Jayne Keyport on Saturday night —?

Winnie Coffee bareback on "Big Dipper."

Patty Gibbs when she's disappointed on Sundays.

Elizabeth Tipton on Saturday noon

Edwine Schmid laughing—

Betty Lou Pfeiffer typing in the HYPHEN Office.

Mardie Page, of all people (!), almost went into Pembroke during study hour. Watch out, Madame President, you're slipping!

Almost I could shoot! Coming out to hockey on one of those nice "crisp" days to hear Miss Carling tell someone about how "hot" it was in Florida —OH!

"THUMBNAILED DESCRIPTIONS" (with apologies to Walter Winchell): Libby Siegmund—the girl in the toothpaste ad.

Sarah Joyce Beasley—the girl on your powder box.

Mozelle Trout—the girl in the portrait.

Mary Eleanor Clay—the girl on the cover of "College Life."

By the way, three cheers for Monday chapel! Let's have more of the same variety!

The big surprise of the day, Wednesday, was the arrival of the "other twin," Charlotte Heck. We knew and we wanted to tell but we didn't and it was more fun—it certainly was a big surprise for Betty.

I'm about all in for today—all in the column, you understand—what with such a "scoop" as my last item, but I'll be seeing you around, and just remember I see all, and put it in this column!

EAGLE FEATHER

By Eunicemary Bicknell

BEDTIME

When I've come to the end of a Ward-Belmont day,
A day that's been perfect in every way—
I sit by the window and look at the sky;
I see the stars gleam, and the moon sail on high—
I'm at peace with the world, with God and my soul,
And I feel I have gained toward my heavenly goal;
I wait for the call that closes the day,
I stand there and think, and always pray—
And then the call comes like a herald of night—
And peace settles down till the dawn of the light.

WINNIE COFFEE, '36.

TO THE HIGH GODS

They can tear from your hand my fingers
They can force me to walk alone,
They can blot the stars from the heavens
Or give me for bread—a stone.
But not, in the dim hereafter,
Though suns be forever set,
Though the Gods on high ordain it—
Can they force my soul to forget.

NANCYANN SCHMID, '35.

PRAYER

I do not ask a pot of gold,
A rich man's house I do not need.
I'll ask you only this, my Lord,
Deliver me from greed.

I do not pray for beauty, God,
My body needs no wondrous cures.
But this, O Lord, I beg of Thee,
Give me courage, keep me pure.

I would not ask Thee, Lord, for fame
Or many friends to hold me dear,
'Tis something greater far than these—
Teach me, dear Lord, to be sincere.

EUNICEMARY BICKNELL, '35.

MISS MAGNOLIA SAYS—

Mary Lalla Byrn is just a peninsular (a neck jutting out to sea).

A few of the girls seem to think that a conscience is just an inner voice that warns us that somebody is looking.

According to Virginia Shaw, there are quite a few "athletics" among the new girls.

Betty Hill says that "etc" is a sign used to make others believe you know more than you do.

"Mardie" Page never could take care of herself. She even needs "sup-porters" in classes.

If the members of suite 207-208 Senior look haggard, it's because of the "jack" games overhead.

Jean Stewart surprised everyone after Senior Recognition when she welled up and wept.

We heard some people wondering what happened to the remaining F. F. hamburgers. Well, we also heard of a feast in the Del Ver's house Saturday night.

A knowing Senior was heard calling "Pulvie," "Theory"—maybe because she never works.

CLUB CHATTER

Agora

Have any of you noticed the new fad of white nail polish that Keyport has introduced?—It's the bee's knees. Frankie goes to play golf at Belle Meade quite regularly. Do you suppose the interest is in some caddy? Guess we need not worry, as we've all noticed that she can handle her club pretty well. A punny word! June Leach's family drove here from Detroit to see her last week—and wasn't she surprised! Gee, whizz! When are our families going to give us a break and come down? Wasn't that a grand vesper service Sunday? We hope we'll have more like that one, Nell. Have any of you noticed Miss Graham in her expression class portraying an old lady? She is really a riot! We must get her to put on an act for us some time, and until then—*Adios amigos*, it's my Spanish blood!

A. K.

These people who can't wait until Christmas to go home! And when they go home and come back telling us what a grand time they had in the old home town—Louise Anderson visited last week-end with her parents in Mississippi. And did Virginia Rich-ey get a break! Nope, she didn't go home but something just as well—her folks came up all the way from Mississippi to see her.

Just what is this sudden attraction that kept Betsy Jones from last week's big football game? Was it that most fascinating and entertaining game of "jacks"?

Wonder how long this family visiting (who come on business only) of Mary Lalle's is going to last? Is she lucky—and do we turn green with envy at her persistent good fortune!

Virginia Shaw is another lucky person. She has gone this week-end to visit her folks—and maybe other people?

What was that terrible commotion in Gilbertine Moore's room around midnight, a few nights ago? By some strange phenomenon, the legs or springs of her bed collapsed. Was she that little girl—"Who wouldn't say her prayers—"

And when she went to bed at night, away upstairs,

Her roommate heard her holler, and her suitemate heard her bawl, An' when they turned the lights on There she was in the middle of it all."

For some traisp'ain goblin had been to see her early in that fateful night!

Vespers were held Sunday night in the club house. Jane Ludwig was in charge of the program. Roberta Lincoln rendered a number on her violin. Afterwards, Arlyne Milligan gave a devotional talk on beauty of poems.

Anti-Pan

Zounds 'n zithers! Everybody's rushing around getting all excited about the big open house. Christine White even bought a new formal and a slippy-looking new evening coat for the big event. Methinks that it's going to be a big success and that the poor boys won't even have a chance with all those good-looking sirens.

A sweet little girl is Charlotte Anne, Of Founders she is proctor.

And are we glad she's an Anti-Pan?

For we couldn't do without her."

Lucille Endsley got back from her week-end simply raving about the good time she had. Oh, well, I guess we'd rave, too, if our dad owned a boys' military school!

The screeches floating out from the Anti-Pan house Sunday night were really of no consequence. Just Crockett dishing out the hot chocolate from the pot with a saucer, and threatening every one within a radius of ten feet!

"A talented girl is Mary Lee,

On the piano she can play,
Her hair is lovely auburn, you see,
And that makes her okay."

Del Vers

Did the Del Vers put on the feed-bag Sunday night? Well, just ask June Weeks; she ought to know. Not only did we eat but we had one of the best vesper services on the campus. We're certainly proud of Nell Jane, who managed the whole thing, and also of Eucymene Bicknell. She really can read poetry!

Our hockey manager, Becky Hall, is tearing her hair over this hockey situation. The D. V.'s are responding the best they know how, though, which is plenty good.

I nearly fell over when Judy Acheson walked in with a big basket full of yarn. Hope her afghan goes well! That's all for this time, but you D. V.'s get busy and stir up some news!

F. F.

The entertainment at the F. F. club, Wednesday, October 24, was most interesting. It was a mock wedding given with Eula Wade, as minister; Louise Morton, as bride; and Fanny Street, as groom. The solemnity of the affair was very impressive, but the outfits were particularly fetching. (Where did you get the lovely curtain, Louise? We're sure the Fanny will be a very obedient husband. We all enjoyed Ruth Porter's singing at Vespers, Sunday night. Why didn't you tell us that you could sing like that, Ruth? You didn't know that Eleanor could play the piano, did you? She was a little surprised herself. I guess the F. F.'s won't have to worry about music from now on. Speaking of voices, we're all glad to hear Miss Ruef's once more.

See ya'll next week!

Osiron

Was there ever a hot time at the Osiron Club last Friday night! Looks as if some of 'em had a right good time at the dinner dance—especially Modesta Good, Louise Fosgate, and Marty Kiger. Congratulations, gals!

We wonder if there will be enough club meetings this year for Gail to finish the skirt she is knitting? Poor girl can't seem to find any other time to knit.

I reckon Gretchen must have had one of them perfect week-ends, what with the dance and having her folks in town. Lucky bum!

Modesta and Helen Tibbets have been haunting Pembroke each night with their songs from the front steps—that mournful tone of "Show Me the way to Go Home" and "Let the Rest of the World Go By," is rather suggestive, don't you think? See you later!

Penta Tau

The Penta Tau's still have to have skits at the club meetings. Last Wednesday night, Edwin Schmid presented us with a skit "The Voyage of Columbus." The making of the voyage in the tin bathtub were Boots Bradley, Carolyn Whitely, Grace Willis and Evelyn McCall—Jeanne Brigham furnished the music. By the way, we have discovered that Jeanne is a talented musician—she can keep perfect time beating the table with a newspaper. We will discover the rest of the club talents before long.

Vespers were held at the club Sunday evening. Those taking part in the service were Virginia Buchanan, Sarah Clark, and Alice Ruchan.

Kathryn Hyde was supposed to have poured tea at tea time but instead she found chocolate in the tea-pot.

Tri K

Whoopee! Did we ever have a good time! Thus spoke Betty Strain and Winnie Marsh just back from Colum-

bia Military Academy! They must have had one high time!

'Twas a fine evening that we spent Wednesday evening. Isabel Coulter got through "Love in Bloom," for us, and also sang something about a bear and then "For all We Know." Mary Louise Henderson read some very fine poetry and Dorothy Zimmer played the piano. Beverly and Jean (those inseparables) did a tap number for us. Our congratulations to Marion Weber as Sergeant-at-Arms and Jean Cookson as the new treasurer!

The Tri K's really enjoyed "Sleep Sunday." Our quiet fireside vesper service was led by Beverly Lack, who chose the "Spirit of Friendship" as an appropriate topic for discussion.

We did some hard thinking on the ways to spend our money. Don't know where we are getting the money—unless some have actually paid their club dues. 'Bye, now!

T. C.

The T. C.'s feel just like a brand-new bride starting on housekeeping! Reason?—Last Wednesday night they had a dinner and kitchen shower, and such an inviting array of shiny new utensils, as was displayed! Looks like some one's going to be very domestic.

Peggy Nye had club members all agog as she narrated each little incident of her trip to Anderson. And speaking of week-ends, Fran Prince reports a divine time a couple of weeks ago in Louisville when she went there with Virginia Barker.

"Knot one and purf two" might be the new T. C. password, for they have certainly taken up this feminine art. Fran's is always perfect, especially her latest sweater. And Louise Longworth has such ambition; she's starting one of those crocheted breads.

Is it for your hope chest, Louise? Congratulations, Dawn Chienrual! We're going to expect lots of sonnets from you now.

X. L.

Well, we certainly have some swell actresses in the X. L. Club! Girls, the harmony in the quartet was just too ducky! You should have seen Connie operating on Rozelle Emery—How do you feel now, Rozelle? The imitation of studying Library Methods couldn't have been better. For a moment I thought I was in the library.

By the way, have you heard our new records? "Stars Fell On Alabama," "Isn't It A Shame," and just all of the new song hits. Methinks Connie really knows her records.

Mary Elizabeth and I were wandering around the club and who should we meet up with but Mary Jane and Lattie Miller? They were trying out the new records. "You must come up and hear them sometime!"

Mildred, the fireside program was swell. Your talk was one of the best of the year. These Sartor sisters certainly have the art of making speeches. It must be wonderful!

Triad

Phi Delta Theta, and who should we see but Joyce Martin dancing over people?

Emmarlyne and Sally seemed to be doing right well at Railroad, too—Numerous young maidens appeared at the gym dance, Saturday night. Lattie, Clayton, Whitson, with, of course, Juanita saying—"Now you see, now you don't!"

Why this sudden raving over Castle Heights Cadets? Ask Rebecca and Laura!

Hockey practice and everybody "raring to go!" Here to bigger and better Hockey games this year!

Angkor

On Tuesday, October thirtieth, the members of the club were entertained with a very amusing skit put on by certain members of the club. If you can feature Ellen Bowers as a bad and worst villain, Elizabeth Cornelius (the delicate creature), as a poor, old crippled grandfather, you can imagine the humor in the skit.

Don't be surprised if the Angkors have pictures of the whole club in the *Mistones* this year.



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DIARY OF THE "Y" CABINET OUTING

October 27, Saturday Afternoon—

Twelve strong, the members of the "Y" cabinet and Miss Vanni piled into the school cars and whizzed out to Dr. Barton's cottage at White Bluff. As soon as we had chosen meal committees, the lure of the woods made us dash outside. Hiking, singing, exploring we went; but a greater hunger than that of our beauty-loving souls instinctively headed us toward the local cafe and drug store. Before we realized it, the afternoon had slipped by, and back to the cottage we tramped to prepare supper before the Bartons' arrival. Through the combined efforts of the supper committee and Dave, the Bartons' cook, we were served the most delicious spaghetti supper I could imagine in my wild west dream.

Saturday Night—

We all gathered around the open fireplace in the living room and played every kind of game and tried every sort of parlor trick we had ever known. In one corner, Mrs. Barton and Mary Alice beat everybody at bridge; Mary Ellen Hudgins and John Barton shot marbles, Jane Flannigan, Mary Eleanor Clay and Matilda played carom. Suddenly Dr. Barton noticed that a train was passing, and when he exclaimed, "It's one of Huey Long's," we dashed out over the porch and counted car after car. Who ever heard of Saturday night in a little town, without everybody trooping down to see the lights! In a body, Miss Van herded us to town to make our few purchases. Bed-time already! Half of us buttoned our sweaters and crossed the hill to sleep in another cabin to make room for the four girls who were coming out after "Riche-lieu." Ghost stories finished the night, and we outsmarted the cold weather by sleeping three in a bed.

Sunday A.M.—

After being dragged out of bed, the breakfast committee prepared a meal, which centered around Dr. Barton's delicious homemade jelly and which we were proud to serve to our interesting visitor, Mr. Woodard, pastor of the churches in the White Bluff district. We enjoyed his short talk so much that we just sat and let our coffee get cold. Spent the rest of the morning on a cross-country hike, led by Dr. and Mrs. Barton; jumped at least a half-dozen little streams and found the biggest persimmon tree, simply loaded with the orangish fruit!

Sunday Afternoon—

Dr. Barton was unanimously voted the best "steak with onions" cook in the country. Kay Crosswell certainly did a wonderful job of the meal-planning. After we spent the rest of the afternoon hiking and playing around, we reluctantly climbed into the cars and returned to civilization spelled with a capital Scho-o-l.

EXPRESSION NOTES

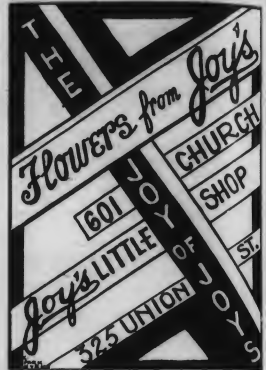
Miss Townsend, through the invitation of the A.A.U.W., appeared on their program Monday night, October 29, at the State Teachers' College in Murfreesboro. She read to an enthusiastic student audience, "Mary of Scotland."

This week starts rehearsals of the plays by the students in the certificate expression classes. We are anticipating their presentation, as they are always interesting and entertaining.

PREP PATTERN

It's mutiny, that's what it is! Grace, if you don't stop pinching everybody we're going to rebel! And when we do, you won't be able to pinch for a year. (We hope!)

We heard that the Angkors were supposed to wear white last Tuesday. That's funny, we must be color blind, but we saw a lot of colors that didn't look the least bit like white to us.



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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

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Number 8

DR. BARTON URGES CO-OPERATION WITH COMMUNITY CHEST

The Community Chest is an organization which provides one appeal for various charities of the community. There is an organization of this kind in practically every city in the United States. Instead of twenty-five or thirty separate campaigns or enterprises which carry on community charitable activities the Chest provides for one. The agencies supply not only food and clothing and bare necessities of life to the needy, but character-building agencies are also included. The development of right attitudes of mind are equally as important as feeding the hungry.

While the government is doing more than ever before in relieving distress, it cannot and will not assist any charity enterprises except the Welfare Commission.

Friday, November 2nd, Dr. Barton made an appeal in chapel to the faculty and Nashville students to support the Chest campaign by contributions. Response to the appeal in time past has been most gratifying, and it is believed that this year's response will be in keeping with past records.

SENIORS FROLIC AT FLOOR PARTIES

Of late there've been mighty high goings on in Senior Hall between the hours of nine-thirty and ten o'clock. Separately, and independently of one another, the different floors have been giving socials, so to speak. Just like in the time when they got all worked up over a spelling match, and a husking bee was a regular evening's entertainment and talk for weeks to come. Sure 'nough. They even dance the Virginia Reel to kind of get that spirit of getting together. Just one great big happy family!

Well, after the Virginia Reel—these parties all run off according to the same schedule—comes a program dance. Every one draws three names and then dances three dances with three different girls, a dance apiece. It's all so you can get to know the girls on your floor that you didn't know so well before. New contacts, new opportunities for friendship. And much fun too.

About that time it's getting nigh onto ten o'clock and high time for refreshments. There are peanut butter and crackers and cent bars of candy—just everything you could possibly want at that time of night after that kind of activity. And after the party's over and after the dancing's through, everybody goes off to study till bedtime, contented, happy, and full.

MISS HERRON HEADS CHAPEL

Miss Louise Herron, of the Ward-Belmont English department, had charge of Chapel on Monday, November 5. Her theme was, "Perpetuating the Significant."

After a few words in which she explained the choice of the Ward-Belmont hymn, and cited instances in which it had been an inspiration to Ward-Belmont girls, Miss Herron taught the students the first two verses of the hymn.

Mr. Dalton, instructor in voice, and Mr. Henkel at the organ, assisted Miss Herron.

JUDY ACHESON ELECTED PRESIDENT OF WORDSMITHS

Wordsmiths formally welcomed their new members Monday evening November 5. After the dinner, at which Miss Louise Herron and Miss Ellene Ransom were additional guests, a short business meeting was held. Judy Acheson was unanimously elected president, and Eunice Mary Bicknell, secretary-treasurer. Plans were discussed for work during the year, and the new members read the selections which they had submitted for try-outs.

DR. BARTON CON- DUCTS FIRST CURRENT EVENT CHAPEL

Friday, November 2, Dr. Barton conducted his popular current event chapel. He spoke particularly on election days in the United States, in Tennessee, in California, and in the Saar Valley in Europe. He also made announcements.

Only forty-seven states voted Tuesday as Maine votes earlier. If Maine is an indication of the nation-wide vote, the total number of Democrats and Republicans in Congress will not change much. California, according to Dr. Barton, will have the most interesting state election, as Upton Sinclair, a Democrat and Socialist, is running for governor. He challenged us by stating that the poorer sections over-vote while a very small percentage of the better educated vote.

Soon the people in Saar Valley will decide, by vote, whether they will remain under control of the League of Nations or whether they will belong to Germany or France. Germany and France are eager for the control because of the natural resources found there. "Nations do not fight over people; they fight over natural resources," said Dr. Barton, in explaining the world significance of the Saar decision.

THE HISTORY OF BELMONT COLLEGE

It was in the fall of '89 when Miss Ida Hood and Miss Susan Heron, driving out Hillsboro Road, first saw the Acklen estate, the grounds that were to be the site of Belmont College. The richest and most impressive of the Southern estates stretched out before their eyes. A lovely Italian garden with its many rare flowers blooming lent color and warmth to the beauty of the long expanse of lawn. Throughout were placed a hundred graceful statues. Summerhouses overgrown with ivy; walks shaded by the great magnolias with their glossy foliage; fountains reflecting the lovely landscape and the overhanging trees in its ripples, ever flowing, rhythmically, softly; the tower looking out over the lagoon; and finally set back amongst the trees and shrubbery, made more impressive by its surroundings, was the Acklen mansion.

Miss Hood and Miss Heron, although at that time they had in their possession articles drawn up for locating a school near Boston, were convinced that they should establish their school here. The owner of the estate, who was the one surviving member of the Acklen family, sold the property to the two ladies and Belmont College was founded.

Naturally some changes had to be instituted. The gardens were modified; the fountain in the center of Recreation Hall was removed; the bowling alley became a practice hall. The Acklen estate became Belmont College, institution of learning, finishing school for young ladies. How fitting that this manor, long the social center of the South during the Civil War, the home of one of the finest ladies and hostesses, should become a school for girls! Here was provided tradition, a cultural background.

Yes, indeed, Belmont College grew into one of the leading institutions of the South. However, Miss Heron began to lose her health and she decided that she must have a rest and a change. Since Ward Seminary was seeking a suburban location at this time, it was thus that the two foremost girls' schools united and Ward-Belmont was formed.

In this union is illustrated the meaning of the hyphen. It signifies the combination of these two fine schools. Belmont College was a cultural center, their intellectual depth, building character, and establishing social graces. Through its attainment Belmont College came to be known as one of the foremost of the earlier colleges.

PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL DISCUSSES FORMAL BUSINESS PROCEDURE

Monday, November 5, the Presidents' Council met informally at dinner in the private dining room for the first meeting of this year. Marguerite Page, president of the Student Council, was the presiding officer, and Miss Emma Sisson, the sponsor, was present.

The question discussed by the council was the formal procedure of a business meeting. Miss Sisson suggested that a formal business meeting be held at least once a month by each club.

Each president was advised to conduct their business meetings formally and to acquaint their respective groups with this procedure.

VESPER SPEAKER GIVES HISTORY OF HOME

As a representative of the Tennessee Children's Home at Vespers, Sunday, November 4, Mrs. E. A. Price thanked Ward-Belmont students for their work done at the institution.

In a sketch of its history Mrs. Price told her audience of Judge Stevis who just took a few children into his own home and kept them. A fire unfortunately destroyed his home preventing his caring for the orphans. He died a few years later. However, July 10, 1913, a society was formed at the First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, authorized by the state government and Mr. E. A. Price was elected president.

The motto of the new organization was "Every homeless child must be found a home." Money was raised by Mardi Gras balls and other entertainments, and the building for the home was erected. The first child was six years old when admitted and was soon adopted by a Nashville family.

In conclusion, Mrs. Price expressed again that the Tennessee Home was "deeply grateful to volunteer workers" and assured the girls that "you will always have a warm welcome at the home."

ANNE LOFTIN, '34, SPEAKS AT CHAPEL SERVICE

Anne Loftin, honor graduate of '34, who is now doing welfare work, returned to speak in chapel Wednesday, November 7. She stated that her message was contained in these lines of poetry:

"I cannot stand upon the brink
I must plunge in
I stake my life on
Beauty, truth and love."

She said: "When I was here at school, I felt that I hated to go out into the world, because life would be ugly and sordid; but now I've found that goodness is beauty and ugliness is found only in the evil."

"If in your search for truth you may feel that you have failed, all has not been in vain if you have made some 'steps' upon which those who follow you may climb."

In conclusion she read the rest of the poem and explained that the full beauty of life can be experienced only by those who plunge boldly into the midst of it.

TENNIS TOURNA- MENT CLOSES

This week sees the close of the fall singles tennis tournament. An unusual number signed up at the start, but too many unnecessary defaults have marred to some extent an otherwise record participation.

The semi-final matches were played off Monday and Tuesday. Patty Chadwell defeated Irene Sartor 6-0, 6-1, and Carolyn Conklin won over Grace Benedict 6-2, 6-1. The finals had not been played when the HYPHEN went to press, but the match is scheduled for Friday, November 9.

Fine sportsmanship and some splendid playing have shown up in every match to date and the championship match promises to be very close as both girls are excellent players.

CLASSES HAVE MEETINGS

Regular class meetings were held Thursday, November 1. The Senior class discussed plans for a "get-together" wiener roast to be held in the "lot," Thursday, November 15. After the business meeting, Nancyann Schmid entertained with popular songs.

The Senior-Mids took up the business of selecting a class song. Two songs, arranged by the music committee, Evelyn Braden, chairman, Ruth Porter and Louise Duncan, with the help of Louise Douglas and Elizabeth Cornelius, were practiced by the group, to help decide which song they preferred. Also discussed in the meeting was the plan of taking charge of a Wednesday chapel service at a future date. No definite plan was made.

ANTI-PANS HOLD OPEN HOUSE

The Anti-Pans celebrated their first open house of the season on Friday, November 2, and it proved to be a tremendous success. It was in the nature of a formal dance with the music furnished by Johnnie Miller and his orchestra. The honor guests were Miss Sisson, Dr. Mrs. Barton, and Dean and Mrs. Burke.

Refreshments were served during the evening.

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CLUB CHATTER

A. K.

I guess Virginia Chisolm and Eugenia Vick had a perfectly marvelous time in Birmingham this last weekend. They report the same, anyway. And then to top it off, Mrs. Chisolm came back with them. Double luck, I call it.

Virginia Shaw had a grand time in the good old home town of Tupelo. More power to these people who go home!

And did you hear of Richey's and Gilbertine's inability to keep the food at Miss Rhea's table on the table? They think the place for it is on the floor, and do the proper thing to get it there. It's such as this that keeps our club going, girls; so keep up the good work.

Did you see Tony's face the other day when Dartmouth played Yale? It was so droopy that I thought for sure it would drop off. But then, Tony, dear, you can't keep all your football dates at home and come to Ward-Belmont, too! So buck up, Christmas isn't so far off and even if you can't see that particular game with that particular friend, you can see the friend.

Last week, did you notice Mary Smith's journalistic ability? Well, we are, indeed, proud of you, Mary!

Gilbertine's Doctor Friend has at last persuaded her to go home for the week-end, and that is just where she is now. He has been coming down so often now that we feel that he is just one of the girls.

Girls, do try a joke on Betty Heck some time. Her speed at biting at the simplest things is positively amazing.

Elizabeth Tipton is certainly going around with her young face wreathed in smiles. And why? Why, she has just been made the proud aunt of an eight-pound girl. Dear Auntie Elizabeth!

And will every one use all their hopes, love and ambitions for the dear old club today? We are meeting the mighty Agoras in the first hockey game of the season, and need all you can give us. Come on, A. K.'s, and show 'em what you're made of!

Anti-Pan

Oh, me! Oh, my! All the little Anti-Panners certainly did go over in a big way and prove themselves true Belles of the Ball. They're still rushing around all agog with excitement, wondering if it was really true. Eeeeeee-magine! Betas to the right of them, Sigma Chi's to the left of them, S. A. E.'s vollied and thundered. Virginia Grotz is mighty sweet, Her golden hair is hard to beat,

Assistant editor of the *Of Milestones*, which you'll soon see. By without remarking on that simply devastating formal that Crockett wore to the open house. Also, Martha Anne was mowing 'em down in that gorgeous red-ruffly frock, and Christine White's new gold-and-white kept us all in raptures.

Bobbie Leake is sweet and coy, She makes a hit with every boy, Her job is to make you pay Your dues to the G. A. A.

Lest we forget—that punch or what-have-you was absolutely the most scrumptious thing that ever existed. George was simply rushed to death pouring ginger ale over orange sherbet.

Who's the gal that does the dancing? On her toes she's always prancing, Frankie, who with those bewitchin' eyes, Makes Bill heave those woeful sighs.

Agora

Hot tamales! Didn't we have fun, though, Saturday? Most of us with wet feet from the downpour and watery mouths from those big, tender steaks. Goodness! Elaine, can't you and Freda Lee ever satiate your ravenous appetites? Let's go out again some time . . . what say?

It certainly is grand to have Janie Ruth back—we missed her plenty.

Did you all know we have an organist in our midst? Yowah! None other than our mighty fullback, Olga. She entertained us grandly at the Henkel's, Sunday.

Who was that tall, ghostly ghost who leered our backs Halloween? Surely you can guess. Anyway, this is beginning to sound like a Who's Who, so I'd better sign off. Just to encourage you—Who do you think will win the hockey game Saturday? Here's hoping—!!—

F. F.

The campus sure was deserted last week-end. It seems as if everyone either went home or went visiting out of Nashville. Among the lucky F. F.'s were: Fanny Street, who spent the week-end in Jackson, Tenn.; Jean and Eleanor, who went home to Kentucky with Mary Ellen. (Tis said that 3:00 A.M. trains aren't so comfortable. They are still trying to catch up on their sleep.) Hudgins must be a fast worker. At least the pin is pretty. Myrtle Hall spent the week-end with her roommate in Alabama. A good time was had by all. "Huggins" got exclusive on us and had dinner at the club last Tuesday night. Home-cooked food must taste mighty good. She had as her guests, Miss Pulver, Miss O'Donnell, Jean, Mardie, and Ginny.

Osiron

In spite of all the studying we should have done, we managed to have a right good week. The Helens (Jones and Tibbets, if you please), rather enjoyed a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Biedenbarn, even if they did come to see Katherine. Mr. Biedenbarn was a little dumb-founded when the girls ordered such big sundae at Candyland. We can't blame him.

Porgy went home to Morganfield. Lucky! Gail went up to Kentucky with Mary Ellen Hudgins. She must have done well—we found her sleeping through hockey practise Monday afternoon! Bollers were back to see Margaret, Louise, and Virginia. McCamey's mother came all the way from Texas. Catherine Kilty's folks drove down from Kansas City. In fact, a good time was had by all.

Tri K

"Please." Do we or don't we go to clubs!!!! Yes we do, we do not, yes, no, maybe—that was the state of affairs last Halloween night! We traipsed up and down the walks to and from the dorms, waiting patiently until finally we received definite word, "no clubs!"

Week-end news includes the lucky Clay sisters whose parents motored all the way from Winchester, Kentucky, to stay from Saturday noon until Monday morning. 'Tis said they had a very fine time.

Betty Carlisle also had her family and younger sister here. The younger sister kept busy, because she insisted on whistling and knocking on the bed, not realizing the importance of quiet after 11 P.M. Jeanne Cookson, Katherine Pearce, Mary Jac Griffith, Charlotte Bridge, Betty and her sister, had breakfast in the club house Sunday morning. They snubbed for a minute the possibility of breakfast because the food was missing. It was recovered at last from the Anti-Pan kitchen! Now, who did that?

Beverly Lack and Margaret Louise Boyd went to Champaigne, Illinois for the week-end to attend the Illinois Army football game.

Ariston

Our future is very optimistic. We are anxiously awaiting to see how Patty Chadwell, last year's single tennis champion, is going to progress in her march towards the finals. We're pulling hard for her!

Jayne Allen, our treasurer, is quite a business-like financier. We love the way she talks over "money matters" with us.

Everybody likes Mary John's new

"coiffure!" She is younger looking each day!

Somebody has got to come to the Ariston's rescue! We need a hockey team. That's what we crave! Janet, our manager, just can't get the players together, regardless of her pleading. Won't somebody help her?

Virginia Smith, our president, is proving to be a capable leader. She has gotten us all excited about the party that we are going to give with the Triads. Each of us is going to impersonate an actress. More fun!

We Aristons are pleasantly surprised at our new club room. It may be upstairs, but we have four large windows with net curtains adorning them. Our loving cups, of which we are very proud, are displayed on the mantelpiece. We are feeling at home already.

This observant reporter takes one glance around club room just previous to adjournment. Here's what she records: Elizabeth Gray's dignity, Alice William's interest, and Rebecca K. H. Hair, Elizabeth Noss's smile, Janet's dark eyelashes, and Helen Power's worried look. That's all right, Helen, some of us are steadily gaining unwanted pounds, too. Elizabeth Cooper and Kathryn Mills in a "whispering campaign"; like Jane Parker and Martha Ann Earhman. Club meetings are good get-togethers! It's universally agreed!

Angkor

Tuesday, November 6, Miss Scruggs urged all day student clubs to aid in the Community Chest drive by contributing. Angkors are requested to get an envelope from a representative and make the club's contributions complete.

Later Grace Benedict entertained with a tap dance. And, if you want a good laugh, get Judith David to act out the piece of the old maid and her numerous beaux! It is a scream!

Wonder what the Vanderbilt campus thought when a certain brunette Angkor rode up with the family of the said "true love" and the "one and only" himself, the other morning about eight o'clock?

It seems that the majority of the Angkors are also Thetas. And did that sorority have one grand party the other night! You should have heard the comments on the charming hostess, Susan Cheek!

We'd like to "anchor" that cute headed brother of yours, Helen. Hope you don't mind if we try.

Since when did it get to be "Little Willie," Shirley? He's six feet three, isn't he?

Our president keeps us jumping. We can never tell whether it's "Cash" she's after or whether she's going to "Reau" the boat or become a "Georgia Peach"!

Triad

Get Juanita to tell you "reverse dates" go over!

Wonder why Emmarayne was so unconscious at the football game Saturday?

Fossum Hunt! What a time! Sally found hill-climbing and riding boots don't work so hot together!

What's all this about drums, majors, and D. Wilson?

Why has Sally Pardue gotten so quiet? Could it be too much competition or?

The Theta dance Saturday night must have been a huge success. Elizabeth Penner and all those little freshmen were beaming and raving about it Monday.

Triads are going to lunch at Rendezvous Tuesday. Club meetings are really getting pep and spirit!

The Triad hockey team is coming along fine, so far! We hope the girls keep this up!

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FIRST HOCKEY GAMES THIS AFTERNOON

The first hockey games will be played this afternoon. The schedule is as follows:

- Agora vs. A. K. at 2:00.
 - Penta Tau vs. Anti-Pan at 2:30.
 - Osiron vs. Tri K at 3:45.
- There are twenty games to be played off. The schedule will be as follows:
- 1. Agora vs. A. K.—Sat., Nov. 10, 2:00.
 - 2. Penta Tau vs. Anti-Pan—Sat., Nov. 10, 2:30.
 - 3. Osiron vs. Tri K—Sat., Nov. 10, 3:45.
 - 4. Angkor vs. Eccowasin—Mon., Nov. 12, 2:55.
 - 5. Ariston vs. Td.—Mon., Nov. 12, 3:25.
 - 6. X. L. vs. Del Ver—Tues., Nov. 13, 2:55.
 - 7. Anti-Pan vs. A. K.—Tues., Nov. 13, 3:25.
 - 8. F. F. vs. Angkor—Wed., Nov. 14, 2:55.
 - 9. Del Ver vs. Osiron—Wed., Nov. 14, 3:25.
 - 10. Eccowasin vs. Penta Tau—Thurs., Nov. 15, 2:55.
 - 11. Tri K vs. Ariston—Thurs., Nov. 15, 3:25.
 - 12. Agora vs. Td.—Fri., Nov. 16, 2:55.
 - 13. X. L. vs. F. F.—Fri., Nov. 16, 3:25.
 - 14. Td. vs. Anti-Pan—Mon., Nov. 19, 2:55.
 - 15. X. L. vs. A. K.—Mon., Nov. 19, 3:25.
 - 16. Agora vs. Ariston—Tues., Nov. 20, 2:55.
 - 17. F. F. vs. Tri K—Tues., Nov. 20, 3:25.
 - 18. Angkor vs. Osiron—Wed., Nov. 21, 2:55.
 - 19. Penta Tau vs. Del Ver—Wed., Nov. 21, 3:25.
 - 20. Eccowasin vs. A. K.—Thurs., Nov. 22, 2:55.

Semi-finals, Saturday, November 24, and Monday, November 26. Finals will be played Thanksgiving Day.

P-S-S-T-I!

At last we've found out what makes Katherine Mills so happy at various times. This time the "what" is in the form of a "who" of the masculine gender. He is a member of a not-so-distant university (Way Down Upon the S'wane River) is her theme song) is a blond, and a Sigma Nu. Now you tell us who he is; we've given you enough hints.

And, Elizabeth Cooper, we know his name is Bill and that he's a grand dancer, but we need a few more particulars to make it more interesting.

Miss Morrison is seriously considering putting Sally on a rope on the hockey field. After all, Sally, this may be a free country, but you are supposed to stay in your own specified place. She does add spice and variety to a hockey game with her "random movements," doesn't she?

Ellen has decided to keep her mouth closed, hereafter, even though it doesn't seem to her that her presence is much needed in meetings. Not a bad idea, Ellen, but sometimes it doesn't work, for we got into the same mess—and didn't even raise a squeak.

Janet is about the happiest person around the campus now. After she had about exhausted her supply of material for a full hockey team just once for practice before the games start, she was overjoyed when eleven members—no more, no less—suddenly appeared on the hockey field last Tuesday.

Betty has started off in keeping with the best records by being elected one of the favored few of the Word-smiths. Congratulations, Betty, but we are not at all surprised. In fact, we would have been disappointed if you hadn't rated.

Beehives certainly have a formidable rival in the buzzing ability in the Library Methods classes who are hav-

ing their exams now. Poor Senior-Mids, they all run around the library with harried faces, trying to find out where Kalamazoo is, who wrote this, and what is that.

Theresa almost broke up an English class the other day when she leaned over to pick up a pencil. All of a sudden, a loud pop burst through the stillness of the room. She doesn't look particularly antiquated, but her joints certainly belie her looks!

One of the boarding ladies around the campus wants to call Emmayene Sleeping Beauty. To quote, "That little girl just sleeps all the time; she can't hold her eyes open for a whole class period." For that matter, neither can a lot of the rest of us.

Chadwell won her tennis match from Sartor, so all of you Day Students must get out there and give her a little moral support when she plays Concklin in the finals. We're all hoping, Chadwell!!!

HOW'S YOUR

KNITTING?

It looks fascinating and interesting—this knitting craze that is sweeping the campus just now. Haven't you noticed at the club meetings, at "Richelieu," at monitors' meetings, strings of soft thread, and flying needles?

And by the way, have you seen Judy Acheson's perfectly lovely afghan all in black and bright colors? Judy started it last year for her father—such a thoughtful daughter! Marion Kemp is making a dark red sweater for her father. She was busy the other night at the hall meeting, explaining to all how she had performed wonders with a hot iron in making the sleeves. There's another father who will have a lovely Christmas present.

Eleanor Irwin is knitting a navy blue bouclé suit to wear for spring regulation, and Eunice Mary Bicknell is working on a darling rust wool suit, using round needles. Eunice Mary just started last Thursday, but already has fifteen inches completed. She hopes to have it finished by Christmas so that she can wear it home. Rust will really be becoming, Eunice Mary. Your family will probably want you to make all of your clothes.

Gail Lawrence is knitting a green bouclé suit for herself on round needles. She's been working (?) since last summer. Then there's Arlene Hershey who looks all fascinated over a white scarf which she is doing in a fancy stitch.

There are a few who are just making their first attempt at knitting, such as Rosemary Horstmann, who is constantly working on something brown, rust, and orange. We can't tell what it's going to be, Rosemary. Then there are some who are just beginning to get the knitting spirit, and making plans for what they are going to start next week. Betty Armstrong is seriously considering making a shawl for her grandmother, but says that she just can't find time with that eternal French. Jean Weis, Pauline Tucker, and Arlyne Milligan are among the hopeful about-to-beginners.

Among the faculty who are knitting, we find Miss Clark who is making a grand-looking blouse to wear with the green suit which she made last year, and if she has time, she is going to make a new suit for the Fourth of July. We haven't been able to find out just where she is going to be the Fourth, but sounds exciting from the way she talked at the Penta Tau house the other night. Miss Casebier was deeply absorbed in her knitting at Pembroke hall meeting Monday night.

Oh, all these industrious people! Just take the time of some day and as you walk over the campus see how many you see knitting. It's lots of fun to ask them all about the work and what plans they have. After that you will not be able to resist and there you go all piped up over such things as round needles, bouclé suits, afghans, and fancy scraps.

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EDITORIAL

ARMISTICE DAY, 1918 - 1934

1918 Armistice Day—a treaty was signed ending a war to outlaw war. Since, we have set aside November eleven to pay tribute to those men and women who fought and died gloriously for an ideal and in the service of their country. The politicians and schemers who piddled and planned to keep the war going, however much they may figure in our history classes, are forgotten on Armistice Day. Their place is in history, not in glory. Ward-Belmont girls in 1917 and 1918, did their part by knitting socks, making bandages and helping with Red Cross work. They celebrated the signing of the Armistice with a huge bonfire and singing on the Athletic field. They had good reason to be joyful, for it was their fathers, their brothers and their friends who were in France.

1934 Armistice Day—a disillusioned world has discovered that the mere signing of a treaty cannot end war. We are still engaged in a deadly warfare against more dangerous foes than those of 1918. The campaign against poverty, disease, and ignorance is going on under the auspices of national, state, and local organizations. Tomorrow we will honor our heroes of the past war—those of the present are still too new to be recognized, and the treaty has yet to be signed. Ward-Belmont girls, in 1934, can do their part by contributing to the funds which will help to win this war. This time it is your fathers, your brothers, your friends and yourselves who will be the victims or the victors. On your shoulders is the responsibility for victory or defeat.

G. L., '35.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

A campus is one of the most thoroughly alive places one can imagine, and yet, it tends to have a deadening effect upon its students in connection with the outside, or world-wide affairs. As helpful aids of communication and knowledge, the newspaper, magazine and radio are almost entirely crowded from the student's mind by the rush of school activities.

Perhaps a verbal report of your roommate's horseback riding is far more entertaining than the rather trite news flashes of the equestrian achievements of the Prince of Wales. Perhaps a club battle upon the hockey field intrigues you far more than Europe's unsettled, far-away feuds. It is not doubtful that your Student Council meeting produces interest, or even fear, while a session of the United States Senate is either forgotten or ignored.

But you must face the fact that a campus will not be your permanent setting. In just one year, perhaps, you may be pitched out into the turmoil of a swiftly moving age which is not concerned with the petty trivialities of the schoolgirl; an age which is intent only upon combating the destructive forces that lie in the way of progress. Surely the student of the present day should, at least, be acquainted with the situations which will fill chapters in future history books, and in some way undertake the task of making those chapters ones of pleasant reading.

We usually manage to find time to read the comic sheets, or to listen to radio comedians. Can't we start looking for the front page and news sections, too, and try cultivating the programs of national and international interest?

J. W., '35.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Greetings, salutations, and howdy
(in true Southern accent!).

To start this week off with a bang, yours truly stretched her weary bones from off the soft warm bed at exactly 5:30 A.M. Howzat for will power?

Methinks there are many circles under yon eyes. These lucky individuals who can take their cuts and week-ends!

And did you hear! Jean Weis not only goes on week-ends—"Pete" comes clear down from Louisville to see her, and she gets two telegrams and a long distance call while she's gone. These people!

Poor little Marian Farr was lonesome that first night with the Clays and Matilda, week-ending in town, but she certainly made up for it Sunday.

Beware, every one, of offering Winnie Coffee any candy or fattening foods, 'cause she's on a tey-ru-ble diet. Who can tell, maybe it's for training, and speaking of hockey, can that girl play a wicked game!

Kay Crosswell heard that her young brother, attending Castle Heights, received fifteen demerits the other night for disturbance. Remember, Kay, you're setting an example for your brother, soooooooo!

Ain't it a relief to have completed all of our quarterly exams? All of you who didn't do yourself justice can start working right now to be all prepared for the next ones.

Miss Pulver has something up her sleeve. She is evidently training to be either Miss Blythe's "worthy" assistant or else she wants the Fire Chief's job. Under her efficient chaperonage she and Miss Carling actually got to a fire before the engines, apparatus, or anything, the other day.

Speaking of equestriennes (which we weren't, but then we might as well) Shamrock certainly knows her Miss Carling a thing or two when he fell with her the other day. Eye witnesses report that she landed most gracefully on her head. Anyway, she can't tell us she fell on her head in babyhood, 'cause that's no excuse. From now on every one watch her actions!!!!

Barbara Dratz is a politician, too. Her family loves her and sends her lots of apples. She brings the cores out to the horses by the paper bagfuls and Miss Carling sends them back through House Mail for "refills."

There seems to be an idea around that this Marion Weber is a clever child. Anyhow she was riding Dixie the other day and Dixie shied at Mrs. Love who was standing near the fence. Next time around, Dixie gives her a sheepish sideways glance and Miss Weber remarks, "I think she's got a guilty conscience." So what!

Forty-five days till Christmas, and the number of days until we journey home is not known, only we've a hunch it will be about thirty-nine days until then. Time is certainly passin' much too fast for us Seniors who "must part from each other some day, as Seniors have parted before."

"Pony" Irwin is certainly a well-bred child. The night after her return from a week-end she announced that she was going to write her "peanut-butter" letter right away and get it off her mind.

Crockett is in the process of losing ten pounds, and the method that she is using! If you really want to cast your eye upon a real diet you'd better go up and see Hershey. It is something people talk about, even Hershey.

The Del Vers look a bit weary this morning. I wonder how the open house went over. Every one seems to have had a glorious time with lots of men, which is something!

Work awaits me, so I gotta stop this nonsense—See you next time.

EAGLE FEATHER

By Eunice Mary Bicknell

INNER THOUGHTS

When twilight draws her veil
Across the light of day,
I sit here, alone, in my room—
My cares have flown away.

Then I think of all I did—
The battles I might have won,
And I think of those around me,
And the good I might have done.

Life has its trials and tribulations,
And it goes either up or down,
And it pays to smile at the good
And upon the bad don't frown.

Be yourself and give all you've got,
Even if it is your best.
Be cheerful, gay and loving
And let God take care of the rest.

N. S., '35.

FRIENDSHIP

O, warmth that beats and lives
Within the human soul;
O, friendship that is circulation love,
Attainment made for human goal.

Come! warm and thrill my heart,
Take my coldness, pride and strangeness,
Absolve my fear and dread of loneliness
Then I shall be as God intended.

For in Friendship I shall find
All life's mystic knowledge mine,
Earthly diamonds can't compare
With the comfort I find there
In friendship, God's first gift.

W. C., '35.

WHEN GENIUS BURNS

They said, "It burns at midnight,"
So, to see if it were true
I got up one midnight

To write a masterpiece or two.

I crept out very softly
And sat down on the floor,
A breeze so cool and gentle
Was coming through the door.

The words came fast, and faster
I wrote faster than before,
And still that breeze kept blowing
So softly through the door.

At two A.M. I finished
And crept softly back to bed.
When I awoke next morning
The breeze was in my head.

So all you would-be authors
By one who knows, be told,
When you're writing themes at midnight,
Beware of catching cold.

P. G., '36.

MISS MAGNOLIA SAYS—

After hearing the brilliant essays written in her class, one of our bright young things was heard to say, "I must be in the wrong Pugh."

Annie Lou can draw a perfect diagram of her closet, or at least she should be able to. And, by the way, she has given up one of her favorite expressions. We wonder if these two have any connection!

When Miss Ross was asked if she was one of the world's eight smartest women, she asked, "Who is ahead of me?"—Please!

Just forty-three more shopping days until Christmas! Have you made out your list?

There are some sweet little children over in Founders who love to play, but it's too much when they slam your door in fun during the wee small hours.

How does Irene stand it with "Chats" fingernails so long?

The SEASON'S SMARTEST GREETINGS

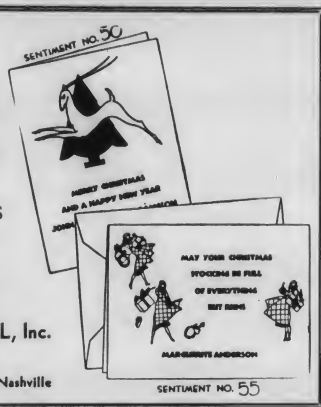
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SPORT NOTES

Hockey! The word is certainly beginning to mean something to every one. Girls are working hard on the field and are even passing up cinnamon rolls and chocolate roll as they think of the fast-approaching games. The schedule has been posted and the first games are to be played this afternoon.

The teams which were ceded for the draw were the Agoras, Angkors, Tri K's and Del Vers. It will be interesting to all of us to see whether these teams really come through ahead.

By the time you read this you should be able to fill in the "Who" in the Chadwell-Concklin tennis controversy. I hope that some girls found time among all the tests, reports and so forth which have been coming due this week to watch the match as it should be (have been) mighty interesting.

The stir caused by hockey and tennis has perhaps obliterated the thought from the minds of the 36 girls who are taking Life Saving, that the Examinations will start Monday and continue for the next two weeks. May you all be wearing Life Saving emblems when you go home for Christmas.

Incidentally, there has been much activity in the riding ring preparatory to the show which will take place Friday afternoon, November 23.

MUSIC NOTES

The Ward-Belmont Glee Club, under the direction of Sidney Dalton, will present a concert of Christmas Carols and Anthems on Sunday evening, the 26th of December, at 6:30 P.M. These Christmas concerts have always been greatly appreciated and are very well attended by the people of Nashville. A very interesting and beautiful group of selections has been chosen for this year's concert.

"Y" NOTES

Trip to Vanderbilt Hospital

On Tuesday night, Nov. 6, Catherine Crosswell, Jane Flannigan, Mamie Jones and Marjorie Crume made a visit to the Vanderbilt Hospital. Each one of them had her arms full of magazines that they were carrying to the patients. Marjorie and Mamie went into the medical ward, while Jane and Catherine visited the surgical ward. Some of the patients were very, very ill, but others were practically well; but their welcoming smiles showed how fully they appreciated the weekly visit of this committee.

In the surgical ward there was an old woman from White Bluff, Tenn. Since these girls had spent the week end at Dr. Barton's summer home in White Bluff recently, they practically fell upon this woman's neck, as if she were an old friend and close acquaintance.

EXPRESSION NOTES

The Senior expression students are now busily engaged in the selection of new plays for their spring recital.

This week started the oral examinations in the Expression classes 1 and 2. They consisted of the reading of narrative stories and were judged upon diction, action, and interpretation. They were all exceedingly good, but some were especially outstanding.

The class was thrown into gales of laughter listening to Barbara Dratz in "The Ruling Passion," try to wheedle the postmaster into selling her a Nile-green three-cent stamp, and when Elizabeth Mastin gave us her version of "Escorting Harriet," the program was complete.

Rebecca Rice, in that low, vibrant voice of hers, is giving "The Revolt of Mother," Alice Webb is bringing out a beautiful character sketch in "Lover of Music," and Elizabeth Pillow, in "Her First Appearance," keeps us simply spellbound.

ADDITIONAL REQUIREMENT ANNOUNCED IN CHAPEL

Candidates for a general diploma in 1935 have an additional requirement to meet. Dean Burke announced in chapel Thursday, November 8, that every girl graduating from Ward-Belmont this year must be able to speak and write the English language correctly. He explained that this is not a requirement of the English department, but something entirely separate. The Faculty committee in charge is composed of a member from the Foreign Language department, the Science department, the English and Home Economics departments. As a girl shows herself deficient in meeting this requirement she will be given a chance by the committee to improve as much as she, herself, wishes.

MISS ROBERTS SPEAKS TO BIG CABINET

The Big Cabinet of the Y.W.C.A., which is composed of the small cabinet and the officers of each committee, met Sunday, November 4, for the first time. Miss Augusta Roberts who is a

member of the Southern Regional Council of the Y.W.C.A., spoke to the members of the cabinet. Miss Roberts visited the Y.W.C.A. in all the colleges in Nashville. Martha Jane Chatin presented Miss Roberts to the girls.

Miss Roberts described the significance of the work of the World Student Christian Federation which has its offices in Geneva, Switzerland and embraces the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. of twenty-seven countries in the world. She described particularly her attendance as a representative at the annual meeting of the Federation in Holland two years ago, and how this meeting impressed her with the fact that she belonged to a world-wide organization of Christian students.

MARY LALLA BYRN DISCUSSES PRAYER

In Sunday School, November 4, Mary Lalla Byrn discussed the subject of "Prayer."

"All men pray, although all men do not look on God the same as we do," she said. "It is through prayer that our daily cares are forgotten and we realize the significance of life. Prayer opens new horizons for us and gives us power to make our visions become real."

Dorothy Jaeger, accompanied by Helen Tibbets, sang as a prayer, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me."

After this impressive service, the Lord's Prayer, which concluded the worship, had a deeper meaning.

"Y" GIRLS ENJOY LEAGUE VISIT

The trip to the Junior League, Sunday, November 4, was an especially happy one. All of the girls seemed to be in a buoyant mood that made the trip more enjoyable than usual.

At the hospital one little girl, in a wheel chair, came speeding down the hall to greet the group whose cheery spirits spread through the hospital. Some little boys called out from one of the rooms for the girls to come read to them. Virginia Wilson, Louise Witherspoon and Dawn Chianenza quickly responded to their request, while Martha Jane Chatin went to read to some little girls. Before they left, the children asked if there was not some one who would play the piano for them; Dawn complied and a sing-song was held.

CHILDREN'S HOME COMMITTEE MEETS

On Thursday, November 8, the Tennessee Children's Home committee held a meeting in the big "Y" room. It was announced by Alice Adams, chairman, that because of the large membership this year which totals sixty-four, the committee would have to be divided into two committees with a membership of thirty-two on each. Alice will head one committee and Mary Jane Bass the other.

An open discussion was held concerning the method to be used for signing up girls who wish to make the regular Sunday visit to the home and it was decided that a meeting would be held every other Thursday for the purpose of obtaining the names of girls for the following Sunday.

DEL VERS HAVE OPEN HOUSE

Friday evening, November 9, the Del Ver club entertained with a supper dance in their club house. The following committees were in charge: General chairman, Barbara Lee Reed; Invitations, Becky Hall; Food, Mary Ann Wirtz; Orchestra, Elizabeth Ann Reed; Decorations, Sarah Ashley and Elizabeth Carruth.



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LUNCHES

DIARY OF MISTRESS

BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

The devotional this morning was in
charge of Dr. Nooe and very good it
was, too.

We experienced our first mid-
semester this afternoon and we studied
so hard for it that we galloped down to
the HYPHEN office for relaxation!
The quiet and solitude of it all!

We wandered up to Rec Hall be-
fore dinner tonight and guess whom
we found there—right, Mrs. Bryan!

Welcome back, we've missed you!
The Halloween dinner was great
fun. Most terribly spooky, enough so
as to make cold chills run up and
down our back! Wettest cold chills
we've ever experienced! The dining
room looked very "Hallowe'en"
dressed up in corn shocks!

After dinner every one discussed
the prospect of club meeting, and it
was agreed that there would be one so
we tramped down to the village to
wait all alone in the dark (with apolo-
gies to Tibi) and on Hallowe'en, at
that! No club meeting, us, so we
came back up to the hut!

'Night!

Thursday—
We were sleeping soundly this
morning when we were rudely shaken
into the stage where one's eyes are
open and that's that. Well, the reason
was "was there hockey practise"?
Ha, we don't even take hockey! We
fool 'em, and so back to sleep! Ven-
geance on thee little gal—you shake
too roughly!

Class meeting concerned the Senior-
Mid song this morning and we all
warbled and warbled, trying them out.

Trunks moved cheaply! Just name
your price! Yes sir, we have any
number of side lines. We moved one
whole trunk this morning, plus many
other things from the hut, to Mo-Re
(figure it out for yourself!)

Changed tables this noon and had
cinnamon rolls. Red-letter day!

After lunch to club meeting where
we heard the hockey players' diet
read. Are we laughing!

Shared a cake at one of the clubs
this afternoon. Good? It was perfect!

Practised breathing tonight. Yes,
we're making it a steady diet!

'Night!

Friday—
Woke up in Mo-Re and felt lost.

"Can this be I?"
Went to breakfast and almost got
the shock of our life, grapefruit!

Dr. Barton gave a talk on the cur-
rent event happenings of the world
which was most interesting. We are
in favor of more of them. And by the
way, Dr. Barton, you have us stumped
as to your party denomination!

We welcomed Mrs. Carruth on
Ward-Belmont campus today. Surely
seemed good to see her and Catherine's
folks, too!

We went to the library tonight and
while we were gone received our first
phone call of the year. Wouldn't you
know it!

Saturday—

Whoopla! We talked over the tele-
phone. Another red-letter day!

It was a rainy, windy Saturday,
and we spent the afternoon preparing
for an outing tonight. A perfect in-
door afternoon!

What a dinner and what an even-
ing! Came home and did sitting-
up exercises until twelve o'clock. The
price of pleasure!

Sunday—
Spent the usual Sunday morning
and came back to eat the wildest
dinner! Careful, it was wild duck and
wild rice!

We wrote letters and studied all
afternoon and had a grand surprise
for tea—peanut butter and crackers,
and we'd resolved not to eat!

Vespers was in charge of the Ten-
nessee Children's Home committee of
the Y. W. C. A., and an interesting
survey of the work of this institution
was given by Mrs. Edwin A. Price.

After Vespers we went up to Ca-Ri
and listened to Rubinoff. A grand
time was had by all!

"Forty days and forty nights in the
wilderness and then Paradise!"

'Night!

Monday—

At six o'clock the alarm went off
in our ear but Mo-Re lay in peaceful
slumber. Heigh-ho!

Miss Herron drilled the student
body on the devotional hymn today in
chapel, with the assistance of Mr. Dal-
ton.

Two dinners were held tonight, one
by the President's Council and the
other by the Wordsmiths. The latter
was a formal dinner and every one
looked grand grouped about on the
red plush in Rec Hall.

We tore upstairs tonight to study
for three exams tomorrow! We were
nicely settled when clang, clang—the
fire bell! We tore out with our towels
waving on high! Surprise, no fire,
just another drill! Heigh-ho!

'Night!

Tuesday—
Up before dawn to study. Some
fun, mid-semester!

To chapel and what a filled balcony
we had. Nothing like reserved seats
for late guests! Leave it to Arkansas
to land on the front row!

Miss Sisson made announcements
as soon as the balcony calmed down
after much tittering!

We make a motion that today be
voted as the most beautiful fall day
of the year!

Good-bye!



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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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Number 9

CHAPEL SPEAKER TO BE FAMOUS WORKER OF LONDON SLUMS

The chapel speaker next Wednesday morning will come to Ward-Belmont as the auspices of groups in Nashville who are interested in bringing people, well known for their work in religious fields, to Nashville. Miss Muriel Lester, who is the first in this series to be presented, is from London, England, where she has lived and worked for over twenty-five years in the slums of East London, in the region made widely known through Charles Booth's monumental study, "The Life and Labor of the People of London." She was a wealthy girl who left her riches to live among these cockneys as a friend, and who has done a great deal in the world in the interests of world peace, social welfare, and religious education.

She is the author of several works: "Why Warship?", "My Host, The Hindu," "Entertaining Gandhi," "Ways of Praying," and others. She founded Kingsley Hall, education, religious, and social center, where she has been Head Resident since 1915. In 1923 she founded, with her sister, Doris, The Children's House (officially opened by Mr. H. G. Wells) in connection with Kingsley Hall. She has visited Mahatma Gandhi at his Ashram, and also has been the guest of Tagore at his school. When Gandhi was in London he chose Kingsley Hall as his home those three months.

Miss Lester is well known in the United States, where she traveled extensively on lecture tours in 1930, 1932, 1933, appearing in many places and before many organizations, religious and secular, in all the large cities of this country. Miss Lester will visit Nashville on the 21st and 22nd and will speak to other groups while she is here.

PENSTAFF ANNOUNCES RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

The Penstaff, high school literary organization, has announced the rules governing the submission of manuscripts to be judged as the qualifications for membership in the group. Any type of original literary work, prose or poetry, may be handed in by November 15. Details governing form are posted in Senior Hall basement. The contest is open to all high school students, both day pupils and boarders. Everyone is urged to "try-out."

The purpose of Penstaff is to encourage and foster a desire on the part of the students for literary expression.

STUDENTS BEGIN ORGANIZATION OF STATE CLUBS

The Kansas and Texas girls began the forming of the organization of the state clubs. Any state which is represented by more than five girls may have a club. The purposes of these clubs is to allow the girls of that state to become better acquainted with each other. Definite plans have been made for the organization of Kentucky and Iowa girls, and the Odd Fellows have held one meeting but have not elected officers.

Officers of the Kansas club are: president—Joan Bailey of Kansas City; secretary-treasurer, Georganna Martin of Wichita, and sponsor, Miss Betty O'Donnell of Junction City.

Helen Jones of Abilene is president of the Texas club. Other officers include: vice-president, Helen Tibbets of San Antonio; secretary, Boots Bracy of Tyler, and treasurer, Nell McDavid of Amarillo. Miss Blythe is sponsor.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HONORS WARD-BELMONT WITH BRIEF VISIT

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt visited Ward-Belmont this morning. As his party drove around the circle the students lined the driveway. Members of the faculty were in front of the Academic building. At 9:30 the student body assembled in chapel for final directions and preparations. As soon as Dr. Barton received word that the President had started on his way the students walked out to take their places in the circle. There an appropriately signed greeting on beautiful illuminated parchment was presented to the president.

It read as follows:

"Greetings to President and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Ward-Belmont School, a landmark among the South's educational institutions for young women, is honored by your presence in Nashville today."

"The student body, representing the far-flung reaches of our common country, the faculty, and the administration of the school greet you with real cordiality and affection. We trust that your stay among us will be pleasant, and your present journey most beneficial."

"We pray that strength may be yours to complete harmoniously the tasks to which you have been called by the American people, and which you have so courageously undertaken."

Official route of the parade of the Presidential Party included a visit to Polk's tomb on the Capitol grounds, breakfast at the Hermitage, and visits to other schools in Nashville.

GREEK WORD, BASIS OF CHAPEL SERMON

Reverend E. P. Dandridge of Christ Church, spoke in chapel on Wednesday, November 14.

The keynote of Reverend Dandridge's talk was contained in the Greek word meaning "ought," or "we must."

"There's something in me whose authority I recognize, who drives me on. Without some such impelling force, our life doesn't amount to much. The idea would have been a platitude a few years back."

"Go among the poor, and see how dreary is the life with no driving motive in it." Without this motive, people become blasé; and it is fine that it should be so, for it shows the need of this driving force.

"Every one of you have something in you not satisfied merely with physical comforts." There are ideals and standards. This force must not be smothered. Feel the force of "we must." There are many motives—

(Continued on page 3)

HOCKEY GAMES PLAYED REGULARLY SINCE SATURDAY

The hockey season is well under way, with eight games having been played to date. The first two games played Saturday were disappointing, the two bright spots of the Agora's 3-1 win over the A. K.'s being the playing of Gilbert Moore and the stick work of Alice Webb for the A. K.'s. The Penta Taus, in a racing duel, won over the Anti-Pans with a score of 3-1.

The first good game of the season was the Tri K.-Osiron match played Saturday. Although the Tri K.'s kept the ball most of the time in their opponent's territory, there was good defense on the Osirons' part and splendid playing by both teams.

On Monday the Angkors rallied in the second half to overcome a 4-0 lead and to win over the Ecocwasins 6-4. The playing of Grace Benedict, Angkor, was especially outstanding. In the second game of the afternoon

(Continued on page 2)

WARD-BELMONT RESULT OF COMBINATION OF TWO SCHOOLS

Ward Seminary and Belmont College were consolidated in 1913 when Ward Brought Belmont. This arrangement was brought about by Mr. John Diell Blanton.

Dr. Ira Landtrih became the president the first year of Ward-Belmont's existence and in 1914 Dr. Blanton took over the presidency which he kept until his death in 1933. Eustis A. Hail was vice-president until 1927.

When Ward purchased Belmont College the only buildings on the campus were Fidelity, Founders, and North Front which were attached to the main house, the original Acklen home. Since the consolidation all of the other buildings have been added; namely, Herron, Pembroke, Senior, Academic, the stables and club building.

The Tower has always been on these grounds. It was originally built for the purpose of a water tower and was completely surrounded by a lake which was drained in 1908. In approximately the year of 1919, Miss Leila D. Mills, for many years the Dean of Residence, originated the plan of a carillon to be placed in the old water tower. Until the carillon was dedicated in 1929 every senior class left money to be placed in the chimes fund.

Two members of the administration have been, more or less, recent additions to the school; they are: Dr. John Wynne Barton, president, who came in the fall of 1926; and Andrew Bell Benedict, vice-president, who came in the spring of 1927.

Many teachers formerly taught at one of the two schools before the consolidation took place. Those who were members of the Belmont College faculty are: F. Arthur Henkel, Miss Pauline S. Townsend, Miss Venable Blythe, and Miss Martha A. Cason. Those who taught in Ward Seminary are: Miss Olive Carter Rose and Miss Catherine E. Morrison.

Many members of Ward-Belmont faculty are alumnae of Ward-Belmont. They are: Miss Theo Scruggs, Mrs. Henriette Bryan, Mrs. Avery Handly, Mrs. Rosa Clay, Mrs. Charlotte Tandy Winford, Mrs. Frances Stokes McCall.

Miss Louise Smith, Miss Sarah Jeter, Miss Mary Elizabeth Cayce, Miss Betty O'Donnell, Miss Jane Pulver, Miss Jane Carling, Miss Frances Ewing, Miss Ellen Trabe, Miss Helen Grizzard, Miss Edith Caldwell, and Miss Mary Douthit.

Miss Linda Rhea is an alumnae of both Ward Seminary and Ward-Belmont. Ward-Belmont has acquired much of cultural and tradition from both Ward Seminary and Belmont College and is ranked among the highest junior colleges in the country.

FAMOUS VISITORS TO WARD-BELMONT RECALLED IN CHAPEL

Many famous visitors to the school from the time that it was Ward Seminary until the present day were recalled by Miss Scruggs, in her talk in chapel, Monday, November 12. Her list included: actors, musicians, war heroes, dancers, aviators, religious speakers, writers, poets and presidents.

Among the most interesting were: Melvyn Douglas, actor and a former pupil of Miss Townsend's; the Blue Devils, a French regiment whose visit the girls enjoyed very much; and Charlie Chaplin, who came on a Liberty Loan drive and, though he did not speak a word, gave an exhibit of his famous walk, on the steps of the Academic Building. General John Pershing was here for a breakfast of fried chicken and other famed southern delicacies one morning. Ted Shawn, John Harding, Billy Surkus, John R. Mott, Rabindranath Tagore, Dr. Grenfell, Vachel Lindsay, and Carl Sandburg were other visitors who proved to be very popular. The list of presidents included Polk, Cleveland, Johnson, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, and Andrew Jackson. Sanderson hunted on the Acklen estate a number of times before it became a school. Miss Scruggs announced that the list would be complete Saturday when President Franklin Delano Roosevelt visits the school.

HORSE SHOW IMPORTANT EVENT OF NEXT WEEK

An important event of the next week will be the annual fall horse show, to be held Friday, November 23, at 2:55 p.m. Much interest has been shown in riding this fall, and the show promises to be a good one. A tentative program includes: Beginners and advanced jumping; park and field riding; a children's class; a novice class; a pair class; show types of riding, and a combination class.

Officials will be: Judge of Horsemanship Classes and Driving—L. R. Duncan, West Meade Farm. Judge of Jumping and Field Classes—Major Frank Richmond, U. S. Cavalry.

Ringmaster—Mr. A. B. Benedict. Recorder—Miss C. E. Morrison. Presentation of Awards—Miss Emma I. Sisson.

Inspector—Miss Jane Carling. Following the horse show the exhibitors and officials will be entertained at a tea in the Tri K. club house.

REVEREND PUGH SPEAKS ON "CHARITY OF LIFE"

Reverend Prentice Pugh held the tense interest of Ward-Belmont students at Vespers, November 11, with very inspiring speech.

He spoke on the charity of life, giving a bit of philosophy by the expression, "It is better to do good than to rail at the evil in life." Later in his speech Reverend Pugh said: "If you love people, you do things for them and not tell about your feelings for them."

Enlarging on his topic, he told his audience that life will be richer if one doesn't live only for himself but for others. One person in a community can either contaminate or lift the others toward the best in life.

Reverend Pugh concluded with: "Of all the graces life can bestow, most of all let it give us charity." This vesper program brought a delightful surprise with the vocal solo by Miss Isabella Nash.

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PREMATURE MERRY CHRISTMAS

The feeling that the Christmas season is almost here was increased by the official announcement of the dates of the term of vacation, which stated that school will be dismissed on December 20 and will reopen January 8. That well-known Christmas "spirit" seems to be in everyone's bones, and the display of Yuletide greeting cards in the Book Room, the refrains of lovely carols coming from the music rooms, and even the weather itself are producing that shivery, expectant feeling.

In all the excitement of the Christmas rush of activities, one of Ward-Belmont's loveliest traditions is almost forgotten—the Thanksgiving dinner. This formal event of Thanksgiving Day is a source of enjoyment and pleasant memories to all who are privileged to attend. Another activity, which has grown into a tradition, is the presentation of a Christmas play by the Expression department. Work has already begun on this year's religious drama. The Seniors are becoming interested in the "caroling," to which they fall heir this year, and it will not be long until their voices will be blending into the melodies we all love.

So, although it may be "rushing things" a little, here's a hearty wish for a very Merry Christmas!

MISS VAN HOOSER TELLS OF OXFORD MOVEMENT

Miss Van Hooser spoke in chapel Friday, November 9, on a modern religious movement known as the Oxford Movement. This summer she was one of a group of 5,000 people, representatives of forty nations, who attended "house parties" at Oxford, forming a convention of one of the major religious movements of the present-day world.

The movement was started several years ago by a Lutheran minister from Pennsylvania, Dr. Frank Buckman. He took his doctrine to Cambridge, from which it spread to Oxford, to Africa, to Japan, and all over the world. A group of students in Africa were known as the "Group from Oxford," from which the movement got its name, although it is not officially connected with the university.

At Oxford people from all walks of life were putting into practice the principles of the movement: communion with God; sharing of one's Christian experience; and complete self-committal. Miss Van Hooser said, "A quality of life was being built by those people in a rigorous fashion such as twentieth century Christianity has not witnessed before."

One of the most typical meetings of the whole convention, in that it brought out the actual power of the movement, was led by a French baron, who had fought in the war; and a Prussian woman, twenty-eight, of whose immediate family had been killed fighting the French. These two had conquered their inbred hatred for each other's countries and people. The Scripture was read in French, German and English; then, when in the language of forty nations the assembly repeated the Lord's Prayer, you felt that religion was really a part of life today.

Well, "Frizzy Head" won the tennis finals and added another star to the Day Student's crown. Congratulations to thee, Chadwell!

Who is the gentleman that makes Florence and Louise Duncan hop up and down like kangaroos? We have a good idea, but their jumping activity obscured him from view at the drug store.

According to notices, Juanita "lost her heart" and advised for the return of it. However, this particular

loss of heart was not the one which we would generally connect with Juanita. The notice has been removed, but people are wondering if another meaning of the said heart isn't still lost?

Evelyn, May, and Kitty have organized an unusual society called the S. S. (not S. O. S.). They believe that they have many staunch members in secret. Kitty, being the most vociferous in her views, was silently acclaimed president.

It must be nice to have a young gallant to take one to school all the time. Ask Dot W. about it! However, doesn't that activity rather step on the toes of another ardent swain, Dot?

Miss Ordway has officially named Sally an "active" member of the Triad club. Who wouldn't, especially after playing hockey with her? She has a knack of being everywhere at once.

With arms akimbo, an attempted scowl on her face, and a disgusted (but merry) look in her eyes, Theresa announces that she is furious. Several days later the scene changes and we find that it was Ben again.

According to Mary Ann, she is a champion sitter and "stay-at-homer." That's rather hard to believe of her, but there may be a reason in back of it all. She's an ardent admirer of surgery, Colgate tooth paste, the Eastern climate, open fires, dreary days, and refreshing cries to oneself. That's not a hint; it's the situation in black and white!

Since Miss Scruggs' most interesting talk in chapel on celebrities who have visited Ward-Belmont in the past, the Seniors are getting rather worried. For years they coveted the center of the auditorium, but, after all, wouldn't it be distressing to be caught holding—not the center—but somebody's teeth!

Helen usually is "club spirit" in the nth degree, but some Sigma Nu affiliation is disrupting her perfection.

Evelyn, E. C., and Dot are the latest sensations in the gym. You should hear their terrific treble tremolos to the accompaniment of barbarous basketball bounces.

Virginia is going in for concentrated carpentry. Every time you see her with that harried look, just rest assured that it's that early American furniture book again.

Grace, rather appropriately, calls herself a martyr to the cause of hockey. Imagine anybody's being able to get to school at eight o'clock for extra practice when she didn't have to be here until ten-thirty!

We're afraid that Juliette is being unfaithful. As if the L. S. U. episode wasn't enough for her, she has to soar the Heights. Enough is too much some times, Juliette. What's good for the goose is sauce for the gander—or something! (P. S. We're sorry that he didn't write to you as another he wrote to somebody else!)

A. G. (Always Got'em, or Allie George to you), surely is death on hockey passes. She is a whole team in one. Put Sally and Allie George together and nobody else would ever have a chance at the ball.

SPORT NOTES

What to Look For at the Riding Show

Climb upon your motor car (that remark wasn't meant for you, boarders), firmly plant your sport stick in the ground, or arrive early to get a seat on the rail, but don't miss the riding show at Ward-Belmont riding ring on Friday, November 23 at 2:55. And in your excitement over the good-looking girls and outfits, don't fail to observe the way that those beginners in the first jumping class handle their horses. They've been jumping only a short time this season. When the advanced class in jumping circles the ring, observe the field seat used so that the rider is ready for any obstacle or emergency the horse may meet in the field.

The children from the Little School have been riding here for a very short time, and before rode only ponies or not at all. In the Novice class will be found riders who have ridden a little before coming to Ward-Belmont, or riders who were beginners at W.-B. last year. In the Park type and Pair classes you will see the seat used where the rider is comfortable, yet ready to meet any emergency that may be encountered on the ride or ride through our beautiful Percy Warner Park, or her own park at home.

Watch for the generalship shown in the Show Type classes. In these classes the riders are showing you the gaiting of their mounts to the best advantage to the horse. Each is trying to outdo the other in speed, form, and brilliancy shown by her animal.

In the combination class you will see the horses driven to carts so that the rider's ability to drive may be judged as well as her ability to ride the five gaits.

Following the show the exhibitors will be served tea at the Tri K house. Guests will be admitted by riding habit.

HOCKEY GAMES PLAYED REGULARLY SINCE SATURDAY

(Continued from page 1)

The Triads beat the Aristons 2-0. The winning team was nicely organized and played well, although Peggy Wrenne, fleet Triad wing, was held beautifully in check by Allie George Collier, Ariston halfback.

The X. L.-Del Ver game on Tuesday was poorly played, fouls on the X. part spoiling their victory over the Del Vers, one of the four best clubs, with a score of 1-0. The play in the first half of the Anti-Pan-A. K. game was about equal. In the second half the A. K.'s were better organized and Antoinette Treadway made the two goals in the game. The excellent stick work of Alice Webb was again outstanding.

The Angkors won over the F. F.'s with the score of 4-1. The defense for both teams was excellent, the three halves of the F. F.'s, and Judy Davis Angkor, being outstanding.

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Ann Loftin spoke at devotionals this morning and her talk was most enjoyable. There were many alumnae in the audience, too, we noticed.

We hid ourselves down to the HYPHEN office this afternoon for inspiration, or something!

Will wonders never cease? We received two (2) boxes today, all at one time. Heigh-ho!

To club meeting tonight. Don't know about the rest of you, but ours was the best we've attended this year. The talk that we heard caused some consciences to prick and a few hearts to ache; certainly, it affected every one in some manner. It was grand!

To bed! 'Night!

Thursday—

Such a murmuring as was heard in chapel this morning when 'twas announced that a change had been made in the curriculum! Every one was certainly worried for a while, especially the glorified Seniors!

To lunch and a surprise—doughnuts!—or in terms of Popeye, sinkers! Fun!

An urgent HYPHEN message was given us after dinner tonight and we tore down to the office to find a distracted editor with a blank column and a half staring her in the face. Well, you got a complete HYPHEN last Saturday, didn't you? We've nothing further to say! 'Night!

Friday—

Two mid-semesters this morning bringing to a close a most entertaining week. We thank you!

Many Senior-Mids have been unusually cheerful these last few days despite exams. Ah, we know—a vacant hour in two days of the week in place of Library Methods! 'Tis a nice feeling, we admit!

Miss Van Hooser told of her experience at the Oxford Conference in England in chapel this morning.

The Del Ver party was tonight. We thought a great deal about it! Do hope it was a success!

Saturday—

Bade a fond farewell to Mrs. Moore and Gilbertine from our window this afternoon. These people that go-a-week-ending!

The first hockey games 'twixt clubs were this afternoon. That explains that exhausted appearance of so many of our acquaintances!

Wandered down to Rec Hall tonight to see what was what! Found Libby Siegmund pacing the floor at the expense of Jeanne Brigham's cousin!



the Bell Witch

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pense of Jeanne Brigham's cousin!—a male, too, and Jeanne went to the show with some girls! We call that the very soul of generosity!

In one corner Elizabeth Mastin was chewing her fingernails (not gum), 'cause that certain some one was one minute late!

A long distance telephone call for Catherine Kilty and we went to bed in disgust!

Sunday—

To Sunday school where we discovered Mardie Page's and Jane Pulver's scant knowledge of the hymns. Mardie's voice usually predominates but not so this Sunday!

Jean Bailey confessed and admitted that she didn't know what she'd do if she couldn't go to church. Thatagirl! Confession is good for the soul!

We struggled to church in this very crispy weather. We fear that winter has come at last!

Spent a drowsy afternoon and went to tea and vespers in a sleepy state of mind!

Rev. Prentice Pugh was the speaker in vespers and proved very interesting.

Back to Mo-Re and studying.

Monday—

Ah, the beginnings of another week!

Miss Scruggs gave a most amusing talk in chapel this morning, which the entire student body greatly appreciated. Dr. Barton also announced that President Franklin Delano Roosevelt (and we a good Democrat!) will encircle the circle (how clubby) Saturday! Great day!

Also, Christmas vacation is from the twentieth to the eighth! You guess the months!

We were earnestly studying this afternoon when I walked the roomine looking very much like a newly-shorn lamb. Well, what's done is done!—but, oh, the pity of it! Two years to accomplish that knot and the work of a minute to lose it!

Plus the unsightly deed of hers mentioned above she takes exercises and removes most of the pictures from the wall. We moved furniture, however, and joined in. We don't like to be left out of anything!

'Night!

Tuesday—

Oh, these cold mornings! We have yet to invent something to close our window from the bed. Give us time, however, for there is most of a certainty a will, and surely we'll find a way!

Miss Sisson made announcements in chapel this morning and then every one flocked to lunch!

More hockey games this afternoon and also the life-saving classes are passing their tests. We think that President Roosevelt is going to view a rather pooped bunch of dames!

We hung out of the window this afternoon for simply hours trying to get a good look at Boots Bradley's brothers. Mighty nice looking boys, we'd say! Heigh-ho!

The campus on these winter nights looks like a perfect illustration of "Lost in a Fog"! What you say? 'Night!

GREEK WORD, BASIS OF CHAPEL SERMON

(Continued from page 1)

mixed motives that drive people: (1) The acquisitive instinct—the desire to get things. If this is our only motive, we become selfish, and there is nothing that will offset nor hide that. This motive must be controlled, subjected, and mingled with other motives. (2) The creative instinct. Everyone wants to win perfection in everything he does, "because we are akin to the creator." A creative spirit makes us want to do "a beautiful thing beautifully. There is something fine in doing every thing well." (3) Motive of duty. We don't like to be told we must, but there have been no great lives in any age, in any part of the earth, without a sense of duty. (4) Love. The greatest motive is the kind of love which desires happiness for others—self-sacrifice. "Do the best we can, be the best we can, for love's sake."

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EDITORIAL

LET'S DO A LITTLE THINKING!

So many things we read and then forget—too many things we forget and then regret. In the front of the Blue Book there is the following statement concerning the Student Government Association:

"This Association is a modified form of student government. According to statement in the general catalogue, a student is under regulations during the entire time of her residence at Ward-Belmont. For the successful operation of this system, the Association asks that the student body give its cooperation, and that each student become individually responsible not only for her own honorable conduct but for that of other members of the Association. To intensify and maintain the present sentiment towards student government should become the duty of every Ward-Belmont girl."

We have, most of us, come to school to learn certain definite things. Having learned these things we expect to be better able to take our places in society than we would have been had we not come to school. A most important lesson is that laws and rules are not made for the pleasure of the individual but for the general good. We cannot always change them to suit ourselves. Then we must learn to accept them and abide by them or pay the penalty. The more easily and gracefully that we are able to do this, the more agreeable will be our relations with school, state and national rules.

As members of the Student Government Association, then, it should be not only as a duty to ourselves and to the Association that we accept its decisions and carry out its commands, but as a part of our training for life. Only by such training will the nations of the world ever be able to live and work together.

G. L., '35.

FROM AN ALUM

This is not going to be a moral sermon—yet I can't resist a few "if I had only's" concerning my college days. After several years away from school I look back with regret at the opportunities at which I merely shrugged my shoulders.

If I had those years to live over there are a few things that I would do. I would realize that it was a privilege to spend four years in a university atmosphere instead of approaching it as four years of grinding work—the object of which was to snatch up enough credits to receive a degree and call it done when a diploma was placed in my hands.

I would appreciate the fact that I was surrounded by a faculty who, for the most part, would be only too glad to be my friend. I would realize that they were ordi-

(Continued on last column this page)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Miss Magnolia Says—

It's funny what a man's voice can do around here. Saturday a hockey game was almost stopped when a masculine voice boomed out, "Come on, Schmid!"

It has been acclaimed that Tony is no longer Antoinette, but just Ann—so much has been taken from her.

Vanderbilt has a lovely opinion of W-B, or have you read the *Masquerader*?

The campus was certainly a deserted place with over sixty girls gone to the U. T. Vandy game, and town, and everything.

W-B. has become a hangout for Vandy on Friday nights, since the clubs have been having these Open Houses.

The A. K.'s have been using their sun parlor since they bought the new rug. Well, the newness will wear off soon, girls.

Girls, don't moan so over hockey training. Wait until you begin basketball!

Here is a newsy item: Critical young boys watched the Anti-Pan-A. K. hockey game, and when asked to do a little rooting nobly stated, "Yes, we heard the 'Ash Cats' were pretty good." How's that for getting originality in the bud?

And speaking of hockey games, did you see what happened when Teddy Krauss gave that good old stick a lusty swing? It just cracked in half. Either Teddy doesn't know her own strength, or else Annette McMullen was too set on going her way.

Then, too, has anyone noticed or admired the fetching fit of Mary Lee Wilson's hockey pants? No offense, Mary Lee; it's an art.

A certain little lady had a birthday Sunday, and we're wondering if there could have been a subtle hint in a certain gift she received: namely, book-ends of the figure, "The Thinker." How about it, Arlyne Milligan?

And who is the girl whose room is done in red and cream, and did we get the effect of those harmonizing red "undies"? Could it be Nancyann Schmid?

Our sympathy goes to Georganna Martin. She is going to lose some wisdom teeth, or so we hear. But, then, her folks are coming, so she will have ample moral support. At any rate, Georganna, don't worry about a connection between wisdom and the teeth.

It seems there is a new blond gracing our campus. How about giving us the real why and wherefore, Irene Sartor? Or are we right in either of the old-time quotations: "Variety is the spice of life," or something about blonds being preferred?

And we heard Martha Ann Rogers bribing Lida Brown up in the art studio! With such a temptation, too—a "big hunk of angel food cake."

Congratulations this week to Helen Jones, president of the Texas Club, and Jean Bailey, president of the Kansas Club.

Senior knitting report for the week: Nobody told us anything about any industrious Senior-Mids. How about it?

"Bicky" has her skirt finished and sweater well under way. Well, Christmas is coming!

"Fony" Irwin is progressing by the ½ inches.

Never mind, Lattie! Green needles and orange yarn look pretty, even if stitches do drop occasionally.

Judy should have a well-educated afghan, anyhow. It goes most everywhere but church.

EAGLE FEATHER

By Eunicemary Bicknell

I BELIEVE

Emotions deep within, dwell on my soul
That only He must know.
I do believe with all my self,
Oh! Could I but tell Him so.

In varied ways I lose all speech
Save these two words sublime
That have been used by those sincere
Since the early dawn of time.

Dawn Chiarenza, '36.

YOUNG LOVE

Within my bed the whole night through,
I turn and turn and think of you;
And wonder when we met today,
If you said what you meant to say;
And what you thought, I thought you meant,
And were you sorry when I went;
And did you get my meaning when—
And then the whole thing through again!
I only hope that somewhere you
Are sleeping very badly, too.

Betty Lou Pfeiffer, '36.

AN APOLOGY TO YOU

Your hair
Curled
(To your disgust)
In tiny ringlets
Around my fingers.
Your warm
Brown skin
Glowed
With eager life.

It was petty
To hurt you.
But how could I
Have known
That you
Were love?

Betty Roberson, '36.

DAWN

Slowly the curtains in the east are drawn.
A soft breeze chases the gloom of night,
And suddenly! With golden exaltation—it is light,
A dawn unpainted, never to be restored.

Winnie Coffee '36.

QUERY

Suppose I were to go away—
Leave suddenly, at night.
Would you be sorry, would you care,
And trace me in my flight?

Or would you stay quietly here
And simply let me go?
I really hate to try it, dear,
Yet I would like to know.

Eunicemary Bicknell, '36.

(Continued from first column of this page)

nary human beings with faults of course, but still a group of people who had acquired a superior knowledge along some line.

As for specific studies, I would choose some line of study and I would study. If I found that I was on the wrong track, I would not hesitate to change. I'd take courses of appreciation in everything and not do it to fill in a few hours credit either; I'd go "highbrow." I'd leave school knowing the difference between a lithograph and an etching if I never saw one again. I'd know that a scherzo wasn't a species of bird.

I'd not take college as seriously if I had to do it over. This may appear a contradiction to what I have already said but let me explain. I'd learn to study when I studied and play when I played. I'd learn to work hard and then I'd play hard and have no hang-over from one to the other.

I wish I had held some opinions and been called a radical; had studied and been called a prig; had made friends with the faculty and been called an "apple polisher"; had tried to appreciate good things and been called a highbrow. I wish I were now an educated person instead of just another college graduate.

—Exchange.

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Anti-Pan

Methinks the Anti-Pan hockey team is kinda' crippled-like, what with Charlotte Anne's and Pauline's arguments with a few hockey sticks. Ginny Grotz celebrated her birthday the other day, and what a party! Ham 'n coffee 'n pickles 'n the most scrumptuous angel food cake! We're expecting most of the club at a little informal gathering in the infirmary within the next few days.

Dear me, suz! The Anti-Pan Club house is getting to be a mighty popular place for all these beautiful gals and their dates. On second thought, maybe it's the Anti-Pans themselves that are radiating all this come-hither charm!

If we should want to get an "All Round Anti-Pan Dream Girl," or whatever-have-you, we would incorporate into one, all the following qualities:

The complexion of Sara Joyce.
Martha's charm.
Frankie's ability to dance.
The eye-brows of Mary Ellen Peach.

Crockett's disposition.
Jane Flannigan's voice.
Boy, what a hit this concoction would make!

Aha! What's this we hear about all the fond mamas coming down this Thanksgiving? Why don't we "cash in" on this wonderful opportunity and have a nice little "mama-get-together" where they can sew up the much-needed runners, tack on all the missing buttons, and attach some hooks and snaps for which the safety pins have been substituting?

A. K.

This persistent luck! Virginia Richey's family visited her last weekend, the week-end before that, and on back into the weeks. Come on, Virginia, tell us your secret in having such luck!

Another lucky gal was Betsy Jones whose family visited her last weekend. Betsy was in charge of last week's club program. A pantomime was given in which Elizabeth Tipton and Joan Butterfield made handsome lovers even though they were rivals for the hand of the beautiful young maiden, Mary Ann Esley. Florence Bradford, the flustered mother of this much-sought-after maiden, really saw to it that the "lamps were out."

What would the A. K.'s do without our Nellie? That cinnamon toast and the hot chocolate certainly did hit the spot after that hard game of hockey last Saturday!

Did Roberta Lincoln receive a pleasant and delightful shock when she was told she had callers in Rec Hall? Yep, in uniforms, too!

We all experienced a great thrill at having President Roosevelt visit Ward-Belmont this morning—and by the way, we hope Miss Morrison was pleased with results of her efforts.

Angkor

Congrats to the hockey team! I hear from all sides reports on the way the game was carried on last Monday. Keep the good work up, girls!

What's this we hear about you and a certain football hero, Marian? No wonder you just had to go to Washington to the game!

I wonder who the lovely college freshman is who has to be asked over a month off for a date for a certain banquet! And was the old faithful burned up when he found he had been beat!

Martha reports that the S. A. D. hayride last Saturday night was "too, too divine." But I'd like to know how she and Wappa ever got by at the asylum after going right up to it. Grace was there, too. We're going out to lunch next Tuesday, so we'll tell you about it then.

Who's the supposed Beta girl that writes Phi Delta Theta all over her Bible book—tish! tish!

We think they'll have to put on another plane from Cleveland to Nashville if a certain interne keeps on hopping over so frequently. Sounds like romance in full bloom, Louise.

The Sigma Chi dance last week-end was grand. The Angkors were well represented, too. Virginia Lee Smith was there with—well—I'll let you guess.

I'd love to have Matilda's voice, wouldn't you? Yes, it had been said that this lovely junior has melted mountains of ice with her sweet soft voice.

Agora

Three cheers! and a shout—we won our hockey game Saturday. Hy now you know who won Friday's game. Let's keep the green and gold leading the parade!

Did you know "Ollie" Vanta is a fashion artist? She draws the best looking models. Fran has club spirit all through her. She's knitting a green suit—what ambition! Ruth Jones, the cute little bug, gets A's in Biology. Imagine it! She's plenty smart and sure knows her aunts—ants, I mean "ants." Besides being a big shot in English class, Jane Berger takes cold cures from an unknown Dr. X and he sure keeps her busy! Speaking of English, who can excel that grand scholar, Annie Lou? What's this? Preposterous! No, it's true—Emmie Lou slept right through breakfast. Whatta gal!

We certainly have a variety of members. Poor Lida Allene has rheumatism every wet morning and it's all she can do to limp about—at her age too—tsk, tsk! Whoops—I forgot to thank Janie Ruth for the grand feed after Friday's game—you are a peach Huey—we'd make a pear, ha-ha! The radio is playing "Here Comes the British," so I'll end with a Bang! Bang!—Solong!

Del Ver

Hurrah! A good turn out for our hockey game Tuesday. Plenty of fight and pep in the Del Ver team even if we didn't win. Good luck next time, though!

Agreed: that our dinner dance was the best ever held. Was everybody happy? Just ask Judy A., Bicky, Mary Ann and the boys from Sewanee. They demonstrated with a football huddle in the middle of the room.

Speaking of football, Evelyn N.—the little girl in blue—went over big with the football game. Guess G. B. found out she knew all about—football.

Somebody looking for the gal that sent him a bid—none other than Teddy Krause.

Becky Hall bubbling over at dancing with all her old friends from Vandy—especially D.K.E.'s.

Martha taking a couple of S.A.E.'s for a ride—Jean and Marion in green—uh, uh, uh!

Who was the Sigma Chi freshman who paid his fraternity brothers in kicks every time he danced with a certain girl?

F. F.

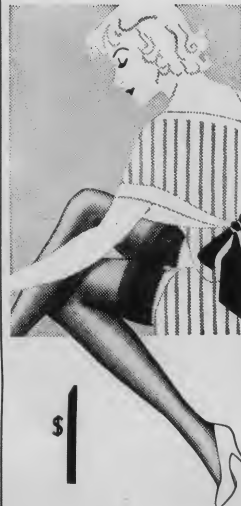
And still they go home for the week-ends! Alice Adams was the lucky person last week. Just ask her if she had a good time. Rosemary entertained last Saturday evening at the F. F. club house with hamburgers, and Sunday morning with waffles. The occasion was her roomie's birthday. Fanny Street must not have been feeling well last week. She didn't have to go to monitor's meeting for doing something wrong. By the way, did they have a meeting last week? "Tinky" sure was worried about the oranges for the hockey team.

Osiron

The Osirons have certainly had a busy week—what with Milestones pictures, hockey games, and the T. C.'s



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LUNCHES

being so nice as to invite us wienie
roasting Wednesday.

We lost our first game to the Tri-
K's Saturday, but it was a good game
and we really enjoyed playing them.
And have you seen all fifteen members
out for early morning hockey prac-
tice?

Saucepans, glasses, measuring cups,
etc., figured in many an Osiron shop-
ping list last week in preparation for
the kitchen shower Wednesday night.

Have you heard the latest about
what to do if you find a mouse in
your room? No? Well, just try
sleeping in the bath tub. If you have
any doubts about its being comfort-
able ask Nell McDavid.

Mildred Scott's folks were in town
last week-end. Lucky!

That's all I know this week. See
you later!

T. C.

Why don't you drop around and see
the T. C.'s new pictures? We're aw-
fully proud of them—two wood block
prints by E. Sophronisa Herpesheimer.
And, by the way, they were
given to the club by the 1934 members.

We were so glad to have Mrs. Nye
at our meeting last Wednesday, and
her young daughter, Peggy, seemed
to be kind of glad about it, too.

Well, we broke down and had a
thorough course of training in Par-
liamentary procedure last meeting.
At least we had plenty of practice
—what with Mary Jac looking very
dignified and authoritative, and the
rest of us "moving" and "making mo-
tions" all over the place.

We'll be seeing all you Osiron sis-
ters Wednesday nite, cause we're hav-
ing a wienie roast just for you. Now,
aren't you happy? There's nothing
quite like a good old wienie roast,
especially when its chilly like it is now
and we hang around the fire till we
just about "burn our noses and freeze
our toeses."

Fran Prince confided that she is
about to take off on another of those
divine Louisville week-ends. It seems
a certain romantic element is involved
and he comes clear from Charleston
to see her there. O, you green-eyed
monster, stay away from my door!

Triad

Triads had a luncheon at the Ren-
dezvous Tuesday. The food was good!
Oh—so good! Ann Hardeman and
Sue Perkins Craig gave us a skit. We
really had a keen time.

Sen about:
Elizabeth Penner, a Theta "Frosh,"
being put into service by making
others' telephone calls! Dinkie leav-
ing books in various and sundry places!
Edna M. Zeigler with "Much Ado
About Nothing"! Jac Patton getting
hands, hockey sticks and balls all
mixed up!

Laura and Rebecca giving the
"Heights" boys some of that "good
old Belmont line"!

Sally trying to prove to some of
those Lebanon S. A. E.'s that she
wasn't nuts! Not much success it
seemed!!

Latta and Martin at the Duncan
Alums' game looking—cold!
Hockey game! All out!!!

Tri K

Some of these lucky gals around
these here parts had callers over the
weekend. Libby Siegmund and Stan-
ley E. Clay were the fortunate ones.
Nuff said—neither one of them can
see straight this week! Wonder who
came to see them?

Another young lady just returned
from the land of ice and snow this
morning. Jean Cookson has been
home since Friday night at Warsaw,
Indiana. She says it's cold and
snowy. Hooray! I hope we have a
white Christmas.

Our hockey season started with a
bang Saturday afternoon by over 4-1
victory over the Osiron Club. Our
opponents played a grand game and
we were doubly proud to have beaten
such a good team.

These life-saving exams have all of
us floundering like so many flies in
the soup. Only we've given in the
pool. I wonder how many of us will
pull through.

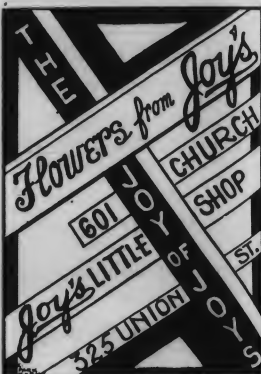
X. L.

Have you heard about the X. L.'s
going to Belle Meade Country Club
for dinner the night of November 14?
Well, a good time will be had by all
or maybe I should say was had by all.
Saturday night the club house was the
scene of a big party. A bigger cake
sent by Mary Jane Foulstan's mother
was the center of attraction. Marian
Collister, Edith Manly, Louise Lillard,
Marion Weber, Jean Bailey and
Georganna Martin certainly seemed
to like the cake because not even a
crumb could be found. Girls, I'm
really surprised!

Marion Kemp is knitting a sweater
for her father. Don't you want to
knit a sweater for me? What do you
say, kid? Also Phyllis Carr was
crocheting down at the club meeting.
Hooray for the X. L. hockey team! We
won our first game—all we have to do
is to keep up the good work. Let's
go!!

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PARAMOUNT

Starting Friday

WORLD PREMIERE

★ "COLLEGE
RHYTHM" ★

Lanny Ross — Joe Penner

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, November 24, 1934

Number 10

FAMOUS DANCER TO HONOR STAGE OF WARD-BELMONT

Ward-Belmont girls will spend a thrilling evening, Monday, November 26, under the spell of a small, gamine-like, spontaneous, eager genius of the dance. Talented Nini Theillade is coming East from Hollywood for this one concert here at Ward-Belmont. Heralded as the successor of Pavlova, the critics have as their basis for this statement, the statement to that effect by Mme. Pavlova herself. Nineteen-year-old Theillade, of Hindu, Danish, Polish and French descent, has made audiences all over the world swell to "standing-room-only" proportions and go away filled with wonder that through one young soul could flow so rich a current of interpretative genius.

Well known in Europe, Theillade came to the United States last year for her first concert tour, which was so successful that she was brought back for another tour this year. She has been with Max Reinhardt, in the Berlin Theatre, and is now, his premiere danseuse and ballet mistress in his production of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," which was staged in the Hollywood Bowl and is now being filmed. Because of the filming of this production, Theillade was forced to cancel all concert contracts except this one, for this season.

The critics all agree that what is most refreshing about Nini Theillade's dancing is the spontaneity of youth. In every write-up of her there is mention of "the embodiment of youthful loveliness" or "the charm of her youth," and such phrases. Added to that is the genius, the sense of humor, the ineffable grace, the originality of her dances, and as one critic expresses it, "She is wondrous pretty and wondrous graceful and she has so much of the thing called personality that she is virtually bound to be an increasingly arresting, spectacle down all the years to come."

Her programs are well balanced and include all types, from the classic to the comedy pantomime. It has been said that she is "the Ruth Draper of the dance." Suffice it to say that Ward-Belmont has a treat in store, a treat in the form of the girl of their own age, who is well on her way to becoming the world's premiere danseuse.

RIDING STUDENTS GIVE DEMONSTRATION

Certificate riding students gave a demonstration in the riding ring Thursday morning, November 22. This was in order that students might understand the classes of horsemanship to be displayed at the fall horse-show, Friday afternoon.

Demonstration of the following was given: Correct and incorrect riding habits. Five-gaited combination, a three-gaited combination; field seat with jumping; demonstrations of riding in stock and side-saddle, with jumping in each to show different seats. The final class was a Park Pair class falling into a short drill to show management of the horses.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE Nov. 24-30

Monday, Nov. 26—Program by the German Department.

Wednesday, Nov. 28—Thanksgiving Music by Music Department.

Friday, Nov. 30—Program by students of the Music Department.

THANKSGIVING HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE, MOSTLY HERE!

"Over the hills and through the woods to Grandmother's house we go—"

For weeks Grandmother has been fattening the turkey for the Thanksgiving dinner, until it looks as if it could expand no more. She has planned and arranged for this usual family gathering since last Thanksgiving. Up since dawn, she has everything in readiness for the arrival of her sons and daughters and their respective families.

They all arrive at once, cold and so very hungry! Grandmother fairly beams as she bustles about tending to last-minute details. A curious member of the group detaches himself from her embrace and wanders into the dining-room and checks up by counting the places set at the table.

"But, Grandmother, there's an extra place set!" She nods knowingly and smiles mysteriously.

That extra place is for you—you whom every one at that table will be thinking and wondering about.

Besides being symbolic of turkey, John Smiths, Pocahontases, and Puritans, Thanksgiving is almost symbolic of Grandmothers, don't you think? But unless Grandmother hops the rails or automobile, or what have you, we will just have to do with our turkey here.

But we don't mind (much) because there are all sorts of exciting things being planned for the day. Stocking finals in the morning (no more training 'til basketball begins), Thanksgiving chapel, then the "Y" cabinet makes its tour of all the homes and hospitals, taking with it a little Thanksgiving cheer. Cinnamon rolls for lunch (maybe, they had 'em last year). In the afternoon, lots and lots of families and friends will be here, and for others, shows and town. Then formal dinner in the evening with all our best friends at the table. Turkey, cranberry sauce, plum pudding (we only heard, so don't be disappointed if one of these items is missing). But really now, it doesn't sound so bad, does it?

WATCHWORDS EXPLAINED FOR JUNIOR-MIDDLES' RECOGNITION DAY

Knowledge, Faith, Health and Service are the watchwords chosen by the Junior-Middle class to guide them this year. Monday, November 19, Mamie Howell, president, presented the class to the school and to the administration for recognition.

When the white-clad class had taken its place on the platform, Mamie Howell set forth the four ideals and introduced Beverly Lack, vice-president, who, using a quotation from Proverbs as her theme, spoke on Knowledge. Mary Alice Herbert, day student treasurer, spoke on Faith. Health, as a means to a better and fuller life, was the theme of Jean Roland, boarding-student treasurer. Virginia Lee Smith, secretary, spoke on Service.

The president then presented her class to Dr. Barton, who recognized it, saying that the class as Junior-Middles had been set apart to carry out fine and vital traditions of the school.

SCROLL PRESENTED TO ROOSEVELTS ON THEIR TOUR OF CAMPUS

Saturday, November 17th. Every one was dressed in ceremonial white; an air of unrest pervaded the campus as all were intently waiting for the ringing of the bell. President Roosevelt was due to arrive on Ward-Belmont campus that morning, and the students were waiting to catch a glimpse of him.

From early morning those who were not in class followed his progress by radio; the others waited. Then at 10:30 the bell rang and every one arrived quickly at the appointed place. Fall alarm! More waiting! Then the bell rang again. There was a scuffling, some pushing. Toes behind the curb; coats off! The procession was entering the grounds. Leading were the motorcycle cops, dozens of them. They hummed around the circle, singly, in pairs, making way for the President! A long, low open car of a buff color slowly entered. It was the President and his party! In front of Academic Building where the faculty, Dr. Barton, and the president of our Student Council, Marguerite Page, were standing; the car stopped so that Marguerite might present to the President a scroll expressing our appreciation of his visit and welcoming him. Roosevelt graciously received it and shook hands with Marguerite and Dr. Barton. Thrills! A murmur ran through the crowd. But immediately the procession continued around the circle. Everyone was waving and trying to get the best possible view of the party. Following the President's car came many others, forming the escort. When the last car had passed from the campus, the whistle was blown and ranks were broken. Ward-Belmont had seen President Roosevelt!

All were impressed by the wonderful personality and character of President Roosevelt, his graciousness, his pleasant smile. It was indeed a thrill to see this great man and thereby to better appreciate what he has done. This was a fine opportunity, one to be taken advantage of and then to be cherished by all in years to come!

ENGLISH SPEAKER ON CHAPEL PLATFORM WEDNESDAY MORNING

Miss Muriel Lester, the founder of Kingsley Hall, London, England, gave a lecture, last Wednesday morning, on "Kingsley Hall and Ways of Praying." Miss Lester stated that through her experiences with Kingsley Hall she had found that prayer was thinking like God.

"Trying to think like God calls the most heroic out of everybody." It is dangerous because one must often leave the path followed by the majority.

Christ's kingdom is the "kingdom for 1934, the kingdom we set up ourselves. This business of thinking like Christ led me to a new way of living." Kingsley Hall came as a result of Miss Lester's way of thinking and started a new order. She resolved to have no barriers set up between classes, races, or creeds.

"It is possible to find out how God thinks by looking at the glories of his creation, just as hearing one of Beethoven's symphonies may show Beethoven's thoughts," Miss Lester said.

Miss Lester came to Ward-Belmont through the Y.W.C.A. and is one of the outstanding people in the field of religion today; and she showed plainly all of her enthusiasm. Martha Jane Chattin, president of the Y.W.C.A., introduced her to the students.

VESPERS PRESENTS MISS MARTHA ORDWAY

Miss Martha Ordway of Ward-Belmont English Department spoke on *Christ in the Poetry of Today* in Vespers, Sunday, November 18.

Miss Ordway opened her talk with the idea that it is the heritage of every child to have imaginative experience. "If we have lost this sense of wonder, we have lost a very beautiful thing, and it is tragic." Also, "We live among so much beauty we grow dull to it."

"Poetry," Miss Ordway asserted, "was born when God made the world."

In illustration of the exquisite qualities and spiritual uplift of poems of today, Miss Ordway read the following selections: *Christmas Morning*, and *Bible Stories* by Elizabeth Maddox Roberts. *Overtures, In the Back-yard*, and *The Page's Song* by Wm. Alexander Henry. *Good Company* by Karl Wilson Brier; and *Silver Poplars* by Grace Noll Crowell.

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Mrs. Armstrong has furnished the Dean's office with an interesting summary of absences for October, 1934. During that month, there were 350 reported absences. Of these, 233 gave acceptable excuses and 110 more were on the infirmity lists. Only seven were not excused.

For the same month last year the absences totaled 318, of which number 208 were excused and 81 additional names were on the infirmity list. Twenty-nine were not excused.

Question: Is the infirmity becoming a refuge—a very present help in time of trouble (like tests, term papers, etc.)?

Answer: Perish the thought!



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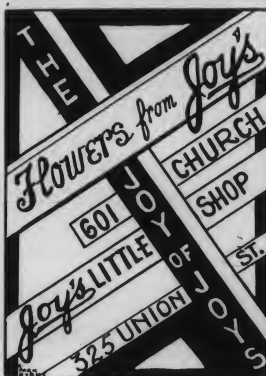
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PARAMOUNT

WORLD PREMIERE

"COLLEGE RHYTHM"

Lanny Ross — Joe Penner

Starting Monday—"THE BUNDLING HIT"

Through Wednesday—Can a "Bachelor
of Arts" make the grade as a "Bachelor
of Sports"? See
"GENTLEMEN ARE BORN"
With Franchot Tone — Jean Muir — Ann Dvorak

— Starting Thanksgiving Day —
GRACE MOORE in
"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"

KNICKERBOCKER
Theater for the day and night

FINAL HOCKEY GAMES TO BE PLAYED NEXT WEEK

This week of hockey has been full of upsets and surprise victories, and has seen the elimination of all but two teams. The Angkors and Triads have both won their three games and will meet each other in the finals to be played some time next week.

Last Thursday, the Ecceवासins, in a slugging game, won over the Penta Taus, 5-2. In the second game of the afternoon the Tri K's defeated the Aristons 3-0. Outstanding was the Tri K defense and the playing of Chadwell for the Aristons. The Del Vers overcame the Osirons in the third game of the afternoon. Acheson was splendid as goal guard for the Del Vers.

The first game of Friday afternoon was marked by the Agora-Triad upset. The Triads outplayed themselves. They were too anxious. Welch played a good game at wing. The second game Friday was very close and exciting. The X. L.'s tied the F. F.'s. There was too much fouling on the part of both teams.

On Monday afternoon the Triads conquered the Anti-Pans by a score of 3-1. The second game was between the X. L.'s and the A. K.'s. Neither team was very well organized, but the A. K. attack was quite good. The final score was 2-0 in favor of the A. K.'s.

The Agora-Ariston game Tuesday afternoon was the game of the season. The Agoras came out ahead on a score of 3-1.

The P. F.'s held the Tri K's to a 0-0 score in the game Tuesday afternoon. Both teams were fighting to prevent goals, and neither one taking advantage of the score. The defense outplayed the attack.

The Angkor-Osiron game Wednesday was 5-3 in favor of the Angkors. Both teams played well.

The second game Wednesday, the Del Ver-Penta Tau, was not so well played, the final score being 5-0 in favor of the Del Vers.

GERMAN CLUB HAS NOVEL MEETING

Our scene is the Del Vers House, deep within the Black Forest, yet overhanging the Rhine. The players are those of the "Deutsche Vereiner," these eager German students.

The first act opens on the eve of November 13. Seventeen poor students, hungry and cold, are seated on the floor in front of a cheerless fire. Enter our heroine, Lehrerin Jackson, laughing and fairly sprouting bundles. The poor students look at her enviously. "It is all for you," she says, "and at only twenty-five cents apiece." "Only twenty-five cents," they echo, "let's fall to, gang." The scene closes as they scuttle to the kitchen, singing snatches of German songs. The curtain falls as our heroine lights the fire.

Here we see the poor students in the kitchen. Hershey weeps with joy, or onions. Elizabeth makes charming designs with cheese and cold cuts. A rescue party is organized and sets out over the country for a knife and a coffee pot. Cream is whipped, pie is cut, plates are counted and recounted. Now enter the protagonist from the depth of a brown paper bag. Herr Pumpernickel is layed on a board and hustled to the sagging card-table buffet. The rising action comes to its turning point as the poor students find they have no knife for the Herr. He is too great to be gnawed. Theresa to the rescue—a knife—does the job! The third act is Silence, no dialogue, for the students are eating. Mary Lalla neglected to pay her blackmail, so I shall tell that she never stopped eating over a period of one hour.

Before digging into the work of a forthcoming chapel drama, the students spread out before the fire and

realized where the Germans got such expressions as "ach." It was a mellow moment, tender and sentimental. Herr Pumpernickel was dead, so endeth our historical tragedy, but the poor students thought with full hearts on the glories of "Student Days."

SPORT NOTES

The Tri K's have made up their minds that they will not be eliminated from the baseball series next spring! They started their practice Wednesday afternoon in the circle. Pat is a very fine hurler but she can't get anything by Moele.

Extra! Edwin Schmid makes a goal for the Del Vers! She is, moreover, proud of it, for she says that she likes the Del Vers and believes in being democratic. After all, a goal is a goal between any goal posts.

Imagine the surprise of the Penta Taus and Ecceवासins when Miss Morrison stopped their game because they were playing "Just good old-fashioned shyness!"

Industrious people, these riders, when they really put their minds to it! Before breakfast—after dark, in the moonlight, and some of them (so we hear) even ride in their sleep! Don't let 'em get you down!

Some of these girls have been practicing so hard for their life-saving tests that they won't know how to breathe naturally. Power to you! Out goes the bad air—etc.

Looks as though the Angkors and Triads would play Thanksgiving Day for the championship. We'll see.

EXPRESSION NOTES

Thursday afternoon, November 15, the certificate students presented a most entertaining recital to the student body on the stage in the expression studio. It consisted of three one-act plays, the last two of which were eighteenth-century dramatizations, and two character monologues. They appeared in the following program:

"THEATER NIGHT"
Dick Frances Graham
Dolly Mary Lou Wells
"GRETNA GREEN"
Aunt Avis Nancanny Schmid
Maria (the niece) Jean Weis
Mr. Lindley (the father) Mrs. Lindsey
"Shopping" (a monologue) Rosella Lee Lewis
"Her First Visit to the Butcher"
Arlene Hershey
Theresa Howley

Tuesday, November 20, the high school expression class presented two one-act costume plays on the chapel platform at 12-45. The cast of characters was as follows:

"A DISH OF CHINA TEA"
Announced by Charlotte Bridge
Mrs. Wynne (the hostess) Betsy Proctor
Lady Augusta Clive Kathryn Pearce
The Honorable Clarissa Court-
naye Polly Anne Billington
Mrs. Cornelia Throckmorton Mrs. Cynthia Ravenscroft
Mrs. Janet Wynne Jean Burk
Janet Wynne Dorothy Evans
Marcy Gordon Kathryn Edwards

"BETTY'S ANCESTORS"
Announced by Betty William
Betty Winslow Elizabeth Pinner
Deborah Weston Alive Overton
James O'Mara Sara Elizabeth Wells
The Spayde Sisters
Louise Morton, Bernice Blowers,
Mary Alice Hubert, Lyraeth
Fitzpatrick

Mrs. Austin C. Wellington Rebecca Clayton
Miss Elvira J. Moore Laura Whitson
Mrs. Freddie Hitchens Dorothy Elliot
Great-great-great Aunt Letitia
Mrs. Hitchens' Ma Mary Moral
Ephraim Huntington Jane Weeks
Virginia Lee Smith

P-S-S-T-I

Can't one really see stars when one is concentrating on that King-Tulish blouse of Frances Bratton's? Since we have to sit behind it in French class, the effect of so many swirls and undulating unexpectednesses is quite maddening. The colors are beautiful, but the design threatens to upset the coordination of one's eyes.

You've heard of people being on their ears or having an ear to the ground, *n'est ce pas?* Well, Alice Williamson can fill both the qualifications since a recent hockey clash!

According to Lillian Walters, she's "through with him" "they've busted up," and "this time it's final." Don't be too hard on the boy, Lillian; they say the course of true love never runs smoothly.

Juliette Craig, we hear that you're Seawane-bound now. Are you ever going to stop two timing poor unsuspecting (?) Red?

Evelyn Boyd surely plays hockey with "intent to kill." If you don't believe us, you should have been out there when she was swinging a wicked stick at whoever happened to be near. And, incidentally, we're ashamed of you for the reason that you gave for the sudden quietude of your game one day. Tish, tish!

Despite the fact that Mary Ann Evans thinks that everyone looks amiable, etc., etc., in white dresses her enthusiasm over the suit of the President was great enough to persuade her to be another "pale-face" on the circle. She was about the most excited one there!

In the near future, Mary Boyd is going to demonstrate her ability to do certain dances which she performed with a certain degree of success at a certain place around about town. Were any of you there for the premiere?

We never expected to see Theresa Howley on her knees for anybody—well, almost never—but the height has been made humble and she is Flush. We'll have more to say on that subject later!

Marion Nicholson is getting perfected in the art of "playing dead." We hope that she may continue to play dead without actually expiring, but that so-called couch is rather shaky.

Poor Margaret Greene is beginning to think that her mental capacity is weakening. She has been the essence of utter dejection since she forgot to go to a very important meeting. We have accused her of a "him," but she denies the situation.

Somebody else is getting rather mixed up, we fear. On a recent moonlight night, Jayne Allen takes car keys instead of house keys when she goes out for a walk—couldn't that have been a good excuse for not getting in early?

Probably you have been wondering why so many last names have suddenly appeared in the column. In an effort to please, we are complying with a request to give last names in order that everybody may know about whom we are talking. How's that, Jo?

FIRST CLUB DANCE OF THE YEAR

Two of the day-student clubs, Triad and Ariston, collaborated Friday night, November 23 on a Hollywood party. From reports we've heard, it was quite a function. Guests were to come dressed as movie stars or famous characters. As the Hyphen goes to press, rumors of many interesting things planned are heard. Watch for further developments! They should be interesting.

Chadwell Wins Tennis Tournament

By this time you probably know that Patty Chadwell was the *Who* we were so worried about in sport notes a week ago. She defeated Carolyn Franklin, 6-1 in the tennis singles finals Friday, November 9. That's the second consecutive year that Patty has won the singles championship.

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

The devotional speaker this morning was Dr. Dandridge of the Christ Church.

We spent the afternoon in the HYPHEN office which seems like home to us now! The hustle and bustle of a newspaper office!

Back to Mo-Re in time to see the members of the T. C. and Osiron clubs trooping out for a picnic. A swell night for a wiener roast, we are thinking!

To club meeting, where we signed up for our annual pictures and where a little bird told us that Patsy Shorndorfer made the highest grades in the Tri K club. Congratulations!

Thursday—

Miss Morrison gave us directions in chapel today in regard to the President's visit. Everyone will wear white and line the circle shoulder to shoulder. The Senior-Mids practiced and we're all chagrined because there will be no rolling of the eyes!—after we'd been practicing, too!

The dining-room looked frightfully deserted this noon, what with all of the Seniors a-picnicking.

Miss Townsend presented her Senior students in a recital this afternoon as a result of many weeks' work and planning. It was a decided success!

Whoopla! a fire drill tonight! Seen during the commotion: Sarah Ash-

bie broke down and ate a cashew nut sundae after the show tonight! Heigho! What happened to that good old will power we've been hearing so much about, Webbie?

Sunday—

To Sunday school this morning; we're really getting in the habit! Downtown to church and on the way home we pushed a street car (learned in a ten-day correspondence course!)

That was turkey we had for dinner or we miss our guess! After dinner we sat in the wind and wrote some more letters. Some fun! We must have looked very enticing though, because Marg Crume just insisted on taking our pictures!

Miss Ordway read poems in Vespers this evening and they were very lovely.

Then to Mo-Re and studying!

Monday—

Great day! Grades came out at last after a number of girls had just about given up all hopes!

Junior-Middle recognition was held in chapel this morning and we enjoyed the speeches very much.

We "live-saved" all afternoon and we were so tired that upon arriving at Mo-Re we curled up (kitteniah!) and went to sleep to the soothing voice of Mo who was supposedly reading to us! The Tell-Me-A-Story-Lady!

We got all excited over some fire engines tonight which were putting out a wee fire a few blocks from the campus. Heigho! One would think that we'd never seen a fire engine be-

• The smart college girl wears a

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STAFF

GAIL LAWRENCEEditor
BARBARA LEE REEDAssociate Editor

CAMPUS COLUMN

THE event of this semester was the brief visit President and Mrs. Roosevelt paid to our campus! Mardie Page, the envy of everyone because she shook his hand, is lamenting the fact that, because we had cinnamon rolls that noon, she had to wash her hand so soon!



EAGLE FEATHER

By Eunice Mary Bicknell

THE OLD PEAR TREE

Behind the school he stood and grew,
Tall and graceful, lovely, too—
Some called him just a lovely tree
But he was more than that to me.

He was a strong and sturdy one,
His branches reaching toward the sun,

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CLUB CHATTER

Agora

Ha, ha, ho, ho! wasn't that stirring drama Wednesday night just a riot! Stupendous, magnanimous, colossal! Here's to more of them! WE had a grand game of hockey against the Aristons. They sure are good sports! Coco' and Cinnamon toast tastes like

lars to have her blue dress dry cleaned just because Bill thought it matched her eyes!

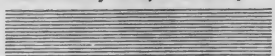
Oh, me, oh, my! Another dance, and this time with Charlotte Watkins in charge. Boy, is it

be a honey, and will we
It's getting so that
little pillow can't live in
day and age. Charlott
her yellow and brown,



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Polly Ann Billington; *Ensemble—*
Peggy Dickinson. Congrats, Peggy,
we certainly are glad!

F. F.

The F. F.'s sure did enjoy Mr. Underwood's playing last Wednesday night. "Pony" was so intrigued that she almost forgot to knit. And isn't Mrs. Underwood a peach?

Wasn't it a grand game Tuesday? Although neither team won, they both played excellently.

Wonder who the two young men were that were strolling about the campus with Louise Morton the other day!

Eula Wade seemed to be more excited about her roommate's mother coming than her roommate was.

The F. F. clubhouse surely is going to look grand when we get our new furniture covers and pictures.

Indiana is certainly well represented in T. C., what with Mary Jac Griffith, the president, being a Hoosier; we also have Betty Pfeiffer, Peg Nye, Margaret Hetherington and Dawn Chiarenza.

Louise Longworth is anticipating much for this week-end—and he is coming 'specially, clear from "Chi," Illinois. Nice goin', Louise!

NATIONAL ENGLISH ASSOCIATION HOLDS MEETING

The National English Association, of which Miss Scruggs is president, met Thursday, November 22, at Ward-Belmont. The topic for discussion was "Outstanding Library Collections in the United States." Mrs. D. C. Cabeen and Dr. Linda Rhea, of the Ward-Belmont English department, were the

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, December 1, 1934

Number 11

HONOR ROLL AND DEAN'S LIST READ IN CHAPEL

There was much excitement in chapel Friday morning, November 23.

NEW DEAL DISCUSSED BY DR. BARTON

Dr. Barton was in charge of the Current Event chapel Monday, November 26. Comparing the New Deal to a bridge game, he explained that

POET TO LECTURE

ON DECEMBER 4

LARGE AUDIENCE



Three Leaders for Christmas

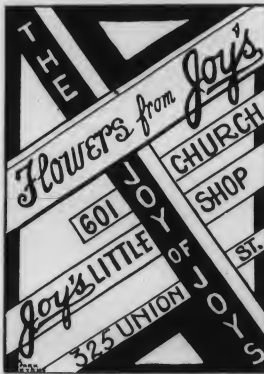
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HOCKEY GAME PLAYED BETWEEN COLLEGE CLASSES

Thanksgiving Day, this year brought forth the Senior-Senior-Middle Hockey game in place of the traditional hockey finals. The final game, played between the Angkor and Triad clubs, was fought out on Tuesday. The Senior-Senior-Middle game on Thanksgiving initiates a new plan, that of having the Seniors and Senior-Middles contest in each sport at the end of each season. This will not affect the traditional Senior-Senior-Middle Day, which will be held in April as usual with a slightly different sport program.

The two teams who played Thanksgiving were:

Seniors

Conklin	C.F.	Boyd
Page	R.I.	F. Graham
McFadden	L.L.	Heck
Womack	R.W.	J. Stewart
G. Moore	L.W.	L. A. Brown
Chadwell	C.H.	Womack
Webb	R.H.	Hudgins
Bogue	L.H.	Moore
Roberts	R.F.	Chattin
M. E. Clay	L.F.	Kirwan
Horstmann	G.	Graves

Senior-Middles

Coffee	C.F.	J. Bailey
Bradén	R.I.	Wade
Meyer	L.L.	Pascoe
Cornelius	R.W.	Watkins
H. Jones	L.W.	Biedenharn
Worsley	C.H.	Ashley
M. Greene	R.H.	Schorndorfer
Collier	L.H.	Good
Weber	R.F.	Tibbets
Schorndorfer	L.F.	Walker
Stipp	G.	Tipton

"IMPULSE." THEME OF SUNDAY SPEAKER

"Impulse" was the theme of Dr. Prentice Pugh's talk at Sunday morning chapel, November 25.

As his text he took the 51st and 52nd verses of the 14th chapter of Mark, which tell of a young man who had an impulse to follow Christ but allowed his friends to stop him. Opportunity presented itself to him but he did not take it. He left Christ to follow the crowd. Herod, Pilate, Judas and Peter also all went with the crowd.

"Today that is no justification. Christ said, 'What thou doest do quickly.' When your impulse comes, follow it. Life is too unstable for delay. It is so sacred and wonderful that we want to live it now and not put it off until some future day which may never come.

"A great many people nowadays take up religion for their own personal safety, not for personal service

Class 2, Show Type Riding, Five-Gaited Combination Class—N. Schmid, J. Acheson, M. Good, E. Irwin.

Class 3, Children's Class—Roberts, Edwards, Campbell, Wemys.

Class 4, Show Type Riding, Three-Gaited Class—J. McKibben, J. Brigham, S. Ashley, E. Carruth.

Class 5, Novice Class—B. Armstrong, L. Fosgate, M. Weber, M. Griffith.

Class 6, Advanced Jumping—E. Irwin, E. Sante, L. Butler, J. Acheson. Class 7, Beginners Class—E. Norton, D. Johnson, L. Witherspoon, A. Shepherd.

Class 8, Show Type Riding, Five-Gaited Class—E. Rogers, S. Ashley, D. Yaeger, C. Chase.

Class 9, Field Type—L. Butler, W. Coffee, E. Carruth, C. Kilty.

Class 10, Park Type—J. Longnecker, C. Kilty, D. Zimmer, J. Brigham.

Class 11, Pair Class—D. Yaeger-E. Holland, R. Davis-C. Chase, L. Fosgate-M. Smith, J. Brigham-A. Ormond.

HARVEST MOTIF USED AT BIRTHDAY DINNER

The November birthday dinner was given Monday evening, November 28, with Dr. and Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Rose presiding.

A silver tray stacked with all species of fruit made a lovely centerpiece. At each corner of the tray were silver cornucopias filled with grapes. Orange tapers completed the harvest coloring. Each of the guests received a yellow rose as a favor and all were thankful for November birthdays when a delicious harvest dinner was served.

Those who attended were: Louise Morton, Virginia Grotz, Gretchen Beckman, Mary Stevens, Arlyne Milligan, Frances Etheridge, Dawn Chianza, Sara Joyce Bensley, Marguerite Page, Jane Ludwig, Rebecca Hall, Edwina Schmid, Mary Jane Bass, Mary Elizabeth Lauhon, Ruth Jones, Charlotte Watkin, Eleanor Irwin and Lattie Miller Graves.

CELEBRITIES ATTEND HOLLYWOOD PARTY

The Ward-Belmont club-dance "seasoon" started off with a "bang" with the Ariston-Triad Hollywood party. All of your favorite celebrities were there in costume. Mae West, Harpo Marx, Groucho Marx, Alice-in-Wonderland, Rasputin, Topsy and Little Eva, Clara Bow, Joe Penner, Zasu Pitts, Polly Moran, Shirley Temple, Anna May Wong, Garbo, Our Gang, and scads of others were there.

The "special" take-offs: "May er's influence," "Street," and "The grand march too prizes were away

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tumes and characters: First, Groucho Marx and Mae West (Alice Williamson and Evelyn Boyd); second, Wilson, the maid in "Barretts of Wimpole Street" (Elizabeth Gray); third, Alice-in-Wonderland (Eunice Mary Bicknell). Johnny Miller's orchestra furnished the music for the dancing and punch was served during the intermission.

EXPRESSION NOTES

The first-year expression students have completed their problem studies in acting, and those who have written and acted out some very excellent dialogue are Sally Bateman, Jean Baily, Ruth Jones, Elaine Levinsohn, Marian Webber, and Marjorie Crume.

The annual Christmas play put on by the Senior and Certificate students, under the direction of Miss Townsend, has gone into rehearsal, and will be presented to the public on Sunday night, December 9, at 7:30. It is an English story called "The Miracle of Christ Mass," by F. A. Hibbert, of Denstan College, London, and the beautiful costumes and settings will bring out the simple beauty

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

The very English Miss Muriel Leater spoke in chapel this morning and completely charmed her audience. She ate lunch in our dining room and what with watching her we didn't get our sufficient amount of food!

We can laugh at Tony now! She has to have absolute quiet in her work, we learned! The HYPHEN office is no place for her—she just can't take it!

She watched with ill-concealed in-

dopel). We still are in favor of scheduling those for once a week.

Study hour this afternoon because of the concert tonight!

The hour at last arrived. Theilade gave her concert and certainly lived up to and surpassed everyone's expectations! Her impulsive charm captivated her audience and she was applauded and applauded! We know that she will *always* be assured of a warm welcome at Ward-Belmont.

After the concert we went up to Rec Hall hoping to catch a glimpse of her before she left for California. But, no, 'twas not to be—too many ahead of us. Oh well, we'll see her

• *The smart college girl
wears a*

TWIN SWEATER

SET



WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Ward-Belmont.

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FEATURES

CAMPUS COLUMN

Prodigal families return!—returned, and are returning. Anyhow, the campus is literally covered with them. Welcome!

Other parents did not forget their wandering daughters on Thanksgiving day. Barbara Lee called hers Wednesday. Christine Jill got a be-y-o-ut-i-f-u-l (anyway you look at it) basket from her mother, and seeds of other parents were heard from.

Still speaking of food (it's getting to be a habit), Helen Tibbets got a five (5) pound box of candy while in Indianapolis and *didn't* eat it until after Thursday, 'count of hockey.

Oh, to be an equestrienne! Nancyann, Judy and "Pony" went a-hunting with Miss Carling Thanksgiving

EAGLE FEATHER

By Eunicemary Bicknell

THANKSGIVING

Rain streaks
And cold winds blow
Upon the roof
Of the farmer's hut.
The child cries
From the chill of the
Wintry night,
And the father bows
His head,
"Give us courage, Father!"
He would pray.

The fire is out,
And there is no
More fuel—
The fire is out.

BURK & COMPANY

Cordially invites Ward-Belmont students to see its shops for **SPORTING GOODS** and **SMART SPORTS APPAREL**. Proper equipment and outfits for Riding and Golf, Tennis and Bicycling, Hunting and Fishing—Suede and Leather Coats, Sweaters and Sport Skirts.



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Ward-Belmont Girls—
are invited to choose their gifts
and novelties for their rooms

at the

**B. H. Stief Jewelry
Company**

214 SIXTH AVE., NORTH

Send Home

KODAK PICTURES

CLUB CHATTER

A. K.

This has been a very busy week for everyone, but I think that the A. K.'s got a little more than most. Our dance was as perfect as possible. Every A. K. did herself proud in her dress and her good time. Not all the hundred and ninety boys came, but enough of them so that we had a perfectly wonderful time. Too bad these events happen only once a year! Jonnye and Leora went to Chattanooga for last week-end and they had the "grandest time." And Nancy Jane went to Huntsville for the week-end, too. These people!

No one should have missed the splendid game the A. K.'s played against the Eccowasins. It was one to go down in history. We played a quarter of the game with only ten players—a modern technique in hockey! You should try it sometime.

Jane had one of the best vespers services that has been given at the club in some time, Sunday night, and we surely do appreciate it.

There were too many families here for Thanksgiving for me to enumerate them; so I'll just say that an enjoyable week has been spent by all. May there be more as good!

Angkor

Last Tuesday, Helen Grizzard planned the cutest program for club meeting. It was a contest in which everybody could participate. You were handed a piece of paper with some of the 'peculiarest' words on it you could imagine. In fact, you wondered if it were Latin or German or what! At any rate, you knew it was something unusual. Really though, it was only some common everyday words, with the letters all jumbled up, about the newspaper business. Your job was to straighten these words out. Helen was sweet enough to offer a small prize to the one who got all of them correct. Imagine her surprise when Louise Douglas, Ellen Bowers, Elizabeth Cornelius, all three sitting together, and Margaret Greene came

the free tickets to the theater that she received as first prize for the best costume.

Gardenias for both buttonholes of Alice Williamson, who, as Groucho Marx, was a howl! How she did roll those eyes and chew on that cigar!

Our thanks to Misses Major and Ordway for making our party such a success!

Patty, as Charlie Chaplin, was plenty good. Didn't she have a lot of twins, though? Regardless, all the Chaplins made the party all the more fun.

We missed Janet and Mary John. 'Tis too bad the Beta dance had to interfere.

The Triads are certainly a good club to join with in giving a party. What a combine!

Whom did I see on Broadway last Wednesday afternoon but Janet and Helen, talking to Miss Major! Yes, it was about the party!

Proud, indeed, are the Aristons! Our congratulations galore to all our girls who made the Honor Roll! Keep it up, is our advice.

We realize now why Virginia Smith and Helen Power did not come to the party in costume. They afterwards attended the Sigma Nu dance, where we overheard them proudly telling everybody about the successful party at Ward-Belmont!

Here's hoping everybody will meet at Schumacher's. We want those pictures taken, comrades! This is one occasion when we want you to get conceited!

Del Ver

Russia! And did we get the best and worst Russia has to offer! After Judy Acheson's talk, every one was wanting, and then again, not wanting, to go there.

Miss Sisson honored the Del Vers by coming Sunday night to vespers. Everyone sang lustily and had a lot of fun.

Betty Ridgeway and had us a good time.

Teddy Krieger and June Weeks saw if those



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Capitol Boulevard

303 Broadway

Club Vespers consisted of a Thanksgiving song and several interesting poems. Catherine Kilty and Jeanne Morgan did the honors as readers, and didn't they do nice work?

Picture shows seen Saturday afternoon certainly do influence behavior during the week. Did you see the private warfare between Catherine and Helen, à la Ted Healy? And have you spotted Gretchen's "Garbo-ish" elegance?

Helen Tibbetts in Indianapolis got to go, after count of her want by air

chapel Thursday. We've heard "oh" and "ah" on every side about how beautiful Mary Moral was, and also comments on her handsome suitors, Virginia Lee Smith and Sarah Williams. Alice Overton and Betsy Proctor were both quite good in their respective roles, as well as Elizabeth Penner and Dorothy Elliot, and lots of others. Who was the girl whose part suited her to perfection? We've heard her

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, December 8, 1934

Number 12

FRANCES PRINCE LEADS SENIOR- MIDDLE CHAPEL PROGRAM

The Senior-Middle class presented Frances Prince as the leader of their meditation period in the Wednesday chapel program. Frances gave for the class the ideals which are also the requirements for the approved workman. Antoinette Treadway, president of the class, presided. Frances' speech

CHRIST MASS, A MIRACLE PLAY, TO BE GIVEN BY EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

"At the Christmas season, the heart of man yearns to honor the Christ child. Because of a world torn by strife and misunderstanding, we present this simple play at the holy season of Christmas as our plea for Peace and Love among mankind." With this message, the Expression department for the last fifteen years has endeavored to present to the students and friends of Ward-Belmont.

The play this year depicts a rude yearly, for the co

EDWARD DAVISON PRESENTS DEFINITION OF POETRY

Edward Davison, English poet and critic, lectured at eight-fifteen, Tuesday evening on an "Approach to Poetry." He was most ably



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Robert E. Lee: Douglas

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HOCKEY ATHLETES GIVEN POSITIONS ON VARSITY TEAM

Varsity — Varsity—Varsi-T-E-A-M Team, Team, Team!!

Yes, sir; we have the varsity hockey teams to announce. This is a HYPHEN scoop and we are very, very proud of it—as well as every girl picked for the teams. I know that

seems to be nothing else than the Santy Claus feeling. People with parcels bulging from every angle—all sorts of exciting decorations in the stores and—people, people, people!

We decide, after struggling madly to insert ourselves into the consciousness of the busy clerk, to just stand and gaze awhile. The decorations are all lovely enough to make anyone gape. But goodness—we really must get down to serious business and stop

This week Mr. Underwood will go to Birmingham, Alabama, to accompany Rosa Tentoni, well-known American Soprano.

The Ward-Belmont Choir, under the direction of Sydney Dalton, has several engagements to sing before prominent Nashville Clubs. The girls will sing several groups of Christmas Carols for the Rotary Club on Tuesday, December the eleventh.



Christmas Cheer

to aid you should you wish to shop before leaving



Note: We have just received from New York a special shipment of new

FORMAL GOWNS

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Imported Bags, smart, exclusive styles of exquisite leathers and appointments	\$5.00
Sterling Silver Table Accessories in the popular grape design	\$5.00 up

Public

For advertise

P-S-S-T-!

Faith, and we still have sleepy-eyed girls staggering around the streets after what must have been

Dot Guy W
take it success
body crazy on
hours "until,
mathematical
been too much



★

ROBES OF FLANNEL

Get a Warm Reception

CLUB CHATTER

Anti-Pan

Zounds! All the little Pannies donned their best bibs 'n tuckers Saturday night, and trotted their girl-friends down to the club house for a big fling. Johnny Miller's orchestra was positively sluppy, and the way Ginny Grotz hung around the punch bowl, it must have been plenty good. Two of our mothers, Mrs. Col-lester and Mrs. Longnecker, were present, and we had the grandest time showing off the club house to 'em.

Methinks there's a big mystery circulating around about Charlotte Wat-

Grace Lutz, and Kathryne Mills. All at one time, too! That's the spirit that counts, girls!

Eccowasin

Well, only twelve more days until we're out for Christmas holidays and are we glad!!! The Junior's party for the Seniors Monday night was a big success. We had quite a few Eccowasins in that chorus; maybe we've found some hidden talent. Orchids to Peggy for playing that accordion so marvelously! Why didn't you tell us about it before? Josephine Neal why did you get all excited when someone got your letter the other day.

Miss Ordway ups and takes a grand trip to Washington over the holidays. We all wanted to hang on the rear bumper and go with her. Maybe better luck next time, eh?

Didn't Juanita look too cute in those yellow pants Thanksgiving? She was really dashing around!

Birmingham must have been loads of fun. All that went are still raving about it!

Ask E. Hartnett why she went to the S.A.E. dance so late last Saturday night?

Sally is going to stop saying "all the time"! Aren't we all glad?!!!

Congratulations to girls on the honor roll! Triads were really there!!!

show thyself approved unto God, a workman, that needeth not to be ashamed." Now what did Paul mean by being a workman that needeth not to be ashamed—approved of God? And what did the Old Testament preacher mean when he said, "Remember thy Creator"?

What should it mean to us at Ward-Belmont to remember our Creator, and by what sort of work should we expect to win his approval? What is a good workman?

First there would be a group. One of the things that would keep us from being approved would be a group that was not

PHOTOGRAPHS

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXIII

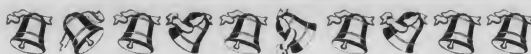
Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, December 15, 1934

Number 13

STORY OF NATIVITY BEAUTIFULLY GIVEN BY EXPRESSION CLASSES

The Nativity of 2,000 years ago, the beautiful tale of the ages, was made more lovely for us here at Ward-Belmont on Sunday night, December 9, 1934.

Before us the tale was unfolded in a subtle entirety. On either side was the real—a cathedral altar, altar boys, and monks; between was a divine



HOLIDAYS CREATE FUROR IN LIVES OF STANDARD STUDENTS

What a furor the word "home-going" creates in our orderly lives! A bomb dropped into our midst could not have created more excitement, a more lasting effect than the sight of those train schedules in boxes. From that time forth we have lived with the word—home on our lips. For breakfast we have train schedules, in classes we have of gay parties tangled with Shakespeare; for lunch we eat Christmas, and when we go to sleep at night, the prevailing theme is

BELLEMONT OF PAST PICTURED FOR STUDENTS BY MRS. ACKLEN

Mrs. Joseph Acklen painted a picture of the Bellemonte of long ago for the student body at the chapel



MORE STATE CLUBS

She was not able to make necessary SENIORS ENJOY

PREP PATTER

Errrr! With all this cold wind and snow we don't have to look on the calendar to know that Christmas—and vacation—are just around the corner! And with it comes the talk of parties that will simply fill the holidays to the brim. The S. A. P.'s are looking forward to their dance and Jane Davis and Margaret Anne Rust are both planning some kind of an affair, too.

Talk is still going the rounds over the great success of the Junior party for the Junior-Mids. Although we're a little late we want to congratulate Grace Benedict for directing the success of several attractive Juniors. It was so good that we almost thought we were seeing a chorus of "Why Not?" Peggy Dickinson, the gracious president of the Juniors, surprised everyone with her accordion selections. By the way, did you know that a cousin of a certain Junior-Mid is one of Peggy's admirers and is besieging her relative for an introduction? Well, we really can't blame him. We would have to stand on over its great success, but we'll close now by saying (paraphrasing the slang) it was swell!

But now for the scoop of the week! Who is the blonde Junior who so generously distributed her pictures to young men about town? We even heard that one was found in the overcoat pocket of one red-headed lad and now (unknown to her) reposes in a small table drawer of a tea-room out on Harding road. We wonder how it got there??? 'Nuff said.

We've also heard that two sophomores, Nancy Houghland and Judith Davis, to be exact, have quite a decided preference for M. B. A. and especially their football team. Is that right? Then, too, there's that pretty little freshman who is already wearing a fraternity pin of a Delta Sig. We'll let you in on this (in case you don't already know) it's Gene Beasly. Maybe we'd better not mention names, but what is this about a Junior-Mid falling through a swinging bridge at one o'clock in the morning? Sounds bad!

Whenever one sees groups in the halls, on the campus, or in the library we can be almost sure that they're looking through their proofs from Schumacher's. Some, we admit, look pretty hopeless (for instance, our own) but others are really going to show up grand in the *Milestones*. We sure do envy people who take such good ones. It's a good thing Pat Herbert's were so grand. We overlooked a cadet begging for one after a dance last week-end. Come on, Pat, give him a break! Maybe we shouldn't have been listening 'cause we heard you tell him that your reporter looked like an idiot! Were we squelched!

We've heard more Junior-Middles raving about the dance Bernice Blowers had in honor of the class Friday night. After hearing Eleanor Bailey talk, it seems that she met a particularly interesting person there. We could give more particulars but she mightn't like it.

Miss Hay really gave her history class a treat Monday. Were we ex-

HOLIDAY SPIRIT
EXTENDS OVER
ALL THE EARTH

Felices Pascuas, Joyeux Noel, Merry Christmas—whether they hear it in the land of dark-eyed señoritas, peticoles marmoselles, or said by an eager slant-eyed little Japanese, or by some frost covered wide-eyed Eskimo, the meaning is the same to Americans. Wherever Christianity and the English language have gone there are presents, trees and decorations for the holiday. The tree may be a shrub, procured with difficulty in Japan, where every tree that is cut must be replaced by another; it may be a bare pole with makeshift decorations and branches wired on, as once happened on a boat in the far north, but always American ingenuity finds some way to celebrate our greatest holiday.

Outside of Teutonic countries Christmas presents are unknown. Their place is taken by the *strewna*, the French *envelopes* given on New Year's Day, by the Spanish Twelfth Night celebration, and in Japan by the Feast of the Lantern, celebrated at the first of the year.

Over most of Japan there is as yet no Christmas. In Tokio and other large cities, where there are foreigners, decorations and notices of Christmas bargains appear early in December. The Japanese children have adopted the American's patron saint and Santa Claus, sometimes dressed in traditional boots and breeches, sometimes in a long red kimono, but always with long, white hair and beard, may be found in stores shaking hands and asking the Japanese equivalent of "Have you been good?" and "What would you like for Christmas?" In the Christian villages each church has a community celebration with presents and a tree. As one celebration far up in the mountains so many children came that the program had to be repeated three times. The third time so many children crowded in that the floor doubled up and collapsed.

In Russia and the Near East where there is no Christmas, Americans celebrate as best they can. Boxes, the results of the "Summer Christmas Trees" held many months before at "home" are unpacked and many strange, amusing and pathetic things found therein—stockings, which the children really need, filled with melted candy and rotten oranges—high heeled shoes and funny hats long out-moded.

In Spain, as nearly everywhere else there are festivities, and the singing of carols. There the children put out their shoes and leave a light in the window to guide the three magi, who are supposed to come bearing gifts for the good children.

French children also put out their shoes in hope of gifts, but in Paris the holiday is celebrated with parties, feasting and dancing just as in the large cities of America.

Reprinted from HYPHEN, December, 9, 1935.

TABLEAUX ENTER-
TAIN FRENCH CLUB

The French Club held their last meeting for the year, Thursday evening in the Anti-Pan house. Judy Johnson presided. The program con-



★

ROBES OF FLANNEL

Get a Warm Reception
Christmas

3.98

She stands shivering under the tree, gaily exploring what Santa has left her—one package she opens—it's a robe! Quickly she slips it on—Ooh! How thrilling! Just what she's been wanting! She'll never be able to thank Mary enough—why it's lovely and it's snug and it's long! . . . They come in sizes 16 to 46, in two-tone solid colors, double-face front, terribly smart.

Robes-Negligees—2nd Floor

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to the WARD-BELMONT GIRLS. And before you go home for the holidays, come to see us. Our store is brimful of welcome, and attractive holiday merchandise for you. Make our store a habit while you are at this fine school for fine young women.

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"Armstrong's Corner"

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BURRUSS & WEBBER

CAFETERIA

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BREAKFAST	6:30 A.M. to 9 A.M.
LUNCH	11:15 A.M. to 5:15 P.M.
DINNER	5 P.M. to 8 P.M.

ville, Oklahoma, the flower of the one's landscape at very little cost, South, so someone said to be sure, I couldn't flower they were so anywhere it's some flower. To go on with the st. van is a many-sided

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of
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EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

Many, many years ago a babe was born in a manger, and wise men and shepherds came from afar to pay homage and to bring Him gifts. The kings brought beautiful, costly gifts; and the shepherds brought such gifts as they had. Each was equally acceptable because all were freely and gladly given.

Years passed, and the tradition of Christmas grew. Some of the ceremonies connected with it came from the church, some were the outgrowth of pagan ritual, others came from folk customs and beliefs, but all added beauty and contributed to the spirit of giving which still prevailed.

Today, our Christmas is made up of the offerings of the centuries. Pagan and Christian, science and nature, tradition and modernism, each has contributed. As a result we have carols, beautiful lights and elaborate decorations, family gatherings, mistletoe, holly—and the exchange of gifts.

For the past month, here at school, strings of paper clips have grown shorter, the unmarked days on the calendar have grown fewer, there has been much whispering and planning. A spirit has pervaded the campus which has nothing to do with study. Tim papers, tests and themes have had to take second place. Thursday we are going home. It is the climax of everything for, as everyone knows, Christmas really begins when the train pulls into the station and we are home.

Don't forget, in the midst of all the excitement, that the nicest gift you can give your family this year is a little bit of yourself. You have been away. New friends and new interests have occupied your time, and helped in part to fill that longing for familiar scenes and faces. At home, things have gone on in the same routine—with the difference that there has been an empty place—your place—a place which no one else can ever quite fill. Your family is looking forward to your home-coming with as much pleasure as you are. Don't disappoint them.

G. L., '35.

Best wishes

for a very

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a most

successful

NEW YEAR

from

the

HYPHEN STAFF

CAMPUS COLUMN.

Cheerio, and a Happy Christmas to you! Doesn't this snow (the little that we do have) put one in the proper mood for a Merry Christmas??

Calories per pound, and calories per hour! These are the problems of the Senior Hygiene classes. Crockett says that she has about 2,000 extra! Gail hasn't enough, so this explains why our editor-in-chief is gradually wasting away!

Belated birthday greetings to Winnie Coffee. The young lady is eighteen, and mighty proud of it. She even received a phone call way from Des Moines, Iowa, in honor of the occasion.

Isn't it fun to think that a week from today all of us will be home? It hardly seems possible that time has passed away so quickly.

Judy has made up her mind that she is going to finish her afghan, so "everywhere that Judy went the knitting was sure to go!"

"Bonnie" Kirwin and Betty Hill couldn't seem to get in the spirit of Christmas, so they immediately decorated their room. It is much too elaborate to describe, so the only way to solve the problem is to ask everyone to "have a look."

And now, dear children, let me tell you the story of the elevator. Mary D. Wilson and Moselle please pay attention. Once upon a time two little girls got lost on an elevator. They sailed upward until they reached—the end of the ropes, and here endeth this report. For further details read your daily newspaper. . . . Oh! How my mind does wander when I'm trying to write and listen to the radio!

"The North Wind doth blow," and it surely is blowing down south, isn't it?

Wasn't Margaret Louise excited about a week ago. Her big brother came all the way from Illinois to see her, and he was the "tall, dark, and handsome" type, too.

Things we can't do without: Matilda's thoughtfulness for everyone at all times. . . "Huggins" laugh and cheerfulness. . . . Calendar to watch the time pass away. . . . Two from home, and OTHER PEOPLE. . . . The Tea Room when you're hungry. . . . Checks at the right time of the month and week. . . . Gym classes to keep your weight down. . . . A sense of humor like Anna K. Howard. . . . a fingerwave just for a change (?) . . . Mary Eleanor's twinkling eyes. . . . Tests just before our departure for Christmas. . . . Some class and school spirit. . . . Christmas vacation. . . . !

Don't forget I want your picture—How many did you order?—And so on, far into the night. Anyway, we're all bound to have the regular picture gallery if we keep it up. After all, pictures are the nicest gifts people can give.

Rosemary really believes in doing things up while she's at it. A long distance call from Washington, and a local call and all in one brief hour!

Incidentally, have you heard of the severe case of "nerves" what "Pony" and Jean Weis are suffering from? (Never end a sentence with a preposition—advice to all young journalists, y're welcome, Fran.)

By the way—How about a cook book? The very latest thing in southern delicacies—bound in blue and gold—fifty cents, please! In other words, the new Ward-Belmont cook books are out, and simply crammed with the most supercrumulous recipes. (Are not one cent did we get for all this extra special advertising. 'Tis a cruel world!)

Now before we become positively maudlin we want to wish you all the very merriest Christmas and the happiest of New Years, and good-bye!

EAGLE FEATHER

By Eunice Mary Bicknell

SONNET ON LIFE

Life, thou art like a boat tossed on the sea,
Striving to gain the high crest of a wave,
Drifting midst the billows of destiny.
To the fates and the winds thou art a slave,
Blown and whirled through storms of cruel deep pain.
In vain you try to live, dear life, in peace;
Escaping crowds and noise; shunning public fame;
Running from the fear that soon you'll cease.
Why do you flee from that which is decreed?
Are you afraid to drift down in the trough?
Is it some inner soul's support you need—
To end this reign of fate, and death ward off?
'Tis this you lack to make you ever strong:
Great faith in God—and love—to right all wrong.

WINNIE COFFEE, '36.

DAY DREAM

Sometimes I long with all my heart
To travel very far.
I'd go for miles across the sea,
To Rome, Berlin or "Ray Paree",
I'd live a life that's wild and free
With no conventionality.

I'd have a little three-room flat
That's up four flights of stairs,
Where none must knock upon the door
And all could sit down on the floor.
We'd laugh and talk and laugh some more
And no one there would be a bore.

I'd live all by myself I think—
It's nice to be alone.
I could do just the things I'd choose,
Read books and plays and of world news.
There wouldn't be thing to lose,
And when I liked, I'd have the blues.

My tiny three-room flat would be
Gay-colored, warm and bright.
The water might not always run
And all the rooms not get the sun,
But I'd have lots and lots of fun.
Oh, why go on? Dreams never come!

EUNICEMARY BICKNELL, '35.

FOR MY MOTHER

They said that every Christmas night
The Christchild came to walk below,
And so I set a candlelight
To guide His footsteps through the snow—
And there behind the window glass
I sat and watched to see Him pass.

My candle shone so clear and red
I thought the Christ would surely see,
And maybe He might turn His head
And smile a tender smile at me;
But drifted snow piled high and white
And almost hid my little light.

But when, my mother, you came in
And found me sitting, watching there,
You quickly crossed and raised my chin
And kissed my lips and cheeks and hair—
And when I saw your eyes I knew
Christ was already there, in you!

SARA HENDERSON HAY.
(Reprinted from *Good Housekeeping*.)

LEISURE

I shall attend to my little errands of love
Early, this year,
So that the brief days before Christmas may be
Unhampered and clear.
Of the fever and hurry. The breathless rushing that
Have known in the past
Shall not possess me. I shall be calm in my soul
And ready at last

For Christmas: "The Mass of the Christ." I shall kneel
And call out: His name!
I shall take time to watch the beautiful light
Of a candle's flame;
I shall have leisure—I shall go out alone
From my roof and my door;
I shall not miss the silver silence of stars
As I have before.
And oh, perhaps—if I stand there very still,
And very long—
I shall hear what the clamor of living has kept from me
The angel's song!

GRACE NOLL CROWELL
(Reprinted from *Good Housekeeping*.)

"Y" NOTES

Ward-Belmont "Y" Host to Vanderbilt "Y"

Officers and members of the Ward-Belmont "Y" cabinet entertained the Student's Christian Association of Vanderbilt at the Atlanta Club House Tuesday night, December 11. The first part of the evening was spent in discussing the purpose and the work of the associations on both campuses. Martha Jane Chatin presided over the meeting. She presented Miss Mary Lee Dalton, president of the Vanderbilt "Y," who described some of the most significant phases of the work of the Vanderbilt group. This was followed by a similar presentation of the work on the Ward-Belmont campus by Martha Jane. Mr. Henry Hart led a worth-while discussion on The Meaning and Purpose of the "Y" on the College Campus. Mary Elizabeth Dale brought the period of informal discussion to a close with a brief worship service. A social hour followed in which both groups became better acquainted. The following committees were in charge of the meeting. On the Program Committee were Carolyn Bryant, chairman, Mary Eleanor Clay, Helen Pillow, and Leora Hill. On the Refreshment Committee were Martha Jane Daugherty, chairman, Martha Daugherty, Alice Adams, Mary Ellen Hudgins, Kay Crosswell, and Mary Lee Wilson. On the Entertainment Committee were Virginia Shaw, chairman, Jane Flannigan, Mary Alice Daine, Frances Street, and Marjorie Wells.

Sunday School

Mary Louise Henderson, who is vice-chairman of the Sunday committee, was in charge of the meeting on December 10. Since it was the last Sunday school before the girls go home for the holidays, the theme was Christmas. All the old familiar carols were sung. These beautiful songs that tell of the birth of Christ made a perfect background for that famous story, THE CHRISTMAS CAROL, by Charles Dickens. Martha Fisher told this story of the old miser, Scrooge, who was missing the joy of living because he cared more for money than for people. The dismal ghosts of his past, present, and future Christmases appeared to him in a dream and warned him that his life had been lived in vain because his heart was entirely without love for his fellowman. When he awoke from this terrible dream, he made a promise to himself and to God that the best of his life would be spent in doing the most good that he could. This program left a beautiful thought for the girls to take with them through Christmas.

Trip to Junior League

There has been a siege of children's diseases which have prevented the girls on the Junior League Home Committee from making their weekly visits. On Sunday, December 2, the children were all well and anxiously waiting their Ward-Belmont friends, the nursery was the first place that they went and it was filled with such lovely children that Mary Lalla Byrn never got any farther. In the girls' ward, Leah Rochelle was becoming acquainted with a group of older girls, while Helen Jones read to a group of the little girls. Jonny Walker went into the boys' ward and read the Annies to them. A big event had taken place here. Johnnie who has been in bed flat of his back for six weeks was able to sit up. Johnnie's improvement made everyone very happy and the visit a merry one. Before the girls left, some of the children, who were able, took them over the place.

Trip to Hospital

The Vanderbilt Hospital Committee was as usual to the hospital on Tuesday evening; even the lecture on Betty did not keep them away. On their arrival, Maribeth Caton and Mil-

dred Sartor went into the medical ward; and there they found some new patients who had just come in and who were very glad to have someone to talk to. Gretchen Beckman and Lattie Miller Graves visited various patients in the surgical ward. Gretchen completely lost her heart to a darling little girl of whom even the nurses said that she was the sweetest patient in the whole hospital. Lattie read the funny papers to some and talked to the girls of her own age. On the way home the girls all agreed that it was one of the loveliest trips that they had made during the year.

MUSIC NOTES

At the Christmas party held by the American Association of University Women at the Centennial Club on December 10, students from Ward-Belmont presented a part of the program. Jean Stewart gave a reading "The Christmas Spirit." Margaret Louise Boyd, Arlene Hershey, Beverly Lack, Jeanne Cookson, Barbara Hart, Ruth Porter, and Betsy Jones, under the direction of Mr. Sidney Dalton, sang a group of Christmas carols.

Tuesday, December 11, a selected group of girls gave a program of Christmas carols for the Rotary club at their weekly luncheon. The girls were seated at a special, flower-decorated table, and were very cordially and enthusiastically received. As guests that day there were over thirty out-of-town Rotarians, members of the Farm Board, Mr. William Howland, editor of the *Evening Tennessean*, told the inside of his trip on the President's special train when President Roosevelt made his recent trip to Nashville and Muscle Shoals, which story the girls enjoyed very much.

Student Recital

The following program was presented in a Student Recital, Friday afternoon:

Piano—Concerto in G Minor (First Movement) Mendelssohn
Miss Betty Moroney

Piano—Jonglerie Godard
Miss Mary Lee Wilson

Voice—
(a) Hedre Roses Schubert
(b) Dedication Franz
Miss Barbara Hart

Piano—Prelude in D Flat Chopin
Miss Alice Adams

Piano—Valse Chromatique Godard
Miss Catharine Simpson

Voice—
(a) Macushla Macmonrough
(b) Swiss Echo Song Eckert
Miss Anne Shaw

Piano—Three-Horse Sleigh Tchaikovsky
Miss Mary Frances Lanius

Piano—Praeludium MacDowell
Miss Mary Jane Dulaney

Organ—Meditation Kinder
Miss Elsie Sante

Piano—
(a) Nocturne in B Major Chopin
(b) Air de Ballet Moszkowski
Miss Frances Rucks

Voice—
(a) The Swan Grieg
(b) My Lover is a Fisherman Strickland
Miss Arlene Hershey

Violin—
(a) Twilight White
(b) Graceful Adriane Nelson
Miss Roberta Lincoln

Piano—Sonata Op. 13 (First Movement) Beethoven
Miss Mildred Clements

Items from the Violin Department

Miss Amelia Baskerville, of Galatin, Tennessee, artist pupil of Kenneth Rose, has accepted a position as Director of Violin and Orchestra Department of the Abilene Christian College, Abilene, Texas. In recent press comment her performance in recital was praised as very outstanding.

Miss Teresa Patterson, Pulaski, Tennessee, Director of Violin at Martin College, was heard to fine advantage at a recent faculty recital.

Miss Ella Lu Cheek, well-known

Nashville violinist, who received her diploma in violin last year, has been frequently heard in recital. Among her appearances were those before the Woman's Club of Murfreesboro; Daughters of the Confederacy, Nashville, and in the Ward-Belmont recital.

Miss Roberta Lincoln of Wichita Falls, Texas, has been frequently heard in school and city circles recently, in appearances at the First Presbyterian Church, the Nashville Civitan Club, and vespers at Ward-Belmont.

Mr. Rose has organized an important addition to the Ward-Belmont string department, in a String Quartette, composed of the students of the school. The violinists selected are: Miss Ruth Porter, Miss Roberta Lincoln, and Miss Ella Lu Cheek. This group will make frequent appearances during the year.

The Ward-Belmont orchestra ensemble of new members signifies the life of the school reports a larger and better personnel than in many years. There is great interest manifested in rehearsal. Mr. Harold Kapp, artist student of Mr. Rose, will appear as soloist this year.

Two well-known students of Ward-Belmont who achieved distinction here as soloists with the orchestra in past years, Miss Elizabeth Rothwell and Miss Charlotte Strong, both of Beaumont, Texas, were married recently. Mr. Rose attended Miss Rothwell's wedding playing a group of solos before the ceremony.

P-S-S-T-I

Well, and didn't we all have a simply sub-well time at the Senior dance!! And what is more gratifying, the boys seemed to enjoy it too—from the reports we've heard.

Theresa Howley tried to rush the season on a not too unsuspecting man at the above-mentioned function. Ask her if she succeeded with her fake misdeeds.

Sally Womack indeed "rose to the occasion"—although not one inch was added to her stature. She surely did have everything well "in hand"—two of them at a time, too.

Mary Ann Evans was the "nth" degree of elegance in her long white gloves. Someday we are going to have some, too.

Never have we seen Virginia Smith better looking than she was that night. If she'd had on a Cosneck hat with her beautiful coat, we'd have called her Queen Christina on the spot.

Congratulations to Millie Clements for her successful manipulation of a "trainish" dress!

Jayne Allen and Patty Chadwell decided to be different, so they didn't come. You don't know what you missed, girls.

And did we have fun getting mixed up with Kathryn Mills! Consternation surely did register on faces when boys found out that "clothes may make the man," but braids don't designate a woman.

Everybody was dressed fit to kill, but Janet McFadden surely did have on a spot-light at the dance.

May Boyd found it opportune to relinquish her grasp on the atomizer and come along, too. We're glad you got there, May, after seeing that dangerous weapon open, we felt slightly dubious.

Again, Kitty Clark appears as the blue-eyed girl, dressed in blue, with the blue-eyed boy. You have rather a "rapid" taste, don't you, Kitty?

The last we saw of Sally Pardue and Joyce Martin was at Candyland. That favorite meeting place never seems to be devoid of acquaintances. And you, Millie, after we did you a favor, you have Kathryn and me forcibly ejected from Hygiene class "just on account of how" we had "plain ordinary common cold." You'll rue the day that you were the cause of that. (But, seriously, we don't mind, much. Jus' skip it.)

Gotta go now, and be ghost writer for another column. Hope you can't figure out who's being haunted.

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CLUB CHATTER

A. K.

The A. K.'s weren't represented in the HYPHEN last week, but that was just because we all were trying to recuperate from the most marvelous dance we had the week before. Now we are back in a stronger volume than before.

Have you heard about President Richey's most marvelous time last Saturday? Miss Sisson gave her permission to sit in a picture show with a man all unchaperoned and everything! How nice to be so trusted!

Martha Merryday has gone around with her face wreathed in smiles all week, just looking at this marvelous thing which in our "far North" we call snow.

What has happened to our own little "Gillie" that we haven't heard her pouring out her soul over the piano in the form of *Liebestraum*? Could it be that she is becoming more mature in her idea of love? Oh, but maybe she is just too busy to take time for the development of her aesthetic ability!

Everybody remember the Christmas party we are giving the orphans from the Tennessee Children's Home Monday. We are all going to have a grand time.

Anti-Pan

Are'n't we little Anti-Pans getting the old Christmas spirit, though! We're having the best time putting up the tree, buying doll-dishes and washing machines, and tying red ribbon on candy canes for the fifteen little orphans that we've invited over to the club house for a party! Can't you just see "rocket" playing baseball with a couple of rambunctious (!!) little boys, and Ginny being taught to cook on a doll-stove by two experienced four-year-olds?

Aha! A Christmas Social and a good time was had by all. Have you ever seen ten-cent gifts wrapped so beautifully, and wasn't it swell-biding against each other only to find that we had won a baby rattle or toy fire engine?

Woe is me! Frankie got so excited at the Senior Dance she lost her voice, and she's still squeaking around in that high falsetto. Now we wonder just offhand-like, you know—if those gardenias had anything to do with it?

Well, gals—go home Christmas and have a swell time, but don't forget that we'll be seein' ya' next year! Don't fall asleep on your date at eleven o'clock, don't fold your napkin at a dinner party, don't cut your butter pad in half to see if you have a package on-account of it will be Christmas anyway, and don't forget that you've got a lot of honor and respect to live up to 'cause you're an Anti-Pan and a Ward-Belmont girl. Merry Christmas!

Agora

Zounds! What a time Saturday! The Mardi Gras went over with a bang! Masked dancers moving in and out amidst bright-colored streamers—couples resting by the rippling fountain—listening to that hot, rhythmic music of Johnny Miller—everyone having a fine, joyous time. Mary Sudhoff's lovely, clear voice echoed the strains of "Stars Fell on Alabama," while those four funsters of the club tossed confetti and streamers to the crowd—what a gala celebration—a foreshadowing of New Year's Eve! The brilliantly glowing balloons clustered about the blue and white lanterns were released into the hands of the happy throng. Miss O'Donnell and Miss Cayce were victorious in the thrilling balloon dance while the grinning, grotesque faces decorating the walls grinned with glee!

The tune of "Jingle Bells" and "Tiger Rag" were accompanied by a merry game of follow the leader and London bridge—and the orchestra sure went to town with the jazz! We had hoped 10:30 and good-night would never come, but Father Time rolled on as always and the gay throng of laughing friends parted after a mar-

velous time. Credit is due to Lida for her original idea, and to all the club members for their enthusiastic support. Decorating is lots of fun if you don't think about undecorating. Here's to bigger and better parties from now on!

Osiron

Well, we can't say so much for our basketball team as yet, but while there's life, there's hope!

What with all the dieting, there ought to be some lovely figures before Christmas. We will say, however, that we know of four girls who ate a whole loaf of nut bread and a glass of jelly in one afternoon. They prefer not to have their names mentioned.

According to statistics, football season is over. Thelma and Mildred are a little puzzled as to what Gilbertine and Virginia are doing after light bell now. Please won't you let our girls have a little sleep?

Saturday night, Helen Jones, Kat, and Tibbet went to the club just in time to eat some of the grand date loaf that Porky, Mary Ellen, Gretchen and Carol made. It was really good!

The club is making big plans for the Christmas season; we are getting food and clothes for a poor family. We wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Ariston

Christmas is in the air! We Aristons are quite busy trying to forget our gay holiday spirits which have already "taken" us and are endeavoring to make our poor family happier than ever this year. We should, with such expert chairmen as Eleanor Bailey, Barbara Shields, Janet McFadden, and Virginia Smith.

Rebecca Rice and Grace Lutz were truly nonchalant when much to their surprise they discovered a flat tire on the loyal Ford. No sale for Murdels!

Elizabeth Gray's talk on Parliamentary Law was most instructive Tuesday at Club Meeting.

Janet has been told that sleep is beneficial for frequent drowsy spells to which she is often susceptible.

Helen Power suddenly remembered that she had to act as a substitute for President Virginia Smith when Virginia was unable to preside at the meeting. Well, Helen, on the spur of the moment, your ability to preside proved quite evident.

Alice Williamson revealed her Christmas spirit by wearing a new red suit to school. Incidentally, she was sitting next to Mary John who had on a gay-colored green sweater. Santa Claus is coming. Congratulations to Marion Truett and Marion Nicholson for their adept acting in the Christmas play Sunday night!

Ecowasin

We had lunch at the Rendezvous Tuesday. The program consisted of some songs by the Freshmen, Peggy Dickinson was to play the accordion, but she left it out in the cold and it wouldn't work. We have two Ecowasins on the second varsity, Peggy and Polly Ann; we certainly are proud of you two. Everyone is quite excited over Christmas and about all we hear anyone talking about at school are their plans for the holidays. Quite a few Ecowasins are planning a trip to Memphis for a few days after school is out. Then the S. A. E. dance comes off Friday night, and they all look a little pale, then the subject is mentioned, Lou, we certainly are glad your accident was no worse. It looks like we might have a white Christmas this year after the snow last night. This is the last issue before Christmas, and we wish you a very happy time during your vacation.

Penta Tau

Tuesday was another big day in Patsy Burgher's life. She had a birthday and several of the Penta Taus had a birthday party at the club for her. We can't tell whether they played drop the handkerchief or

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blind man's buff to amuse themselves after all the food was gone.

The Penta Tau's have something to put down in history—Edwine Schmid was lucky enough to get to go home during Thanksgiving. She had to be a flower girl in a wedding. They say she made an awfully attractive one.

I wonder if any of the girls took the hints that were given them in the game that was played at the club last Wednesday night. Each girl was given a slip of paper with another girl's name written on it. Everyone wrote something constructive or destructive about every club member. Some pretty good hints, don't you Penta Tau's think so?

Tri K

Come and see our new *Fittings!* Marion Weber and Libby Siegmund plus their brains and the Club's money have redecorated our love seats and our big sofa. They are so bright and cheery.

Four of our members, Beverly Lack, Jeanne Cookson, Charlotte Budge and Betty Carlisle asked four day students—Ann Huddleson, Jean Ewing, Mary Anne Farris and Elizabeth Craig and eight boys of Vanderbilt for a dinner party and the evening "Between a few cups of spilt coffee, a fall or two on the part of a person executing a new dance step, and plenty of good music to dance to we all had a grand elegant time.

Some of our Seniors had a mighty fine time at the Senior dance—so we

heard—there were so many male attractions that it was hard to remember just who we had met. They all hand out pretty good lines. Don'tcha think?

Betsy Strain has been spending the week-end in Columbia again. Oh! Me! Oh! My! Just a matter of days until we will make up for lost time!

X. L.

Probably one of the most interesting and most spectacular meetings we have ever had was last Wednesday night. Dr. Hollinshead, professor of chemistry, entertained us with some experiments. As for me, I don't know what they were and I think only his chemistry students caught on to the miracles. From all parts of the room could be heard "ah's" and "oh's" of the girls. You should have seen the expression on the faces. Boy, they were certainly funny! One of the strangest things he pulled off was freezing water with ether. What is this world coming to!

Irene, so sorry you dislocated your shoulder. Hope you will soon be all right again.

Wednesday night, we are going to have a "Grab Bag." Bet we all have fun!

Georganna Martin and Mary Jane Faulston are knitting sweaters. When do you all find time for such pleasure?

Christmas Vacation is only a few days away and we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Del Ver

The Del Vers held their first of the series of after-dinner coffees last Sunday. The girls enjoyed having it and being able to have a monthly affair at which to entertain their friends. The arrangements were in charge of Patricia Gibbs and she and her committee certainly did things up beautifully. Miss Sisson, Miss Cayce, and Miss O'Donnell were the faculty guests this time. The fire and the scent of coffee made the house a most inviting place when the guests entered the doors. We are looking forward to our next one.

At club last Wednesday, the girls divided into two teams with Sarah Ashley and Elizabeth Ann Reed, the two captains, to play charades. Sarah's team worked out the word "angel" by holding water glasses to their eyes. Chatty was the one on the opposing team to guess it. Elizabeth Ann Reed's team worked out Ward-Belmont—very complicated and very clever—either Jean or Mardie was the one to first guess it.

Well, a merry Christmas to you all! The next Tuesday night taffy party will be thinking of you all and saying just that—a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

F. F.

We're just wondering if there are any fillings missing from the teeth of the F. F. members. The taffy pull Wednesday night turned out to be a success after all, even if a few minutes were taken out of study hall to finish it. Some people would rather get a minor than waste a little bit of sugar and water. If there happened to be a shortage of plates and cups at the dinner dance Friday evening, you might look under the radiators of the various F. F.'s who could not find time to pull their taffy right away, but when they did find the time they also found that their taffy was of the same consistency as the cup. Louise Lillard tried to turn hers into Christmas decorations. "Tis said that taffy can be plucked from the ceiling as apples from a tree.

Speaking of Christmas decorations, the F. F. clubhouse sure was in keeping with the Christmas season with their tree and red candles.

My mind seems to be running to thoughts of Christmas this week, but we feel that we really must congratulate Fannie Street for her excellent impersonation of Santa Claus at the orphan's home last Thursday. In fact we hear that she was requested to visit her part again at the French Club.

We sure are glad to see that Rosemary came back to the campus safely, for we feared, from her remark at noon—not knowing what orphan's home she was going to—the trip might bring dire results. We sure would miss your beaming countenance, Rosemary, if anything like that should happen.

That's all for this year.

MEDIEVAL SUGGESTIONS
FOR CHRISTMAS MENU

Long have we connected the Yule with the mistletoe, carols and the especially boar's head with the celebration of Christmas in medieval England, but a delicacy as great, more piquant than the boar's head and quite as interesting was the peacock. He was prepared with the greatest of care. First he was carefully skinned, keeping feathers and skin intact, then he was stuffed, with sweet herbs, peppers, etc., and roasted. When partially cooled he was dressed in his skin, his beak gilded and carried to the table in state on a platter of silver or gold. Occasionally he was put into a pie. In this case his head rose in all its glory from one side, and his tail in all its splendor from the other. We can see some excellent reasons for this custom having gone out of date, but nevertheless, if you want to surprise your friends at Christmas dinner with something a little different, a peacock pie, or stuffed and roasted peacock would surely do just that.



DANCE COLUMN

Ward-Belmont girls may look forward to another remarkable dance recital, one to be performed by the most outstanding male dancer of this period, Ted Shawn, and his troop of male dancers. Nini Theilade represented the young dancer whose future is before her. Shawn comes to Ryman Auditorium on February fifth the acknowledged pioneer in the movement to restore male dancing to its original first standing in the interpretation of strictly masculine dances. In ancient times among primitive people, dancing was done almost entirely by men, and it has been through Shawn's efforts that masculine dancing has been revived in this country.

With Mr. Shawn are his six young men, forming a group which has been acclaimed throughout the country. The Toronto "Saturday Night" describes them: "The young men of the ensemble were as well proportioned as a group of Greek heroes—Shawn himself would be worth going to see if he did nothing more than walk across the stage. He is the very symbol in itself of the beauty of the free moving healthy human body with poetry contained in every movement of it."

The program is divided into four parts, distinguishing four types of dances. The first group is called music dances, the second is an American epic called *John Brown Sees the Glory*. The third group is composed of primitive themes of which such numbers as *Invocation to the Thunderbird*, *The French Sailor*, and *Captain the Sugar Cane* are outstanding. The fourth group is titled religious dances and the names of the dances arouse our interest at once: "*O Brother Sun and Sister Moon*, *Fetich Inspired by Primitive African Sculpture*, and last a group of three Negro spirituals.

MISS MAGNOLIA SAYS—

A certain group of Senior-Mids enjoyed the dance as much as the Seniors. (Now we know why we have the fire-escape.)

Tony is one of those people who just don't like. She got six letters and a postcard Wednesday.

"Jingle Bells" certainly had a hilarious effect on those lucky girls who went to the Agora dance.

Every night Louise Witherspoon plays leap frog with the foot of her bed. Is that how it affects one to be a Phys-Ed major.

Well, Winnie, anyway Miss Morrison admits you're good in athletics.

Ellen Trabue had all the Biology Lab class down in the depths of thought last Friday trying to think of the saying to which you answered "Who wants to be strong?" None of us could remember. It was, "It's a great life if you don't weaken."

Sunday night a ghost walked in Founders. All second and third floors were wakened by screams, and at twelve-thirty all of us got up looking for the ghost.

Have you seen "Hula" Henderson under the effects of "Sophisticated Lady"? Well, that is something one shouldn't miss.

After Vespers the mad figure that rushes by you is just Teddy on her way to hear Ozzie Nelson.

Did you know that Gilly is Senior's official alarm clock?

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Second Floor

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

The devotional chapel this morning was in charge of the Senior-Mids with Frances Prince as the speaker. The service was excellently handled and Frances gave a very interesting and convincing talk.

Business meetings were held in the clubs tonight after which we journeyed to the HYPHEN office for a general get-together.

Met Miss Morrison on the way home tonight and heard her bemoan the fact that her classes in basketball are so very "amateurish!" We agreed emphatically with her and, incidentally, we are taking basketball—ah, us, it's the truth that hurts!

An exciting hall meeting was held tonight concerning our rooms during the holidays—as if it mattered!

'Night!

Thursday—

Class meetings were held today during chapel hour.

College students are working like demons on research papers and holiday exams. The more we have to do the faster time do fly; that's one consolation.

Senior-Mids' dirge—"Go out for six sports, decorate the Christmas tree, write a research paper, prepare for at least four exams, and, in your leisure time, pack!"

Great day, or should we say night? The Senior dance! We hung over the bannisters anxiously hoping to catch a glimpse of the party-goers! The situation of our room was most convenient and by an ingenious method we missed very little of the "goins-on!"

After seeing all the night-owls off we are pretty weary!

'Night!

Friday—

Friday at last! Now we can say a week from Thursday!

The day wasn't up after breakfast this morning. Can it be that the Ward-Belmont mails are getting heavier? The price of popularity!

Mrs. Acklen gave an interesting résumé of the school, when it belonged to the private estate of Colonel Acklen, in chapel this morning.

Was a party at the Tri K house this evening! More holiday festivities! The Diary is getting to be a regular social column, almost!

Saturday—

To town this afternoon and gazed at the Christmas decorations with wondrous eyes. Even imagined we saw a few flakes of snow, too!

Again, more partying! The first boarding-student-club gym dance of the year was given this evening by the Agora club. A most thrilling and sumptuous affair it was, too. What with all the confetti and serpentine (for awhile, all that we could think of was turpentine!).

'Night!

Sunday—

Sang Christmas carols in Sunday school this morning and then to church, where we sat and worried over the fact of whether or not "sleeping-beauty" Iluggins' head was going to fall on the person on the left of her, or on the one on the right! Some fun!

The Del Vers' gave a coffee after dinner this afternoon and the hot coffee was greatly appreciated after the walk in the winter weather!

The Christmas play was given this evening in the chapel and laurels go to Miss Townsend for presenting a most impressive production.

Something new in the way of angels—winking angels! A good broad one at that, Hershey!

Monday—

Shouts under our window awoke us this morning at the beastly early and chilly hour of seven-five! Upon looking out, we discovered the Columbus, Georgia, girls, namely, Louise, Eula,

and Moselle, gleefully snowballing themselves in their first experience of snow. After they had finished, there was little snow left on the ground—now, it's up to you to just just how much snow fell during the night!

Miss Douthit gave an excellent piano recital in chapel this morning.

Drew names tonight for the hall party a week from Wednesday! More Christmas!

Now we can say next week we go home!

'Night!

Tuesday—

Since Christmas seems to be in the atmosphere, we might as well devote this day entirely to the discussion of said holiday!

In case you've forgotten and as a gentle reminder, exactly two weeks from today is Christmas Day, and you, and you, and you will be home!

In chapel this morning the home-going blanks were filled out and there was a general buzz of excitement as they were being passed out by the monitors.

As a closing word—we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a happy, happy New Year! And we'll be a-seen' yuh four weeks from today—happy thoughts!

Good-bye, 'til a new year!

SPORT NOTES

Congrats to the five athletically superior girls who passed the throes of a Junior Life-Saving Test! The favored few were: Catherine Crossan, Evelyn Frasier, Barbara Leake, Jean Moroney, and Dorothy Smith.

An old art is to be revived at Ward-Belmont in the form of a fencing class which will start after Christmas. There has been a lot of demand for it for the past few years (could it be that the "weaker sex" has taken as much as it can?), and now that there is to be one, let's hope it is a success.

Miss Carling is having a dinner for her certificate riding class Sunday night at the Tri K house. We're sure that the "equestrially-minded" girls will have a rollicking good time.

SANTA POPULAR ON W.-B. CAMPUS

In the midst of the flurry of getting ready for Christmas the members of the different clubs and organizations on the campus are not forgetting children who have no home-going to look forward to. A number of the clubs have already held parties, and others have been planned. Some have fixed baskets of food and toys to give to poor families, or to be taken to relief centers and distributed from there where they are most needed.

Thursday afternoon the F. F.'s were hostesses to the children from Bethlehem Center. The children enjoyed their gifts and candy immensely and were quite lost in wonder when Frances Street appeared as Santa Claus. They furnished the entertainment by singing for the girls.

The children from the Tennessee Children's Home are not just sure when Christmas really is, so many are the parties at which they have been and are to be honor guests. The A. K.'s are planning a party for fifteen of them. There is to be a tree, gifts, candy and refreshment. Johnny Walker is to be Santa Claus for this function.

Today the children will share honors with children from the Protestant Orphanage at a party given by the X. L. Club. There is to be a tree, gifts for everyone and Winnie Thomas is to be the jovial saint of my appearances. (We've always wondered just how he managed to be so many places at once, but now we are beginning to see light—especially after hearing four different people ask Frances Street when they could borrow the Santa Claus costume she was sporting around the campus Thurs-

day.) Tuesday the Anti-Pans are having a tree and gifts for the children.

Wednesday afternoon, the Penta Taus will climax the whole series of "functions" with a party for the children of the servants. There is to be a tree and gifts and more "refreshments."

WHERE YOUR ATH- LETIC ASSOCIATION DOLLAR GOES

Last fall when the Athletic Association collected your dollar for dues, some of you wondered just how it was to be spent. Five hundred and fifty-eight dollars have been collected. This is spent for upkeep of the fields and tennis courts, for equipment for various sports and to pay for the letters and medals which some of you will display so proudly when you go home. To be specific:

Shin guards and hockey sticks were among the first things to be purchased this year. Some of you thought that you had paid enough for shin guards at fifty cents a pair. Listen then! *Fifty-five dollars and five cents* was taken in on shin guards and *seventy-two dollars and fifty cents* was paid out. This does not include the 122 pairs on hand at the beginning of the year.

Some of you have wondered about the twenty-five cents charge for bowling. If you played in a regular bowling alley it would cost you almost that much each time. *Eighty-four dollars* was spent on pins and kick plates in addition to about *ten dollars* a week for pin boys.

A bill of *ninety dollars* for letters awarded in various sports has just been paid. The various medals and trophies for which there is such keen club and individual rivalry come to something over *one hundred dollars* a year.

Besides this the association bears the entire upkeep of the fields and tennis courts. In addition the archery equipment came to *eighty-four dollars and forty cents*, the tennis nets are *ten-fifty* apiece, besides new basketballs and other equipment which must be paid for.

In addition there are many small personal expenses which the Association cannot pay for. These include tennis rackets, balls, bathing caps, etc. Expensive thing, this keeping fit!

BELLEMONT OF THE PAST

(Continued from page 1)

their lavish hospitality. One of the most memorable was the reception given for a famous beauty of the French court, a friend of Mrs. Acklen's, who was visiting here. The grounds were illuminated and there was music both inside and outside. The hostess wore pearl satin and rare lace with a complete set of diamond jewelry for this gala affair. Another great occasion was the banquet given for William Walker, one-time president of Nicaragua, and all-time adventurer. Bellemonte, even as today, entertained Nashville's greatest visitors.

In closing, Mrs. Acklen said that it was interesting to know that the Acklen's started a school for their own and neighboring children in the very house that today is such a famous girl's school. She also spoke of the family's pride in the present school, Ward-Belmont, and in the knowledge that the beauty of the old home was being used to such splendid advantage. Her final words were the introduction to the girl of her daughter, the granddaughter of the famous Mrs. Acklen.

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